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Soldiers

by Ward Just

Rivers

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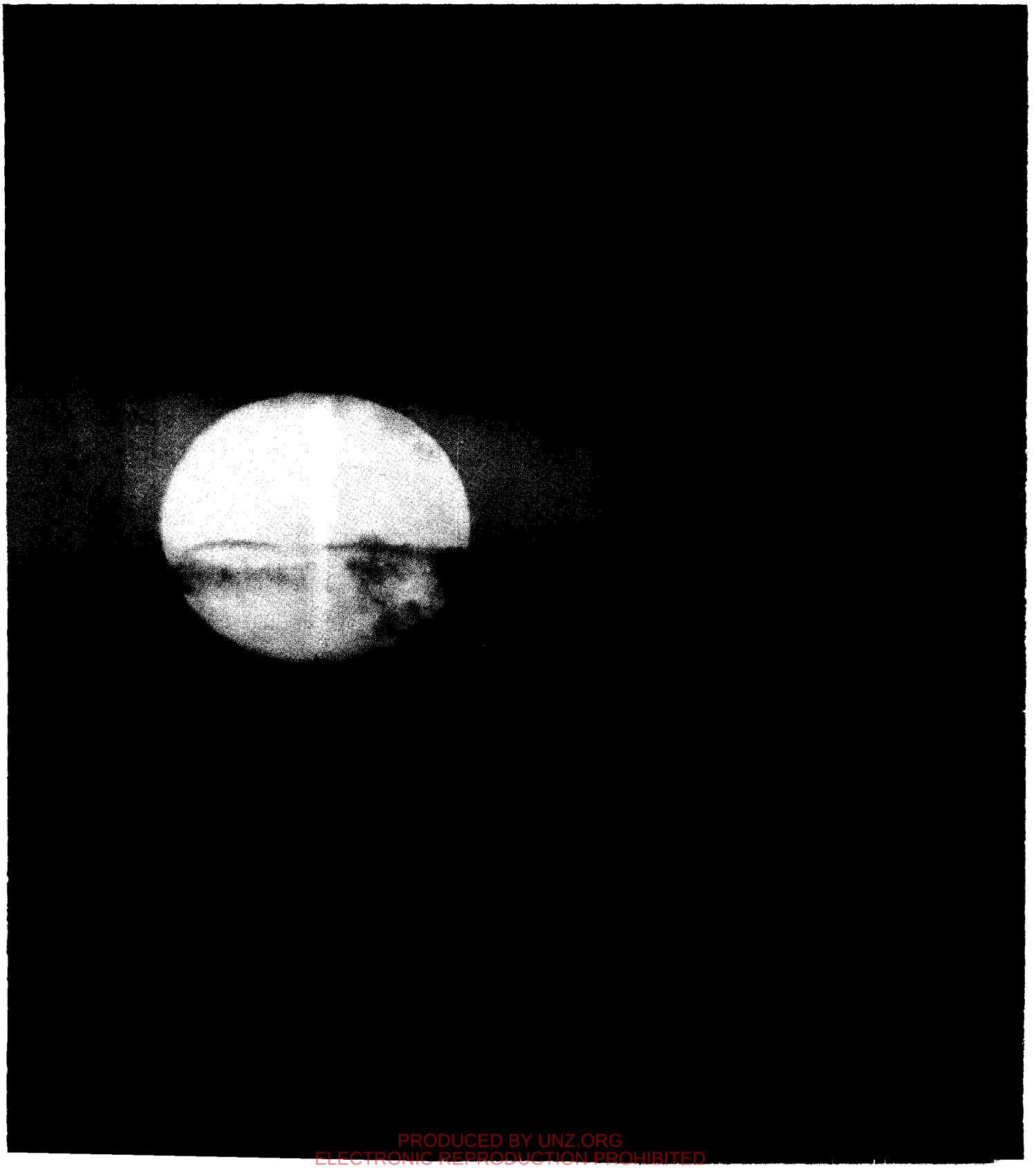

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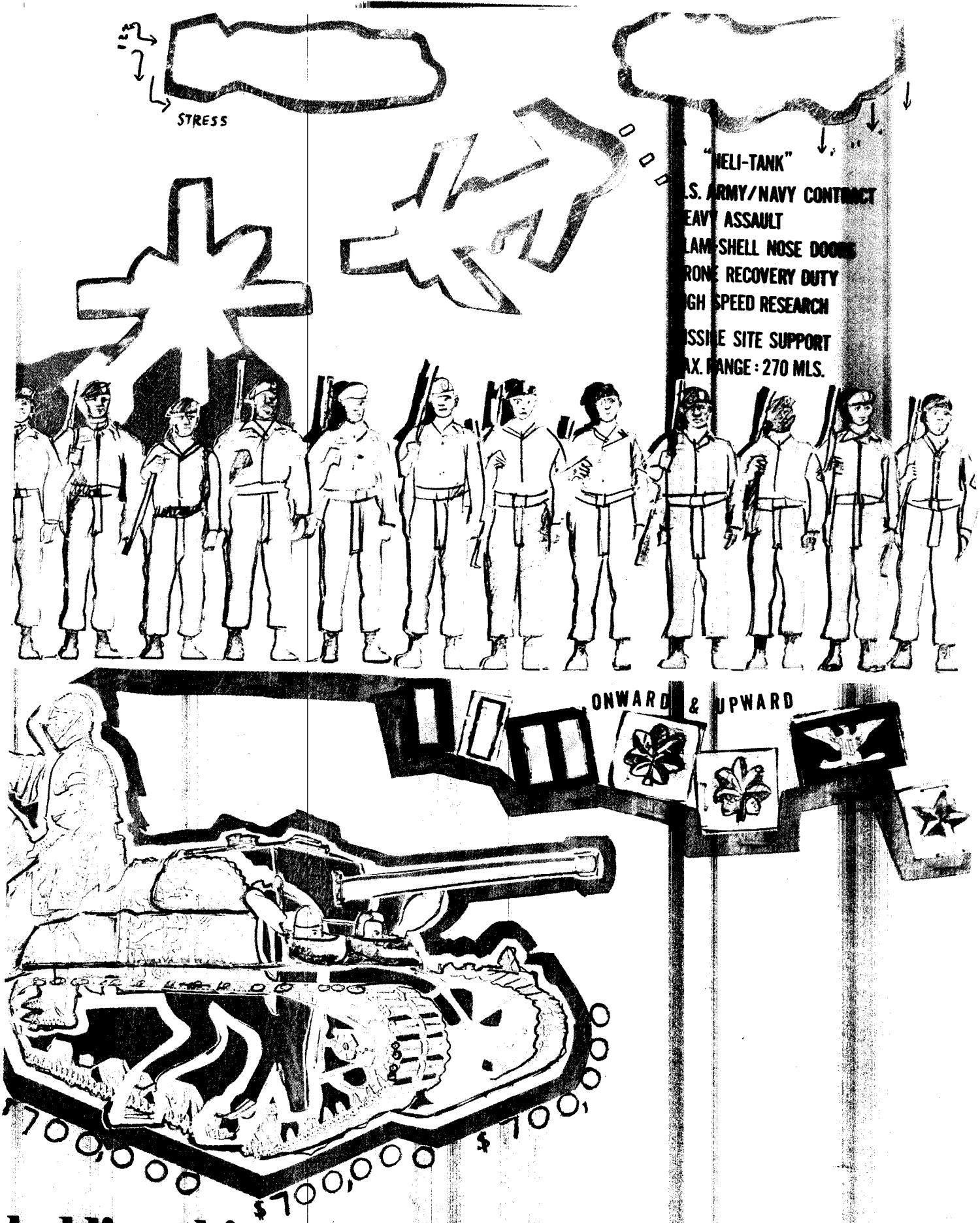

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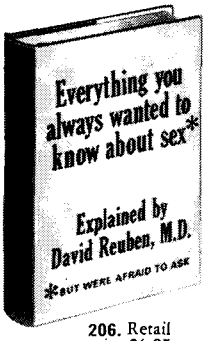

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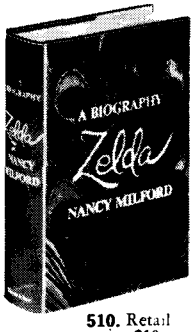

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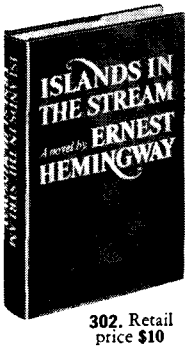

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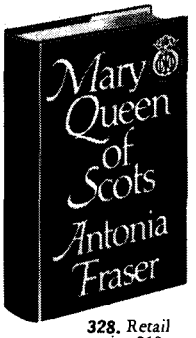

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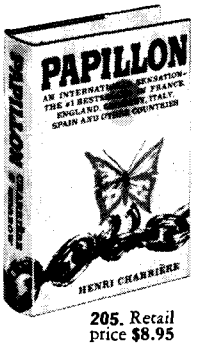

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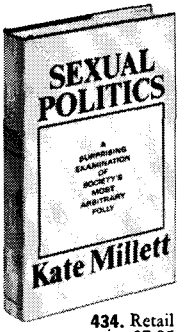

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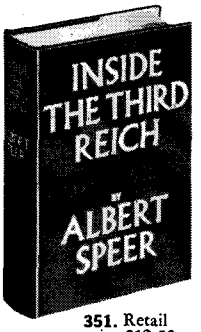

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

In peacetime the soldiers fade into the shadows of their customs and routines, and then when war comes, march out to serve, in Sassoon's phrase, as the "citizens of death's grey land." In wartime, and for some time after each war, there are always heroes. At least this has been true of other American wars. But what of the one now going on? "Where have all the heroes gone?" someone asked during one of those rare, quiet moments when editors can turn from the immediate to some thoughts about what a magazine like the *Atlantic* should be examining and preparing for its readers in the months to come.

We found ourselves talking about the need for a study of the U.S. military—not another discussion of "the military-industrial complex," important as the subject is, or of the immorality of war, compelling as that question has been made by My Lai. We wanted a searching portrait of a giant institution that must stand, in times of peace or war; a study of ideals (Duty, Honor, Country), concepts, and traditions, of strategies and machines and, above all, men: the men at the top, those who plan, those who command, and those who serve in the ranks. We decided to focus on the senior service, the U.S. Army. Out of that discussion grew **SOLDIERS,** featured in this issue, and to be concluded in next month's *Atlantic*. I believe you will find it a remarkable depiction of the Army in a time of crisis and change, and one that implicitly says a great deal about the other armed services.

Ward Just was an obvious man for the assignment. He had behind him years of service as a reporter and writer—on his father's newspaper, the Waukegan, Illinois, *News-Sun*, on *Newsweek* here and in London, on the late *Reporter* magazine, and on the Washington *Post*. He was wounded during his *Post* assignment as a war correspondent in Vietnam in 1966, but returned there after recovery and stayed until the middle of 1967. Later he wrote one of the best reporters' books on Vietnam, *To What End*. His first novel, *A Soldier of the Revolution,* was published in June of this year, and received excellent reviews.

We persuaded him to take a leave of absence from the *Post* at the end of last year, and he devoted eight months to the researching and writing of **SOLDIERS.** It required more than 15,000 miles of travel to bases like Hood, Lewis, and Bragg, two trips to West Point, more than 250 interviews with men of all ranks and top civilians in the Pentagon.

Mr. Just completed the job in the farmhouse in Pawlet, Vermont, where, age thirty-four, he currently lives with his wife and three of his five children. He points out that promotions and changes of assignment come rapidly in the Army, so the ranks and duties referred to here are roughly as of the spring of 1970. He found little between book covers to rely on, most of the books on the military being either overly academic or overly gung-ho, but drew thankfully from two in particular, Samuel Huntington's *The Soldier and the State,* and Morris Janowitz's *The Professional Soldier*. Ward Just's **SOLDIERS** will be published in hard cover in January.

* * *

Big projects deserve to come in big packages, so we commissioned Larry Rivers, whose much-saluted work includes such military paintings as *Washington Crossing the Delaware* and the New England Merchants Bank mural of the Boston Massacre, to create our collage cover. It is the first gate-fold (two-page, foldout) cover in the 1356 issues of the *Atlantic*.

* * *

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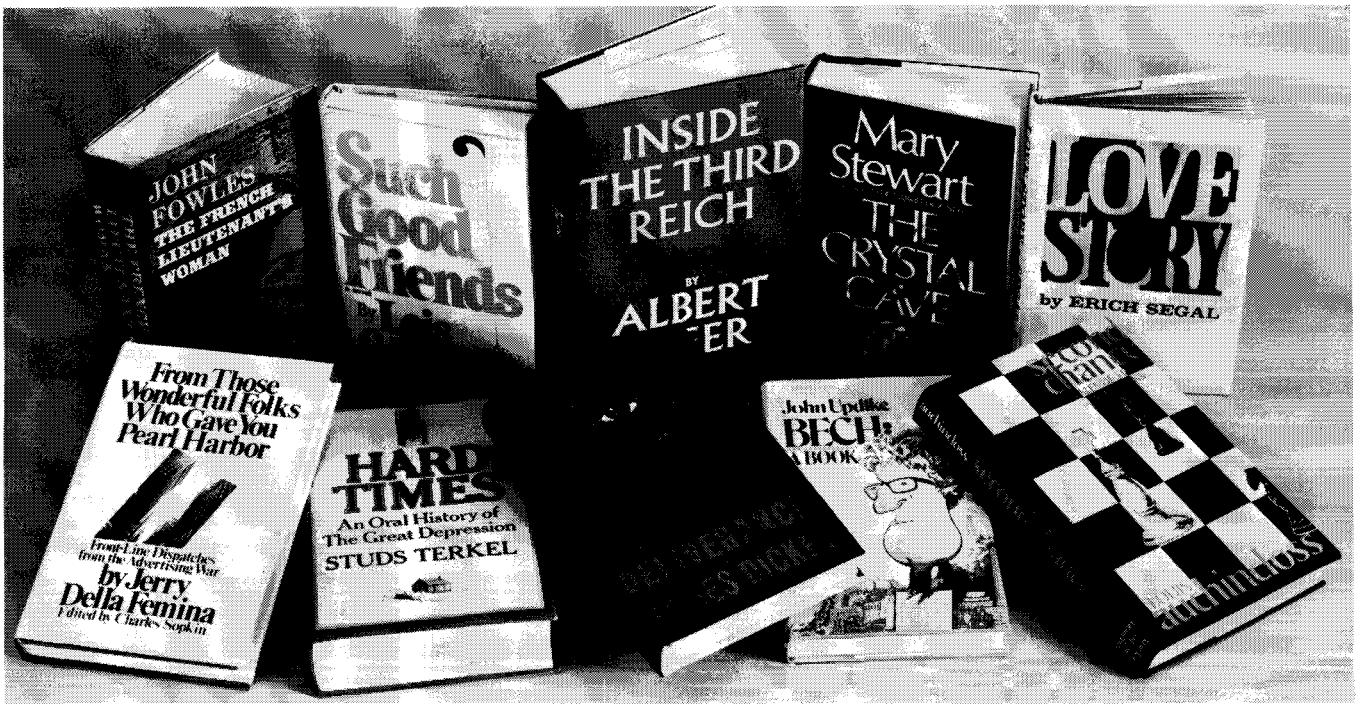

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REPORTS

KOREA

That a politically stable and economically ascendant nation—smaller in area than Kentucky and with an army of its own totaling more than 600,000—needs a complement of 60,000 Americans to help defend itself is a cause for wonderment. But in South Korea, the Americans are there—in "watchful wait on Freedom's Frontier," as the Army puts it—and the South Koreans seem more than glad.

A majority of the GI's are positioned in the narrow tract north of Seoul and near the western coast, scattered on small bases or lined in defense along the southern edge of the DMZ. Americans are deployed along only 18 miles of the narrow 151-mile strip which severs the peninsula, but theirs is the crucial sector: any effective invasion would almost surely, as in 1950, roll down the "bowling alley" toward Seoul and come straight through the U.S. force. Even with an alternate tactic, Seoul could never fall without the United States becoming involved. This the Americans know, and so do the North Koreans: it is central to the strategy of deterrence. And it is upon this strategy—which posits the deterrent and stabilizing influence of a specifically American force—that any case for continuing the U.S. military role in Korea must be built.

Prodigious flow

The case for phaseout is, by now, cogent. Certainly, in numbers, Republic of Korea (ROK) forces are already fully capable of providing a sound defense of South Korean territory. Even with 50,000 Korean troops in Vietnam, the ROK Army today outnumbers Kim Il Sung's Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) force in the North by roughly three to two. And while previously cool relations between Kim and the Chinese Communists have thawed significantly, it is doubtful that Kim could ever expect Chinese reinforcement if he initiated hostilities against the South. With the ROK Homeland Reserve in support of the ROK Army, Kim must contemplate a total of just under three million South Korean men prepared to bear arms at short notice.

Impressive figures, and not empty ones: both the ROK Army and the Reserve, fortified by veterans of two wars, have shown themselves dependable and militarily proficient. In Vietnam, American military men have had high praise for the aggressive ROK performance (which, carried into the PX, has been a source of American complaint). At home, the Reserve and the field police have been quick to bring the activities of North Korean infiltrators to a quick conclusion.

The costs and side effects of the American presence are considerable, both for the United States and Korea. On the American side—in addition to occasional violent death on the DMZ, the drug-use problems of GI's dolorously far from home and in areas of easy access, and the hundreds of foredoomed Korean-American marriages (more than 80 percent fail)—the expenditure involved in maintaining the U.S. force in Korea, at a state somewhere between combat-readiness and stagnancy, is quite evidently huge. (The figure for fiscal 1970–1971 is $680 million.) A drippy faucet perhaps in comparison with the gush in Vietnam, but in absolute terms a steady and prodigious financial flow.

On the Korean side the costs are social. In the American sector north of Seoul and around the U.S. compounds which dot the landscape as far south as Pusan, the jerry-built camp villages provide whatever the GI's will pay for, and the resulting scene is one which might easily arouse the DAR to violent action. Seen in a comic light, the "American" Korean villages are a burlesque—in pidgin English and played on dusty streets to a background of rock music—of free enterprise at work, with a brisk trade in black-marketed PX goods, cheap tailoring, bottled beer, and short-order sex. Indigence provides a large reservoir of girls attracted to the temporary rewards of commercial affiliation with a rich army, and off-duty Americans are never at a loss for a way to ease their needs.

The girls, and the Korean Ratso Rizzos, move single-mindedly for the dollar; and feeling exploited themselves, a large majority of GI's—surrounded during their thirteen-month tour by slickie boys, business girls, and their own ignorance of things Korean—have returned to the States each year embittered, thinking the Koreans unscrupulous, and disliking Korea. Conventional Korean society, of which most GI's see little, finds the camp followers an embarrassment.

Overriding any aesthetic view of the American presence, however, is a widespread Korean belief that the Americans are *needed.* The Korean economy has already taken off—the annual growth rate is now well over 10 percent—and, particularly through the last half of the sixties, the Koreans have developed a genuine confidence that their future economic prosperity is assured, if only their national security can be maintained. If their sense of dependence upon the Americans for that security

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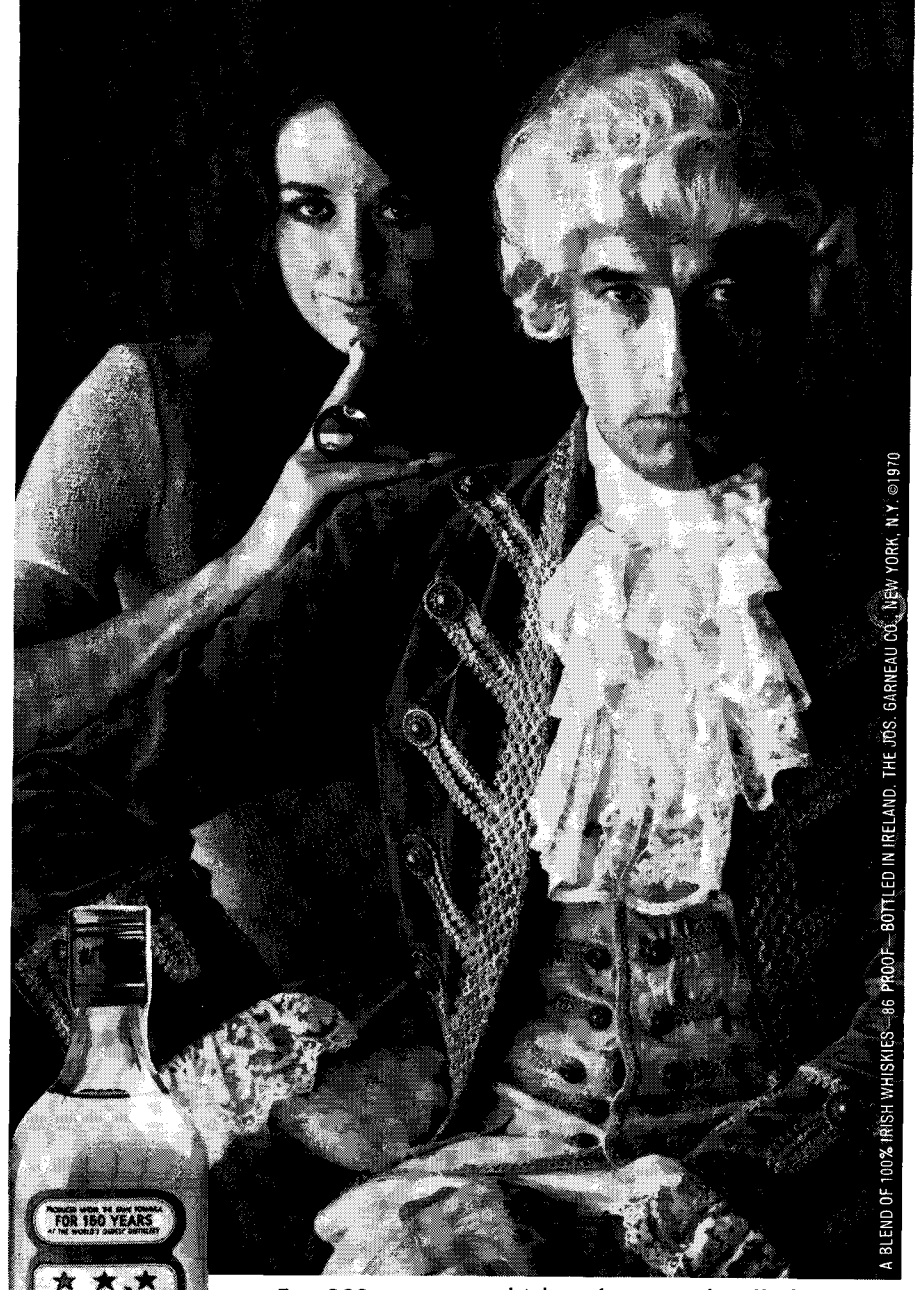
Bushmills. The whiskey that spans the generations gap.



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seems irrational, allowance must be made for the psychological effects of a past heavy with exploitation, manipulation, and brutal unconcern by foreign powers. And within vivid memory is the atrocity-ridden war with Koreans of the North. Given this history of victimization, the government of President Chung Hee Park easily keeps apprehensions about security at a high pitch with an anti-Communist ideological campaign designed to solidify support for the regime. The Koreans' sense of protracted conflict is perpetual; and the suggestion of U.S. withdrawal, implying the loss of an ally, always appears dire, regardless of military realities.

No wavering

The military realities are, of course, hard to pinpoint. North Korea is a hermit. It shows itself principally in audacious incidents, in exchanges of diatribe at Panmunjom, and in persistent attempts to infiltrate agents along the ROK coast and border (it is fairly clear that the South reciprocates these visitations).

In the North itself, military activity centers on the southern border: the DMZ. The North's posture, as well as can be ascertained, is defensive. On its border with China there is little activity, though some trade, and no preparation for defense. Though the North's elaborate effort to train agents for infiltration to the South is well known, the only indication of strategic intent has been Kim Il Sung's long-standing (perhaps apocryphal) promise to reunify Korea by his sixtieth birthday, a threat that within a few months will either be fulfilled or, more probably, pass away as historical bluster.

Though the South directs a smaller percentage of national income toward defense, it spares no pain in building strength against the threat from the North. The imperative is rigid: with Seoul only twenty-five miles from the nearest North Koreans, there can be no time allowed for a war of thrust, counterthrust, and wavering battle lines. Preparation must be absolute and the response to aggression swift and sure.

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What would your judgment be?

...are two paintings, both of the same ..., and both discussed in the first portf... the Metropolitan Muse...m Seminars... program.

...one at the left, Pierre Cot's *The Stor...* was held in the highest critical esteem... the 1880s. Today it would be dismis... by most critics as mawkishly sent...ntal.

...e painting on the right, Oskar Kokoschka's *The Tempest*, was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art.

If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, could you express a well-reasoned opinion about them? Or would you be tongue-tied, unwilling to say anything because you're afraid you do not know enough?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they may stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such people that New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created Art Seminars in the Home, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and twelve large separate full-color reproductions of paintings which have become famous over the years.

As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal the fundamentals you should look for in any painting you see.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. You will understand why certain paintings have come to be considered masterpieces. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

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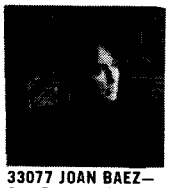


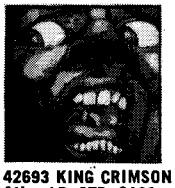
33077 JOAN BAEZ—One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42673 LED ZEPPLIN II
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

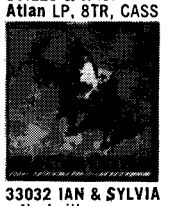
49706 B.B. KING—Completely Well
Blues LP, 8TR, CASS

44368 PAUL MAURIAT—Midnight Cowboy
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS

30615 JACKSON 5—ABC
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33032 IAN & SYLVIA—Nashville
Vangu LP

17317 CASALS—Plays Beethoven
Phil LP

34525 HELLO DOLLY—Original Soundtrack
TweCe LP, 8TR, CASS

66611 JAMES BROWN—Soul On Top
King LP

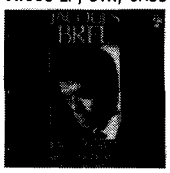
33495 BLIND FAITH
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

33257 CHARLIE BYRD—Byrd Man
River LP, 8TR

31799 THREE DOG NIGHT—It Ain't Easy
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

15116 HANDEL—Jephtha
Vangu LP (3 records)

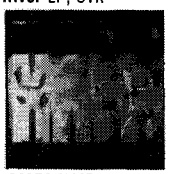
17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP



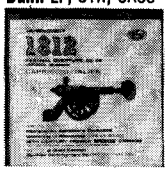
44365 JACQUES BREL—If You Go Away
Phili LF

33486 CREAM—Best of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

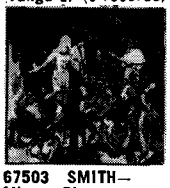
17238 BERLIOZ—Te Deum—London Sym.
Phili LP



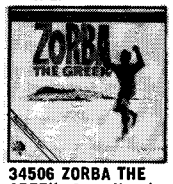
44373 HAIR: French Original Cast
Phil LP



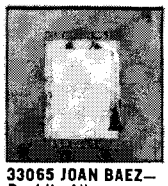
16759 TCHAIKOVSKY—1812 Overture
Mercu LP



67503 SMITH—Minus—Plus
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



34506 ZORBA THE GREEK—Soundtrack
TweCe LP, 8TR, CASS

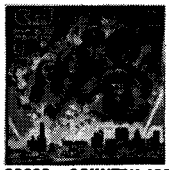


33065 JOAN BAEZ—David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

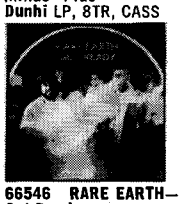
30606 TEMPTATIONS
Psychedelic Shack
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

33078 WEAVERS—On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42715 BEST OF MJQ
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

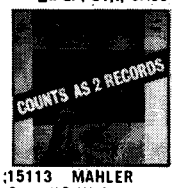


33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

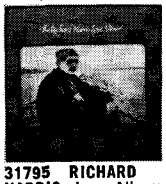


66546 RARE EARTH—Get Ready
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS

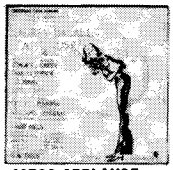
44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



15113 MAHLER Sym #3 Utah Sym
Vangu LP (2 records)



31795 RICHARD HARRIS—Love Album
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



48782 APPLAUSE—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

33487 BEST OF THE BEE GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

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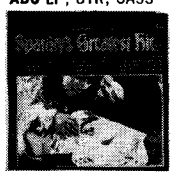
42745 WOODSTOCK—Soundtrack (3 records)
Cotil LP

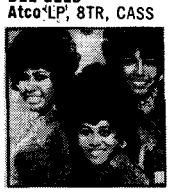
33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In A Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

17008 HANDEL—Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP

17042 BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas/ Richter **Phil** LP

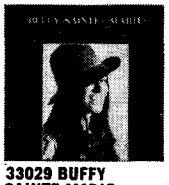


43793 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

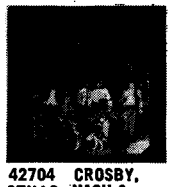


30609 SUPREMES—Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

17064 MOZART: Sym Nos. 25, 29, 32—Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP



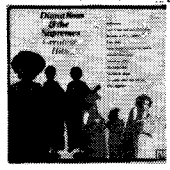
33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



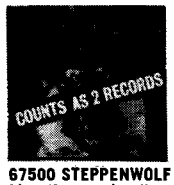
42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44195 FOUR SEASONS
Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

31973 JOHN COLTRANE—Selflessness
Impul LP



30601 DIANA ROSS & SUPREMES—Greatest Hits
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



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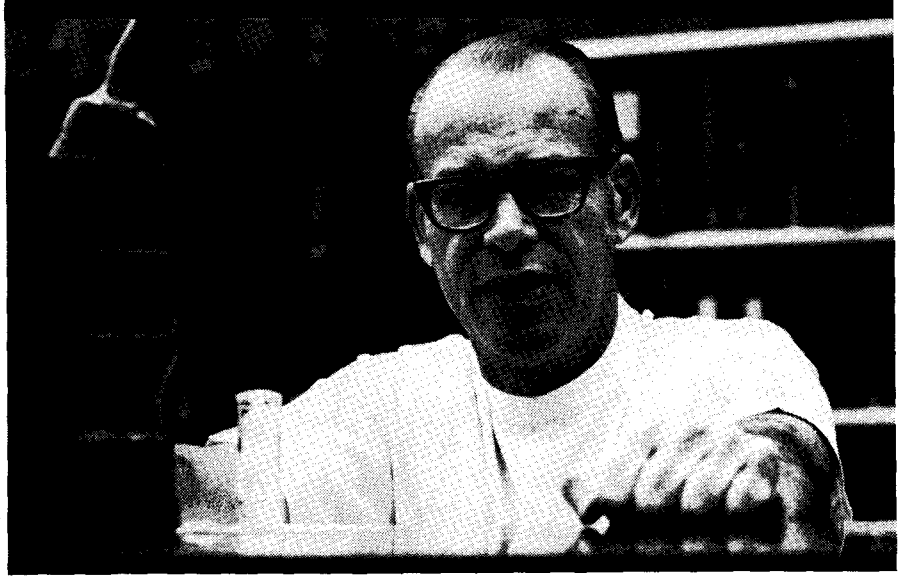

but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% . . . while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

The average family spends a little more than one-half cent of its consumer dollar on prescription drugs. Less than a dime out of every medical care dollar goes for these health-giving medicines . . . a smaller percentage than a family spent 10 years ago.

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As a professional, I know that drug industry competition . . . in price, research, quality, new products and service . . . has meant continued increases in the value my customers receive.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

*American Druggist Survey, 1969

KOREA

The South feels, with somewhat less intensity, in the position of Israel. Were Seoul to fall, the work of two decades would vanish. Seoul is Korea's cynosure, the center of everything, pullulating with a mass of five million, straining continually to assimilate a rush of people in from the country, and moving ever farther out of its ancient walls and ways. In the city's heart the skyline changes in almost daily increments, and the rock of surrounding hills is spread thick with human habitation —peasant hovel, cheap high-rise, small home—jammed together like a demographer's nightmare. It's as if a giant bulldozer were constantly pushing the way clear for even more people in what is already one of the world's most densely packed nations.

No bare space

Built up from almost total wartime destruction, Seoul seems today the quintessence of that now common Oriental mix of East and West. Neon, minis, darting taxis flash about amidst old and traditionally clothed poor people, quick to adapt but slow to change. They view it all through eyes which have seen Japanese oppression, devastating war, the student overthrow of Syngman Rhee, military coup, and the upheaval in custom brought by the economic transformation of the last decade. Street vendors peddle seaweed and fish; department stores sell television sets. Bicycles with incredible loads weave among chauffered cars and pushcarts; the garish moves before the venerable.

The tiny plots, upon which sit even the better homes, stand surrounded by barbed wire and spike, little fortresses against a world which has never been kind. Squatters have rights, and no space stays bare. Teahouses play Wagner, pubs serve rice wine to workers, beer halls vibrate with rock. Children carrying book bags skip in common uniform to school. The city struggles under the growing burden of crowding, noise, and smog.

Namsan, the high, forested hill which rises in the city's center, offers respite to a continuous flow of young and old who stroll its slopes for easy

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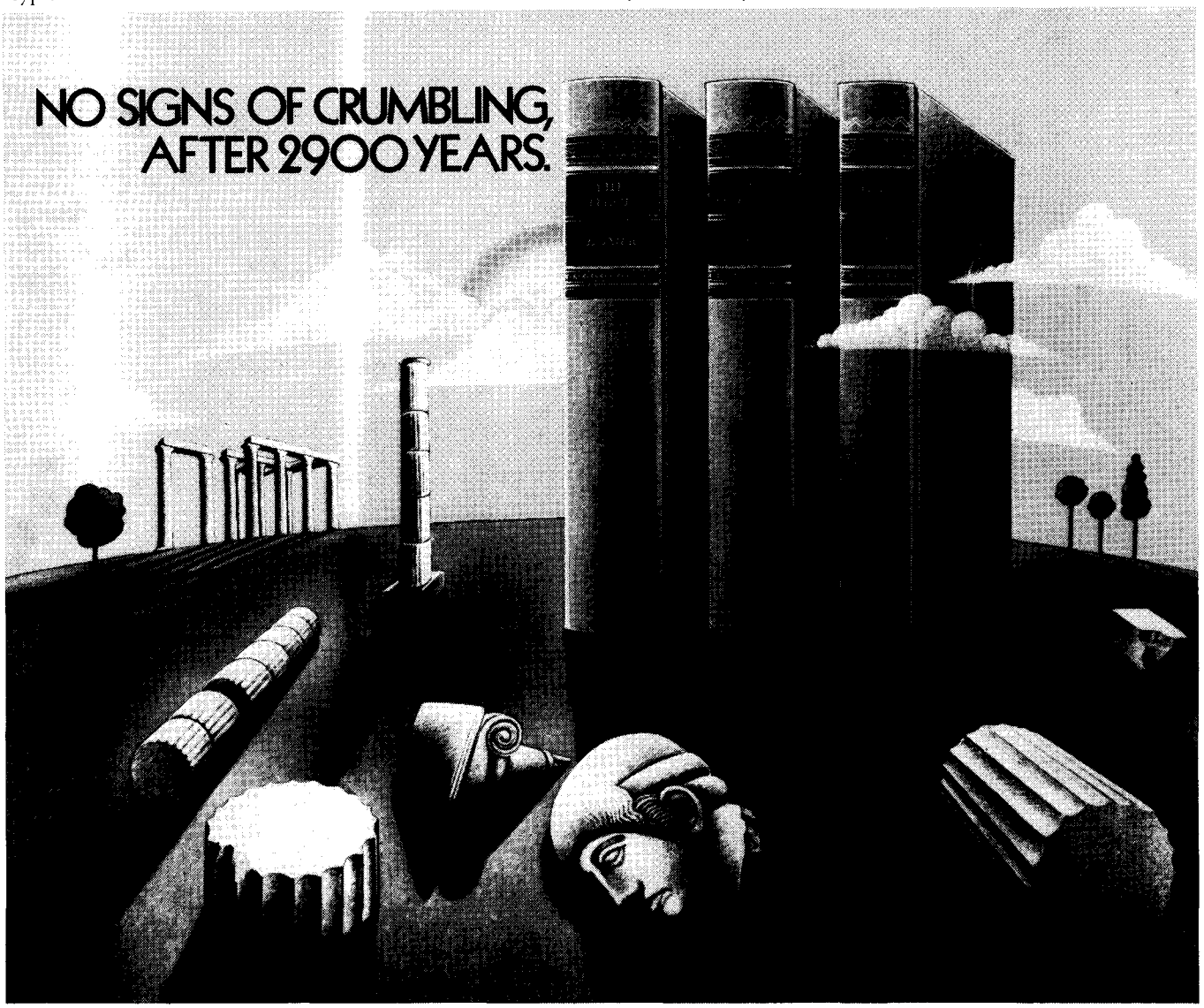

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We believe you will find Meloso Cream Sherry quite unlike any other Sherry made in this country. It is a superb wine to serve after the finest dinner. Or, you may enjoy a glass as an appetizer. To enjoy its full richness, we recommend that it be served slightly cooled.

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F. S. C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers
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KOREA

conversation and a peaceful view of the city and beyond. Once the terminus to a network of hilltop bonfire communications which stretched to the capital from all directions, Namsan today looks out to a countryside still largely at ease in the ancient style. In the fall, the paddies, their yield given, fade from green to ocher brown. Rural villages, small, seemingly numberless, gird for the coming cold, setting themselves for an unsparing winter which will lay down thick frozen snow onto thatched roofs and send gale winds over the hills and down gently tiered paddies, which descend like giant stairsteps toward the people below.

Here and there across the country the old picture has given way. In the sixties the national product doubled, and one sees the beginnings of an industrial economy. When a new factory, bridge, or dam begins to function, Park is there, cutting the tape and invoking the spirit of a reborn Korea growing toward self-fulfillment. Most recently, full ceremony blessed the opening of a new turnpike which cuts across the country, linking Seoul to Pusan on the southeast coast. It is a large step toward domestic economic integration.

Veneer

The scene, in Seoul and elsewhere, teems with soldiers. Army green fatigues are by now a national costume, familiar everywhere. But if Park's is a garrison state, it is not one in which the military reigns supreme. Although Park himself ascended by military coup, it is now through politics that he rules—a politics, though hardly pure and sometimes repressive, built largely upon economic accomplishment and the national pride which has swelled during the nine years of his leadership. Probably because of his background, Park as President has been adept at handling the military, discreetly shuffling its powerful figures and maintaining its tacit consent.

But while Park carefully preserves domestic control of the ROK military, control under contingent situations of international conflict (namely with the North) resides elsewhere—in the UN (read U.S.) Command headquartered in Seoul. The UN presence, if that is the word for it, is a relic of the Korean War, retained essentially for image. As apologists for the North have correctly stated, it is a veneer, and one that over the years has faded to no more than a thin transparency. The UN allies of U.S. and ROK forces today amount to, in total, one Thai company and honor-guard contributions from the British and the Turks. It is a UN force which answers to the Pentagon, for despite the overwhelmingly dominant ratio of ROK to American troops, the United States retains command. That it has done so without argument is a measure of the Korean aversion to American withdrawal. (Grumbles of discontent about the Americans *were* heard in 1968, but concerned only American competence, when it was discovered that the thirty agents nearly successful in an assassination attempt on Park had infiltrated through the American sector.)

For a long time latent beneath the shiny rhetoric of Korean-American friendship and Vietnam alliance, the issue of U.S. withdrawal has now officially surfaced. In July the United States announced its intention to execute a 30 percent reduction in American forces in Korea by mid-1971. The reaction in Seoul has been predictable: speeches, editorials, and National Assembly resolutions condemning any such action before the Korean Army can be fully "modernized"; implications that the United States is about to betray the one true ally it has had in Vietnam (albeit one more or less purchased by the Johnson Administration); and references to the catastrophe which followed U.S. withdrawal two decades ago. The Koreans are not, either at government level or grass roots, given to great subtleties of geopolitical thought. Amidst all the pronouncements for foreign and domestic consumption, it is hard to sort out the disingenuous from the simplistic. It seems clear, however, that realpolitik is fast emerging, and that for the foreseeable future, South Korea will use the threat of aggression from the North in an effort to avert American withdrawal and extract as much "modernization" as possible.

The issue of reunification, now twenty-five years old, lies quiet.

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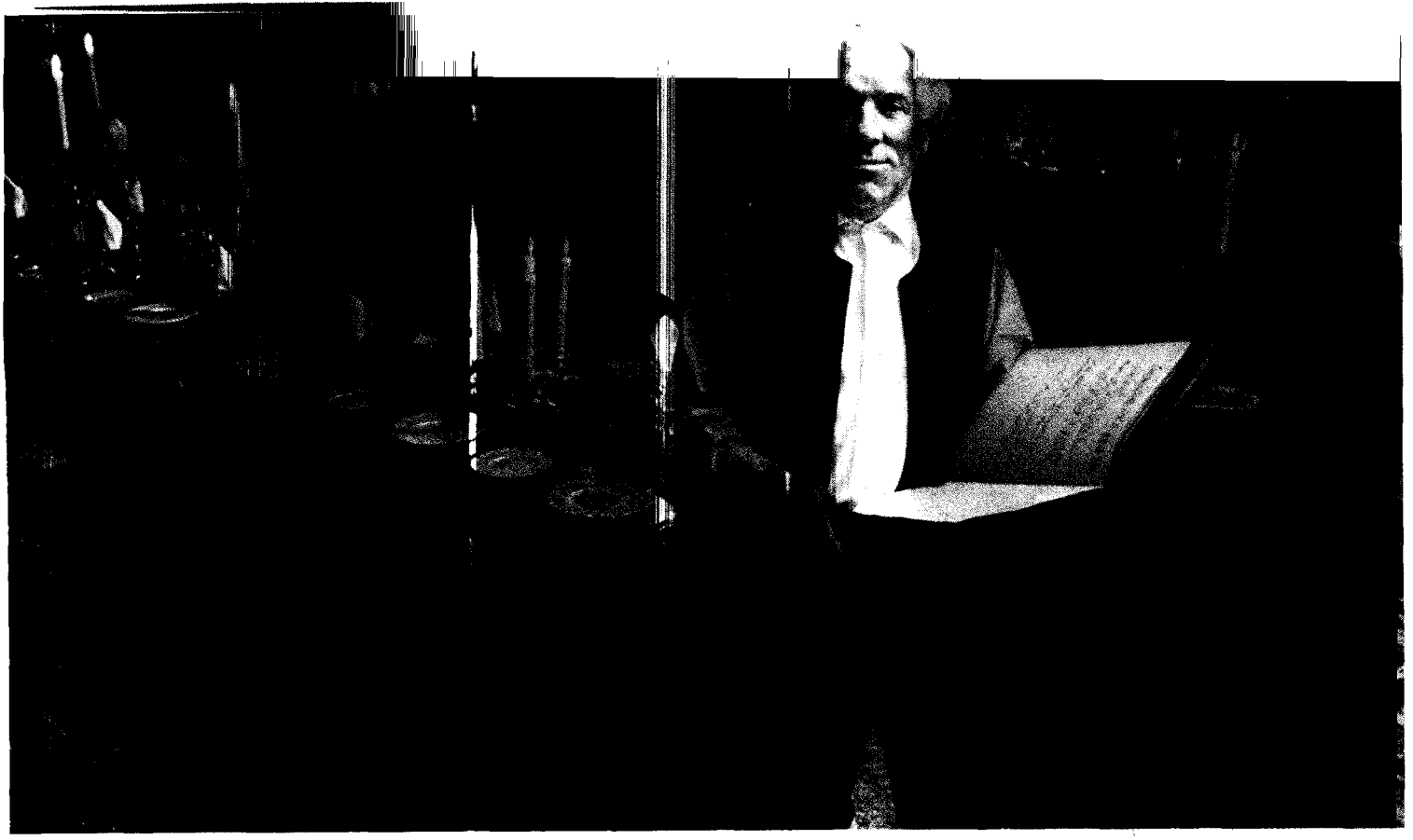

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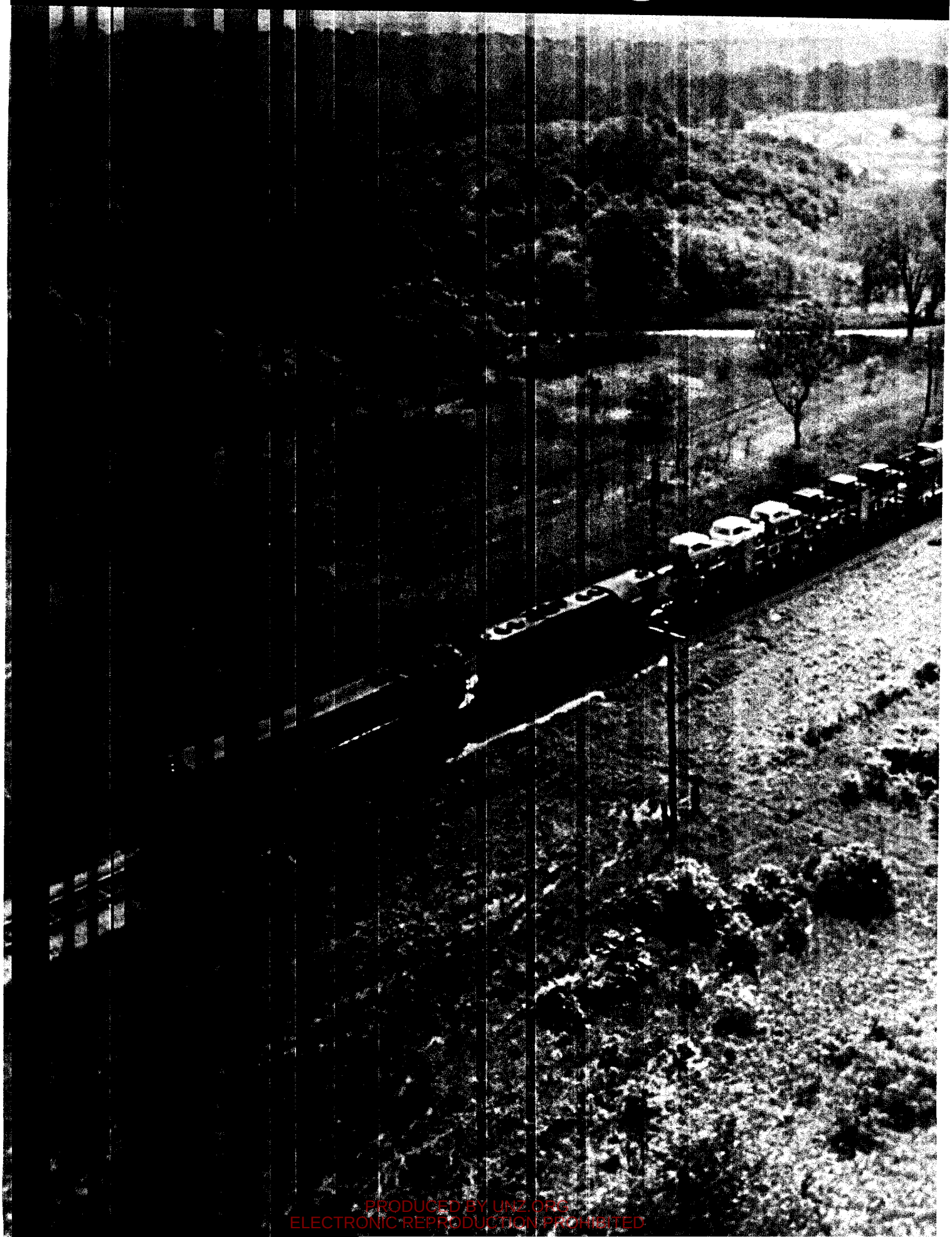

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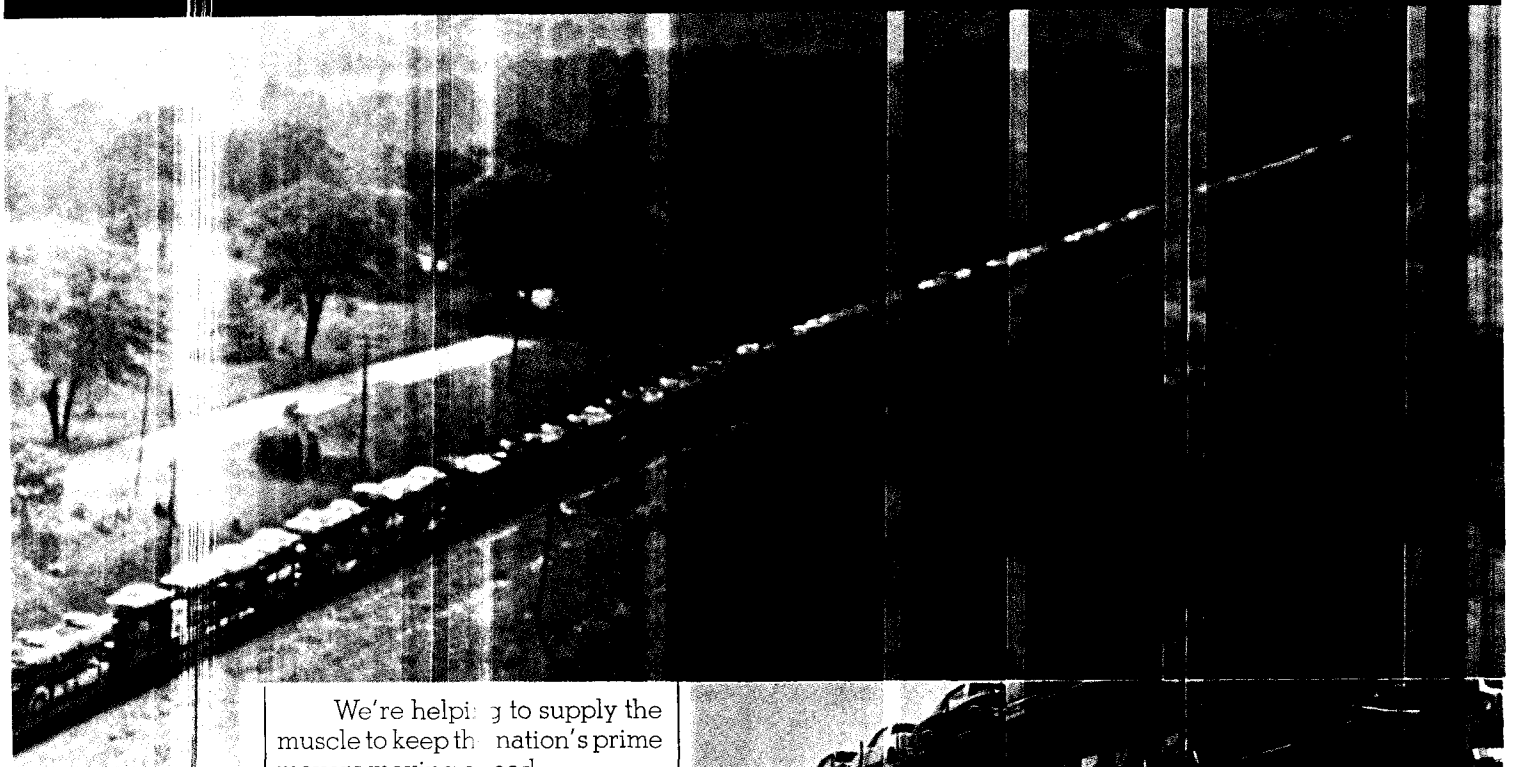
strengthen America's railroads



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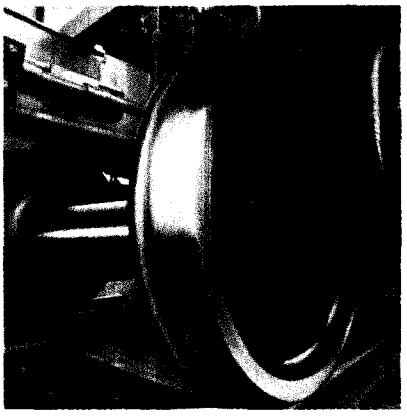

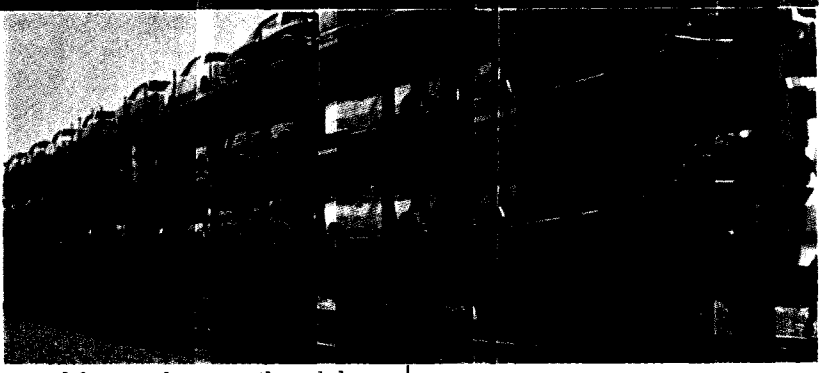

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KOREA

Among Koreans in the South, no clear attitude has emerged. There has always been the feeling that what the superpowers alone did to Korea, the superpowers alone must undo. But mixed with this now is a widening awareness and even confidence that the division, while imposed from without, can, and probably must, eventually be resolved from within. With government sanction, an academic conference on reunification met this summer in Seoul. Park's general approach has been to push the issue into the future and to speak vaguely of "reunification through strength and prosperity." There is little talk of accommodation with the Communists, and if offers to establish limited contacts are a measure, it is the North Koreans who have been more conciliatory.

But toward reunification itself, Kim's pronouncements are unambiguous. As far as the North's "ever-victorious iron-willed genius-commander" is concerned, the Americans stand in the way, and no real settlement can be achieved until the Westerners have withdrawn or been driven out. This may be true. Given the mentality of the North, it can be argued that the American presence serves only to encourage Kim's intransigence and seeming megalomania.

In fact, the United States is both target of Kim's provocatory acts and, paradoxically, guarantor that large-scale retaliation will not be undertaken. Kim knows that were Park in control of the South's retaliatory capability, the South's fuse would be shorter. On several occasions, most notably during the *Pueblo* affair, Park has made clear his feeling that the U.S. response was insufficient, and that the Communists must be dealt with more severely.

It is probable, however, that the venom exchanged by North and South is the more exaggerated because of the American presence. It is the bombast of two fist-waving antagonists who know they will be kept apart by the intervention of a stronger third party. Park has shown himself to be a shrewd leader (after some constitutional finagling he appears headed for a third term), and without the Americans in physical presence, his words and steps would, of necessity, be more cautiously chosen.

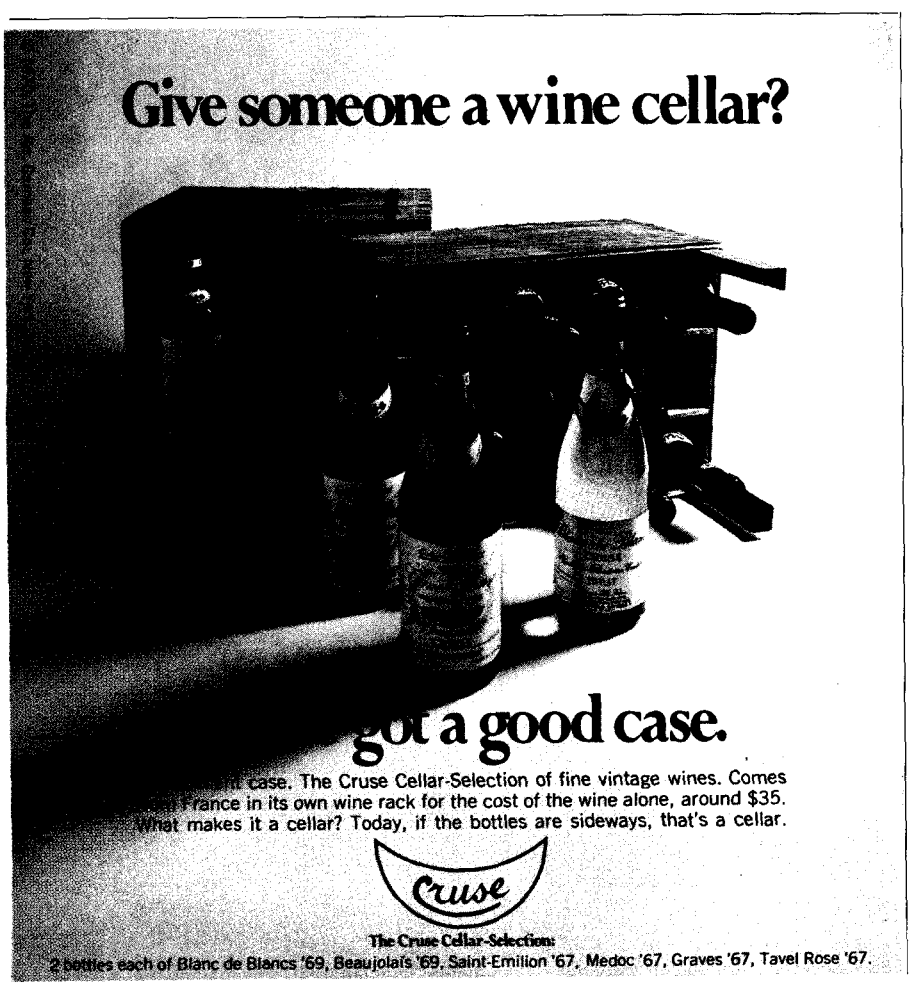
However, there is no guarantee that an issue of provocation and pride would not quickly mushroom. And although unannounced, one of the big reasons for the continuing American presence (and the Americans' preservation of the preponderance of air power in the South) has been a U.S. reluctance to give Park the power to wage war without American consent. Such a capability might at some future time place the United States in a "support or abandon" dilemma.

Parody

It is common now to call Kim and the North "irrational." The word applies, with at least as much justice, to the entire Korean stalemate, and to the plight of a peninsula and its historically united people—chosen, by a malign quirk of their own recent history, to serve through the last quarter century as stage and players in a microcosmic parody of the world's ideological rift, military race, and political war. The players, only surrogates at first, have settled professionally into their parts, each side stalwart now in a righteous posture of confrontation, and the scenario has given the Northern cast no monopoly on irrationality. The South, scarred by the Korean War, is today the voice of a passionate anti-Communist ideology which, while helping to galvanize a half nation, stands as another obstacle to making Korea whole.

If the Koreans, North and South, are ever to step down from the proscenium and back into their own single reality, there will be need on that peninsula for measured words and accommodation, both of which the United States, by its very military presence, now precludes. American withdrawal would be a move fraught with hazard and with promise, to be made only in the context of a larger and carefully gauged American foreign policy. But to foster a Korean *rapprochement* in the wake of American withdrawal could be a consummate feat of American diplomacy and a large step toward achieving Asian peace.

—JOHN B. RITCH



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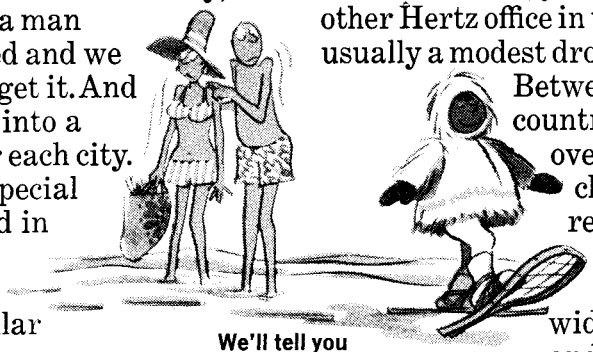

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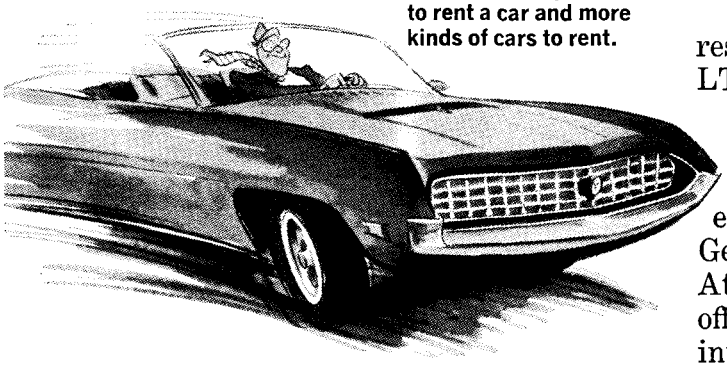

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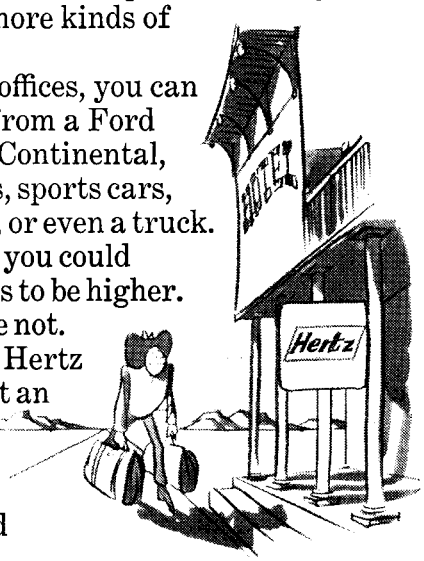

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BLACK COLLEGES

Fifteen black educators met recently with President Nixon and voiced some of the harshest criticism ever leveled personally at an American President. They pointedly described the inadequacies of their colleges and told of the government's inequitable treatment of these institutions. They accused the President of pursuing a Southern strategy that treats blacks as dispensable. Finally, they criticized him for failing to invite any black college leaders to the White House meeting of college presidents called after National Guard gunfire killed four white students at Kent State University. The oversight, they thought, was especially glaring since most of the previous shootings of students had occurred on black college campuses, including what blacks call "the Orangeburg Massacre," the 1968 shotgunning of a crowd of South Carolina State College students by state highway patrolmen.

At their request, Mr. Nixon appointed James E. Cheek, president of Washington's Howard University, to work with Alexander Heard, chancellor of Vanderbilt University, who was acting as a temporary White House adviser on campus unrest. Both Cheek and Heard collected a great volume of intelligence that pointed, they said, to the probability of a chaotic year on black campuses, unless the nation's priorities are shifted away from war expenditures and toward such domestic problems as the needs of black communities.

Heard agreed with Cheek that although student disaffection was great on white campuses, the problems of black campuses were more urgent and more volatile. The shootings at Jackson State, together with the killing of six blacks by police at Augusta, Georgia, several days earlier, they said, galvanized black campuses more than anything else since the red-neck violence and police suppression that the sit-in movement encountered in the early 1960s.

Trouble in the refuge

The predominantly black colleges, historically a refuge for middle-class blacks and for years a major source of black military officers and integra-

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tionist impulses, began to drift toward separatism and anti-Americanism as black militancy became more intense. In the wake of the Jackson State shootings, however, the raising of black flags of liberation, the desecration of American flags, and the vowing of allegiance to Africa became common occurrences. At Howard University this spring, many of the 1478 graduating seniors discarded caps and gowns for dashikis and tennis shoes, raised their clenched fists in black power salutes, and shouted militant slogans.

Hugh M. Gloster, president of Atlanta's Morehouse College, the alma mater of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and other civil rights figures, said in an interview, "The anti-American tendencies pose a real problem for black colleges today. You have a few students who are pro-Communist and fly the Viet Cong flag and quote Mao and things like that, but black separatism is the growing thing. Black nationalism has greater support on the campuses today than Communism ever had in the 1930s."

There are also increasing pressures by some black students to drive out the few white students and the many white teachers at the black colleges. "In 1967, we had about twenty whites in a student body of about 1000," Gloster said. "Now we have less than ten, and the reason is that the whites have been harassed and discouraged from attending. Not as much pressure has been put on white faculty members [two fifths of the Morehouse faculty are white]. But here and at most black colleges, especially at the bigger ones in the cities, we are worried about the growing student sentiment for an all-black university—a black board of trustees, administration, faculty, and student body, and a curriculum centered on the black experience."

At Howard University, which has adopted major black studies courses and acceded to student demands that academic credit be given for certain student activities in the black community (such as tutoring of disadvantaged children), Cheek incurred the wrath of some students by accepting the role of black campus adviser to the White House. After agreeing also to endorse the Honor America Day ceremonies in Washington, he received a letter from the student body president declaring, "The cold

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Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

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BLACK COLLEGES

fact is that you can't serve as president of Howard and envoy to the United States."

After the Jackson State shootings, black students from colleges and high schools in the Washington area met at Howard and drafted a statement calling the killings "a continuation and expansion of genocide that has been perpetrated against black people. . . ." In a passage echoed on many other black campuses, the students promised to bypass established channels and turn their classrooms "into laboratories which have the sole purpose of politicizing black people out of apathy and into awareness."

Student bodies and faculties of other black colleges flooded the White House with protest statements, and the student body of Nashville's Fisk University—once a training ground of civil rights activists and more recently a center of black militancy—accused the President of having "invited the murders of black students and black people" by making ambiguous statements concerning the use of force to quell protest. The students expressed "absolutely no faith" in his Administration's ability to solve racial problems.

"Genocide," a term once used only by the most militant and disillusioned blacks, has become a popular term at the colleges. Cheek has warned Mr. Nixon that a great many students and some faculty members at the nation's 111 predominantly black colleges seriously believe the nation is committed to such a "solution" of racial problems, and that such people do not necessarily act on the truth, but on what they believe to be the truth.

Of all the reports the White House received about the probabilities of another season of campus disturbances as the 1970–1971 school year approached, none were so chilling as those from black colleges. "Many students say there'll be no more Orangeburgs or Jackson States," Cheek reported. "They talk of taking weapons to college as an integral part of their baggage, along with transistor radios and tennis racquets. They won't stand there like lambs to be slaughtered in a confrontation with police. At the same time, the colleges are far more

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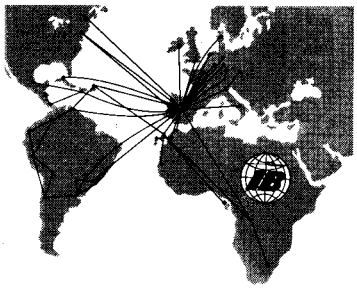

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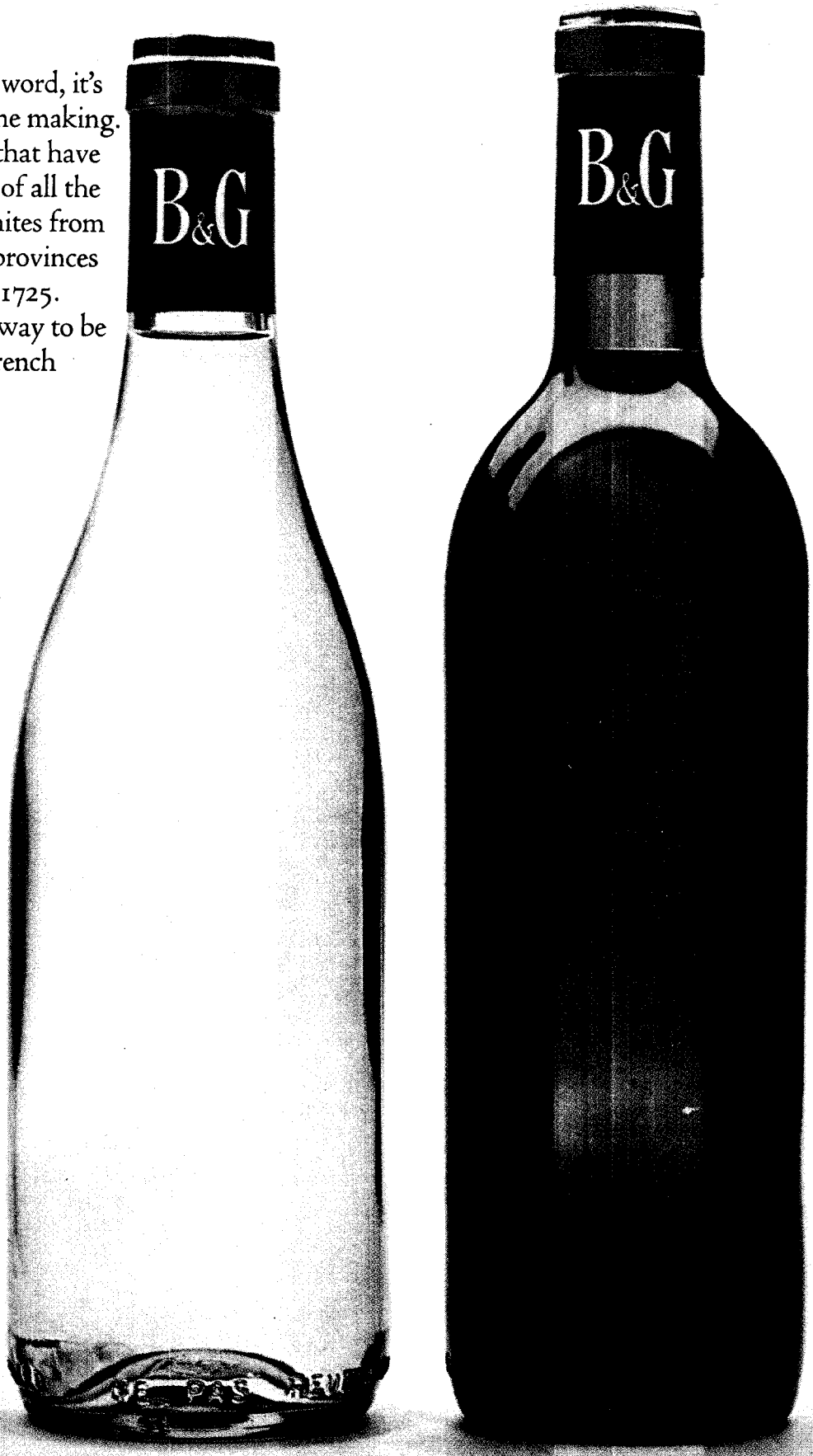

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politicized than they were at the time of Jackson State."

Cheek said he advised the President that most students "still would rather work within the system—they don't want to overthrow it—but I don't know how long the attitude will remain if the system fails to respond to the legitimate grievances."

Shortchange

Although only a few of the nation's black colleges are located outside the eleven states of the old Confederacy or border states, a great percentage of the students come from outside the region. In 1968, for example, 40 percent of the entering freshmen came from other states.

A major source of unrest at black campuses is the unwillingness of many state legislatures to provide financial support impartially to black land-grant colleges as well as white schools. At South Carolina State, for example, facilities and financing lag far behind those of state-supported white colleges—one of the grievances of protesting students in 1968. A study in the fall of 1967 showed South Carolina State had to turn down 540 qualified black applicants, while all qualified applicants were admitted to the state's predominantly white colleges. Not until after the "Orangeburg Massacre," and the angry demonstrations which followed it, did the South Carolina legislature approve a desperately needed bond issue for the college.

Blacks today are more and more aware that federal agencies, as well as state governments, have been shortchanging the black colleges. A study by the Federal Interagency Committee on Education showed that of $4.04 billion in federal funds allotted to colleges and universities last year, only $119.5 million, or 3 percent, went to black institutions. In contrast, the FICE noted in a report to the White House, the government spends $125 million to educate the children of 500,000 American Indians living on reservations at the precollege and vocational levels. The government asked for $112 million in 1971 to assist Cuban refugee families.

The great disparity in federal aid to black colleges stems from the fact that most programs of federal aid to education were designed for graduate research and training, which means that most black colleges, like other small liberal arts colleges, generally are not eligible. Only fifteen black colleges have graduate programs leading to the M.A. in a discipline other than education, and only one, Howard University, regularly grants the Ph.D.

The government's cutback in aid to disadvantaged students has fallen disproportionately on student bodies of black colleges. Most black students come from families with incomes at or below the poverty line, and parental support is minimal or nonexistent.

The cutback affected the plans of thousands of students who had counted on federal aid for the 1970–1971 school year. At Florida A&M, for example, approximately 80 percent of the college's 4000 students sought aid, but less than 40 percent of them were able to secure it.

Many black families skimp and stay in debt for years to send their children to college. Not long before South Carolina State sophomore Henry Smith was killed by highway patrolmen at Orangeburg in 1968, he wrote his mother: "When I got the meats you sent they were spoiled so I spent part of the $5 you sent me to buy some meats and take some of my clothes to the cleaners. If you can, send me some hamburger meat this weekend." More than a year later Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, who was an eighty-cent-an-hour domestic when her son was killed, finally paid off a $400 loan she had secured from a small-loan firm for Henry's tuition. Her payments to the firm totaled $600. In the fall of 1970, Mrs. Smith was still paying on Henry's funeral bill.

—Jack Nelson

Report Contributors

John B. Ritch was recently in Korea. Jack Nelson, a member of the Washington bureau of the Los Angeles *Times*, is co-author, with Jack Bass, of *The Orangeburg Massacre*, a study of the 1968 shootings of blacks at South Carolina State College, which will be published this fall.

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THE MAIL

Novelist Bites Novelist

SIR: I want to express my admiration for Dan Wakefield's article "Novel Bites Man" in the August *Atlantic,* which is surely the most brilliant parody I've ever read of all the silly, sentimental ideas that dreamy literature students, lending-library matrons, and pulp writers have about the romance of being a Novelist. With a born satirist's gift for the exact detail, Wakefield assembles nearly every clichéd prop and piety that convert the writer's life into pathos and melodrama: from tough-guy "fifths of bourbon" to the obligatory "hot pots of coffee"; from our old friends "spring in Greenwich Village" and "wine in the pleasant night" to our old friend, the lonely little cottage deep in the New England woods and, of course, "by the pond"; from the novels that "pour out" of you to the stories that have "to be hammered and nailed and beaten into shape"—the writing job done by the novelist's Muse or his Machismo. And then, to clarify the process further, there is, inevitably, fiction writing analyzed not as a controlled act of imagination and intelligence, but as "a love affair," with all its "mystery" and "magic." Wakefield is particularly clever in exposing the romantic sexual posturing, all that down-to-earth candor that expresses itself by calling real girls by their first names in print—"Jane," "Alice," "Ann," so many, oh, so many girls—while simultaneously saying not a single thing of interest about them, except that the novelist and they were "very much in love." "In the fall I brought to my beach a lady with whom I fell very much in love." The sentence is perfect parody, in construction, diction, and detail, right down to the Famous Writers School beach house, complete with "lonely bleat of foghorns." I wished there had been a few wheeling sea gulls or a sandpiper or a local fisherman rich with Wisdom of the Sea, but I suppose the satirist didn't want to overdo it, not when he had a last sentence in him like "this was my song, my own way of groping and thrashing and blindly finding the way to sing it" etc. It's a masterpiece of its kind, and I'm sure will be used in writing classes for a long time to come as a means of knocking this sort of Irving Wallace fantasy out of the heads of sophomores aching for "moments of ecstasy as well as stretches of agony" while being Creative.

PHILIP ROTH
Woodstock, N.Y.

Mr. Wakefield replies:

I hope readers will understand that Mr. Roth's letter—so typical of his zany, madcap brand of humor—is a hilarious satire on the sort of petulant put-down that a jealous author might pen in his fury over having one of his peers write a book that not only was enjoying some success, but in a number of reviews and comments was compared with the Angry Author's own last novel, at the expense of Angry Author's own last book. (For example, Kurt Vonnegut in *Life: "Going All the Way . . .* is a richer book than *Portnoy's Complaint,* with wider concerns and more intricate characters . . ."; Gay Talese, in advance comment: "The hero will inevitably be compared to Portnoy . . . but Wakefield's world is refreshingly unique.")

Though some people mistake Roth's rapierlike wit for a meanness of spirit, I know better, for I had the pleasure of personally seeing and hearing Fightin' Phil in action during the spring and summer of 1959 when we both had our first books published. I recall, for instance, the time at a cocktail party when Roth came up to a group of people with whom I was talking and made some gibes about how he liked the "character" in my book called "Bad Housing," then went on to explain jocularly that my book about the life of Spanish Harlem had no "real people" in it, but just a bunch of sociological generalizations, ha ha ha. Some people thought Roth was being nasty, but they just didn't understand he was imitating the stereotype of the hard-boiled, successful young writer who resented any writers his own age coming out with a good book. It would be too bad if some people mistook these ribald sallies of Roth's for real venom; the fact is, Phil may be a city boy, but he has a heart as big as all outdoors. I'm glad to see that his great financial and literary success hasn't changed him.

France and Israel

SIR: In the report "France and the Middle East," by Georgiana G. Stevens, in the August issue, the statement "Recent difficulties notwithstanding, it [France] has been a firm friend of Israel" is especially galling considering the facts.

While Israel was fighting for its very existence in June, 1967, France embargoed the jets and gunboats which Israel contracted and paid for. That the embargo applied to the Arabs as well was meaningless, as Russia supplied the Arabs with unlimited quantities of arms.

France has since contracted to sell more than 100 jets to Libya, the most virulent anti-Israel Arab government, and also to train pilots and maintenance personnel.

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At the UN, France votes with the Arabs on all resolutions pertaining to Israel.

The statement that "it has helped Israel receive preferential status in the Common Market" is contrary to fact.

According to the New York *Times*, France, while sponsoring the inclusion of Arab states, resisted the acceptance of Israel. Only after a compromise between the Netherlands, who sponsored Israel, and France, who sponsored Spain, objected to by the Netherlands, were both Israel and Spain included.

JOSEPH KUTOY
Bushkill, Penn.

Mrs. Stevens replies:

Foreign Minister Schumann in Paris on April 2, 1970, made the following statement before the Foreign Press Association:

". . . In the second place, I very unilaterally made a gesture which was appreciated both by the Arab countries and by Israel, by taking a positive attitude in Brussels with regard to the Israeli candidacy for a preferential agreement with the Common Market. I set one condition, which was immediately met. It was that all the Arab countries' candidacies to a preferential agreement of this kind would be dealt with at the same time and rapidly, with Europe being in a middle position—which seems to me to befit its proper mission. The next day, both Israel's largest newspaper, on the one hand, and Cairo's largest newspaper, on the other, approved my position and almost in the same words—which is very unusual."

It may be as Mr. Kutoy writes, that France and the Netherlands compromised in order for each to win a place for its nominee, Spain and Israel respectively. What seems interesting here is the reaction in Israeli and Arab papers, welcoming an indirect trade relationship in association with the Common Market.

Advice and Consent

SIR: It was with a sense of alarm and incredulity that I read the concluding paragraph of Elizabeth B. Drew's "Washington Report" for August, 1970.

There are, I believe, many reasons already to vote against Richard Nixon in 1972. But even if I did support his policies, or nonpolicies, I

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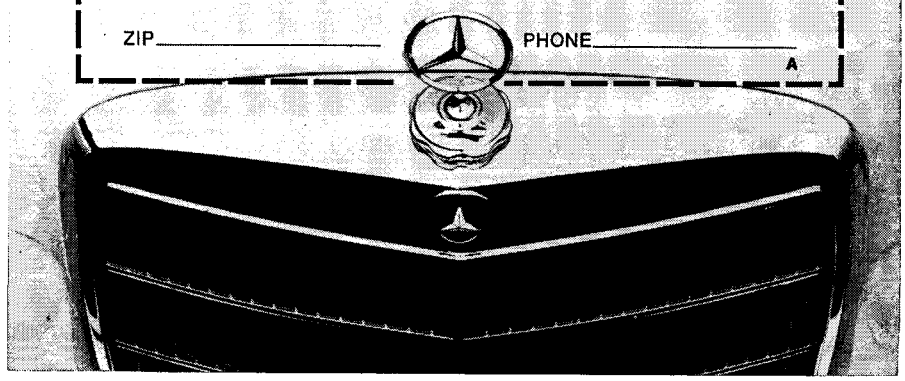

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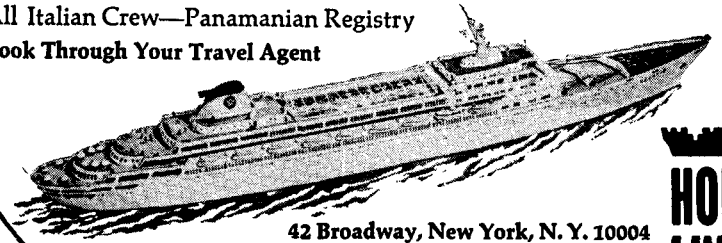

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could never vote for a man so presumptuous and pretentious that he hires "smartly uniformed trumpeters . . . draped with heraldry" to announce his imperial arrival.

The American presidency may subsequently evolve into a constitutional monarchy, and no one will dare question the wisdom of our leader. But I have a suspicion that the first man deserving enough to become the first King of the United States would be the last man to allow trumpeters to announce his arrival.

DONALD W. BALDWIN
Atwater, Calif.

SIR: William Martin (*Atlantic*, June, 1970) says that radio station XERF, which broadcasts many evangelistic programs, is the most powerful station in the world. Actually, it is far from the most powerful broadcasting station in the world. On regular AM, there are stations in Colombia with the same amount of power, and one in the Netherlands Antilles with twice this power. In Eurasia, there are dozens of medium-wave transmitters with many times this power, located in the Soviet Union, Monaco, West Germany, India, Pakistan, Thailand, and elsewhere. The Red Chinese government has a station which runs over 2 million watts of power, a full eight times the power of XERF.

RICHARD ANDERSON
Evanston, Ill.

More on Schoolrooms

SIR: "Murder in the Schoolroom" (June, July, and August *Atlantic*) is a misleading title for the selections from Charles Silberman's wide-ranging and definitive study of American education today. It suggests what the articles are not: still another sensational exposé; still another lament for the coerced and maltreated child.

The "items" he provides, the examples of an obsessive concern for schedule and control, are right enough; but they are neither new nor particularly shocking to those who have been devouring Friedenberg, Goodman, Kozol, Kohl, and Holt. What *is* important about Silberman's work is his conviction (based on evidence gathered by himself and a gifted research staff) that something can indeed be done within existing schools to make possible

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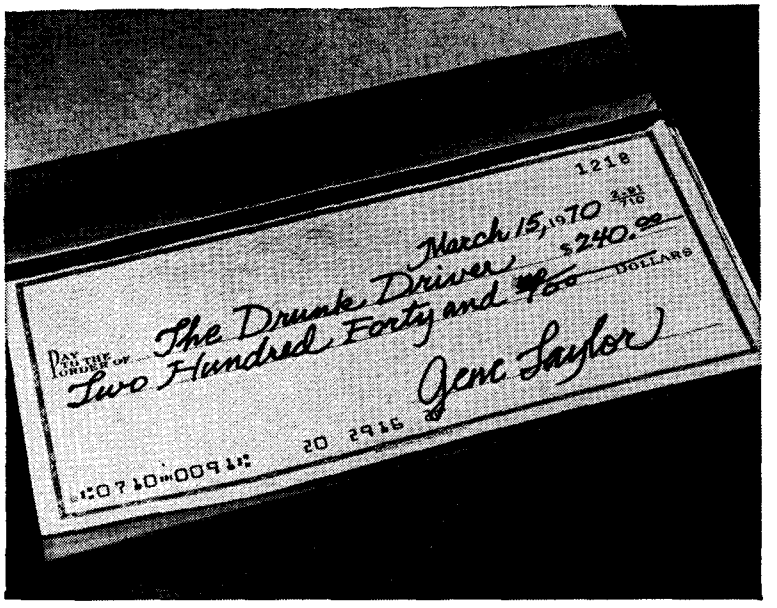

It may be a few dollars more or less than that. The figure is approximate.

But there are some things that are deadly accurate. Last year, over 35,000 Americans were killed in crashes where drunk driving was involved. And at least two million were injured.

The drunk driver cost the country $8 billion in direct economic loss. Add to that an estimated (and very conservative) indirect loss of $16 billion, and you see the size of the problem.

But make it more personal than that. If you are one of the nation's 100 million licensed drivers, this means that to your yearly costs for groceries, clothing, housing, and the like, you can add $240—your share of what the drunk driver costs America.

You say your wife has a driver's license, too? Then drunk drivers add $480 a year to your family's cost of living.

The situation is bad and has been getting worse for the past several years. But it can still be turned around if you're willing to help. As a beginning, each state needs the tough, effective drunk driving laws recommended by the National Highway Safety Bureau (24 states now have these laws—does yours?). The next step is fair enforcement of these laws.

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2. Sturdiness

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A. Are the keys comfortable to the fingertips? Yes ☐ No ☐
B. Is the key-stroke properly balanced for fastest typing? Yes ☐ No ☐
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Example The keys of the Hermes 3000 are shorter and finger-tip shaped for comfort and speed. There is push-button carriage release for fast-action and personal touch control.

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Example The Hermes 3000 is lined so you can bash away for hours without getting a headache.

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E. Does it have any unexpected extras? Yes ☐ No ☐
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A. Is the price on the tag built into the machine? Yes ☐ No ☐
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Example At $129.50, the Swiss engineered Hermes 3000 is the most expensive portable in the world. As to whether it's worth the money, see sections 1 to 5 above! As to whether it's worth the money to *you*, that depends on how seriously you need a long-lasting, full featured, trouble-free, easy-to-work-on machine.

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meaningful learning, spontaneity, and joy. And how? By applying insights derived largely from John Dewey, enriched by Piaget's research and the experience of the British primary schools. The successes reported are heartening, although they may not be more numerous than those described in the Deweys' *Schools of To-morrow*, published in 1915. Moreover, each one, like the better progressive schools, seems to depend greatly on a particularly knowledgeable and creative individual, just as John Adams High (one of the few successful experiments in secondary education) depends for its effectiveness on a group of gifted Harvard men.

The fundamental questions remain unanswered at the end. How can the "mindlessness" Silberman blames for "mutilation" in the classroom be overcome in a nation so plagued by intergroup hostility, powerlessness, and suspicion of rationality, empiricism—"mind"? How can managerial orientations to the school be effectively countered by those committed to "informal education"? How can teachers be liberated to pursue progressive ends?

Silberman obviously knows there are no easy answers; but he is performing a considerable service by pointing to specific possibilities, by talking of specific things that can be done. His proposal that liberal education should focus on the education of teachers stems from the Deweyan notion that the fully educated individual is the one who goes on learning and making his learning "effective in the real world." To talk of a "synergistic relationship between the colleges and universities and the public schools," is to talk of something hitherto unimaginable.

If Silberman can harness the burgeoning discontent with the schools and redirect it into even gradual reform, however, the unimaginable may someday become workable; and the old dream of a liberating school may come closer to coming true.

MAXINE GREENE
Professor of English
Teachers College, Columbia University
New York City

SIR: It has been a long while since my high school days, but while reading this fine, factual exposé of the way it is, I could again smell the chalk dust, again feel the repressive

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attitudes of the teachers, the frustration of being forced to do it their way.

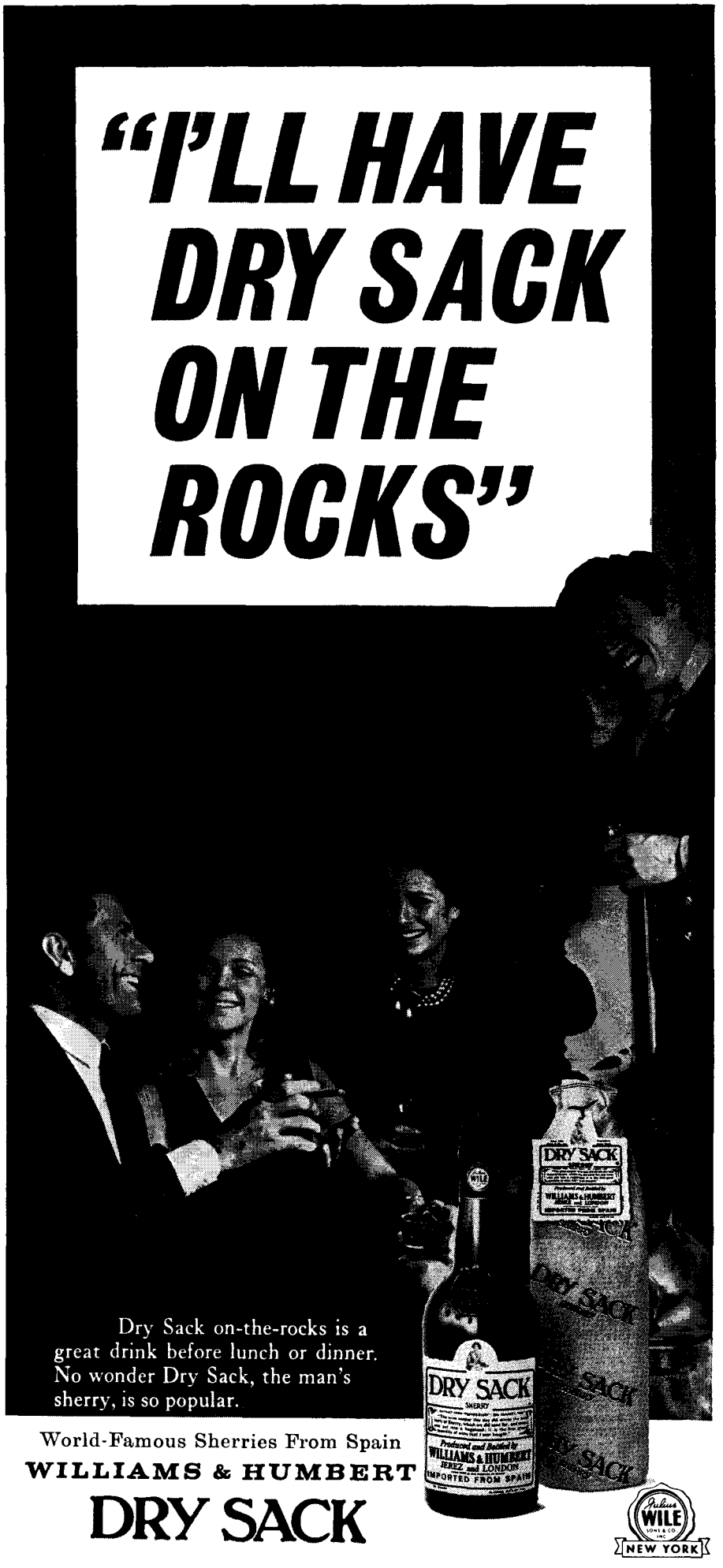
It was wing-clipping of the worst kind. These methods have produced the standardized, limited, and mentally stultified people of my generation which have caused the gap between us and our children.

(Mrs.) Charles F. Field
Madison, Wisc.

Sir: As first-year teachers in ghetto schools, straight from upper-middle-class liberal educations, we share Charles Silberman's concept of education, and are similarly appalled at the distance between our ideal of education and most education. But Silberman's concept of an ideal education, while humanistic, is also largely upper middle class. We see little "spontaneity . . . joy in learning . . . pleasure in creating . . . sense of self" in our society generally. This is especially so in ghetto areas, where child-rearing is authoritarian, and the consensus of our (largely black) fellow teachers is that *more* discipline and basic skills are necessary.

The present educational system works in several ways to perpetuate its own brand of education. As Silberman noted, students become accustomed to the system and adapt to it. Our students have rigid ideas of what school is, defined in the ordered, oppressive terms of the educational system. We found it impossible to conduct our classes as we would have liked to, since our students couldn't see our ideas of education as "school." Their favorite subject continued to be spelling, the most objective and ordered of all subjects. We finally had to admit that, given their prior experience and our limitations, our style of education would simply not work, and we slowly turned to the kind of structured and ordered classroom which we condemn as strongly as Silberman.

Education as it now exists discourages people who share Silberman's ideals from continuing as teachers. We have found it impossible to institute a freer, more individualistic kind of education. We have been subtly pressured, both by our administrations and our students, into being primarily disciplinarians. Our conclusions are that the distance between our ideals and standard edu-



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cation are too great to permit us to reconcile one to the other, and that the classroom is the wrong place for *us* to work for educational change.

W. Norton Grubb
Erica B. Grubb
Baltimore, Md.

Sir: "Murder In The Classroom" by Charles Silberman is a classic example of how liberals can use sensationalism to vilify an entire profession. The impression is clearly given that our entire school system is in pretty bad shape, and while most educators are really nice dedicated people, they have failed miserably.

The statements that our educational system should "liberalize," develop "intellectual discipline," and that education must not be "just to earn a living, but to live a life: a creative, humane, and sensitive life," can be defined in many ways. I know that liberals and political climbers dote on the use of such rhetoric, to the extent that they become almost nihilistic toward our society. But all of us had better learn that to become educated requires *self*-discipline, and I maintain that young children can only learn self-discipline by having external discipline imposed upon them, both at home *and* in school. Many of the case examples used in the article by Mr. Silberman might actually illustrate that teachers and administrators often use seemingly unneeded disciplinary rules for a good purpose—to acquaint students with the fact that laws should be obeyed and that life is not, and never will be, any bed of roses. If they do nothing else, some of our liberal arts students must learn to *wait in line* for their unemployment checks, as well as to contemplate beauty. ("Waiting in line" may be defined as "being sensitive to the rights of others who arrived first.")

John J. Happell
Lynchburg, Va.

Sir: Mr. Silberman's principles have been followed in the training of school officials and teachers for more than a quarter of a century. They have spawned the silly and stupid practices that he is rightly against. Mr. Silberman attacks order and routine. In doing this, he fails to see that order and routine of some kind are necessary to any kind of real teaching. He fails to put the basic skills of learning clearly first. He fails to see that the cultivation of the basic skills can be not only an exciting process, but that these skills are absolutely necessary to the civilized life, the joyful and creative life that education ought to make possible, during as well as after the basic skills are acquired.

It should not be any secret that a system of training of school officials and teachers that certifies the competence of people who do not have ordinary common sense, people whose conduct Mr. Silberman describes, cannot lead to practices other than the silly and stupid ones that Mr. Silberman describes.

W. T. Couch
Carrboro, N.C.

Sir: As a first-grade teacher and the mother of a high school teacher and a university professor, I feel very disturbed that you would bother to print anything as unfair and devoid of understanding as "Murder in the Schoolroom." "Tripe" is my word for it.

Isabel Ehemann
Stahlstown, Penn.

Sir: Seeking to establish that students are emotionally and intellectually oppressed by the system, Silberman cites Buford Rhea, "who set out to study high school students' alienation, discovered that most students are not alienated and do not want power, because they feel they would not know what to do with it if they had it." Why not entertain the notion that students mean exactly what they say? Perhaps their reluctance to grasp power or their feeling that school regulations are "about right" are signs of wisdom and understanding, not a "remarkable faith in high schools' paternalism."

J. D. K. Nelson
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

Sir: "Murder in the Schoolroom" really told it like it is. It is my opinion that some of the rules made in classrooms are entirely ridiculous. In some schools teachers make rules and restrictions only to throw their weight around and show the students who the boss is. Presently, I am in the ninth grade. At my school we have no ridiculous rules like which arm we have to carry our books on. Thank goodness!

Chris Michaud
Alpena, Mich.

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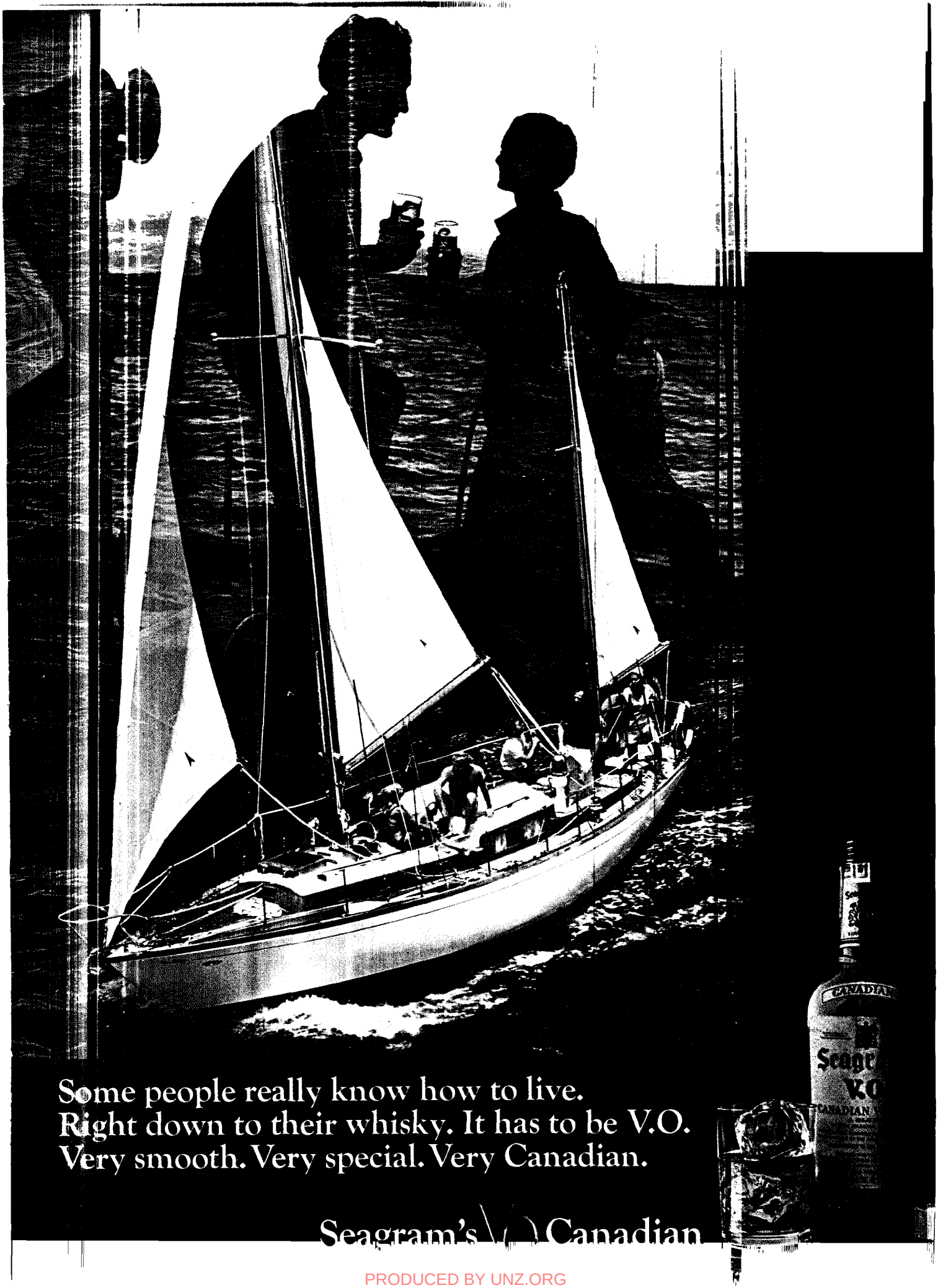

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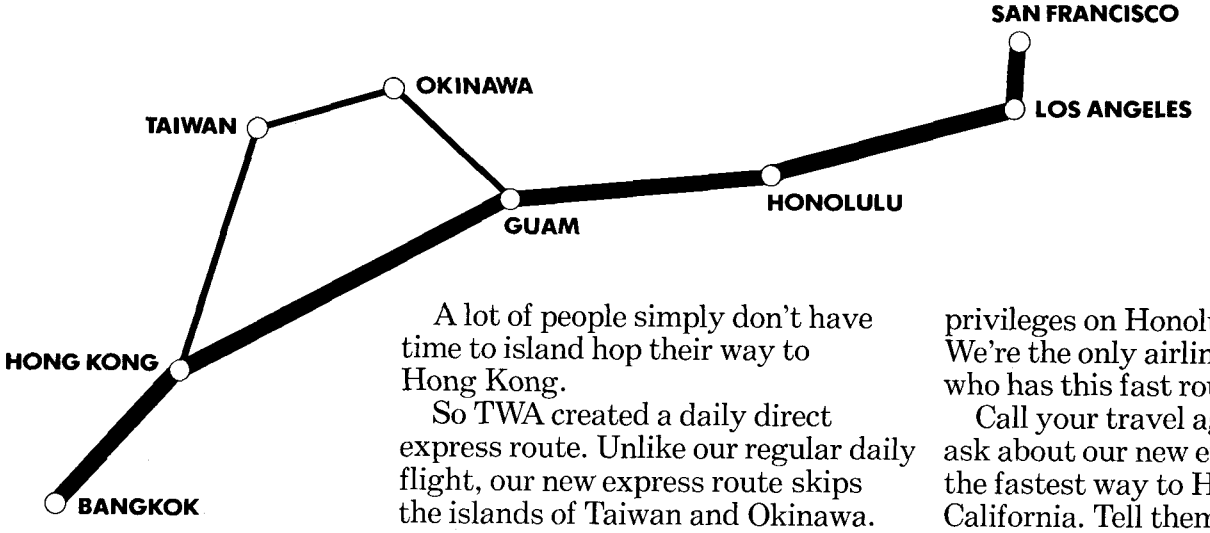
TWA OPENS A NEW FAST ROUTE TO HONG KONG.



A lot of people simply don't have time to island hop their way to Hong Kong.

So TWA created a daily direct express route. Unlike our regular daily flight, our new express route skips the islands of Taiwan and Okinawa.

Yet you still get stop-over privileges on Honolulu and Guam. We're the only airline in the industry who has this fast route to Hong Kong.

Call your travel agent or TWA and ask about our new express flight 745: the fastest way to Hong Kong from California. Tell them you're pressed for time.

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SIR: It is always easy to find examples of silly rules or laws or of good rules followed without common sense in schools, cities, states, or federal administrations. Colleges have their share. But it is interesting to notice that many of the rules most disturbing to the author are those having to do with traffic in the halls, in maintaining order in the classroom. If there seems to be an overemphasis on order and quiet in schools, it is possibly because in our society there seems to be little of it elsewhere.

Most of Mr. Silberman's "items" would seem to support the proposition that individual differences and needs of students must usually be subordinated to the welfare of the majority of students. Mr. Silberman blames this on the attitudes of administrators and teachers, but it seems to me that it is due to a more basic premise upon which our school system is operated. It is the American supposition that all people are equal, therefore all students are capable of being educated to the same degree. We try to stretch one system to cover everyone from the barely educable to the genius. We expect to prepare the person who will just "get along" in a subject and the person who eventually specializes to the same degree. This implies a great deal of flexibility that is not possible if only because of the large number of students involved. At the same time when we speak of "improving" education, it implies the inflexibility of some standard of achievement.

Finally, another difficulty built into our system is the school's relationship to society. What children are taught affects society, but the reverse is also true. We are living in a changing society which demands leadership which the schools are simply too unwieldy to provide. It is not surprising that we are not prepared, as Americans, to provide the world society with the leadership they expect of us.

ETHEL GILLETTE
Idaho Springs, Colo.

SIR: "Murder in the Schoolroom" is another of the recent critical slants on everything American, dominated and encouraged by our faithless "friends" in Moscow. Mr. Charles Silberman and his cohorts have unmitigated gall in attempting to disparage and destroy our educational system with a lot of humorous jingo-

GRACIELA:

Frightened. Homeless.
And virtually hopeless.
Her family lost everything in a Chilean earthquake disaster.
She lives in Santiago in a small wooden shack with a dirt floor.
There are three beds for a family of seven, but only one mattress and insufficient covering.

TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. Insufficient diet threatens to bloat her body and stunt her development.

Graciela is one of the thousands of children existing in sub-human conditions throughout the world. Their future might be radically changed if only a little hope could be introduced into their lives.

Only you can provide this hope.

By sponsoring a child through the CI "Adoption" Plan, you'll be part of a personal giving program which aids thousands of children around the world.

It's an easy way to help save one small life. Which isn't any small thing.

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☐ Or, I will pledge $_____ per month.

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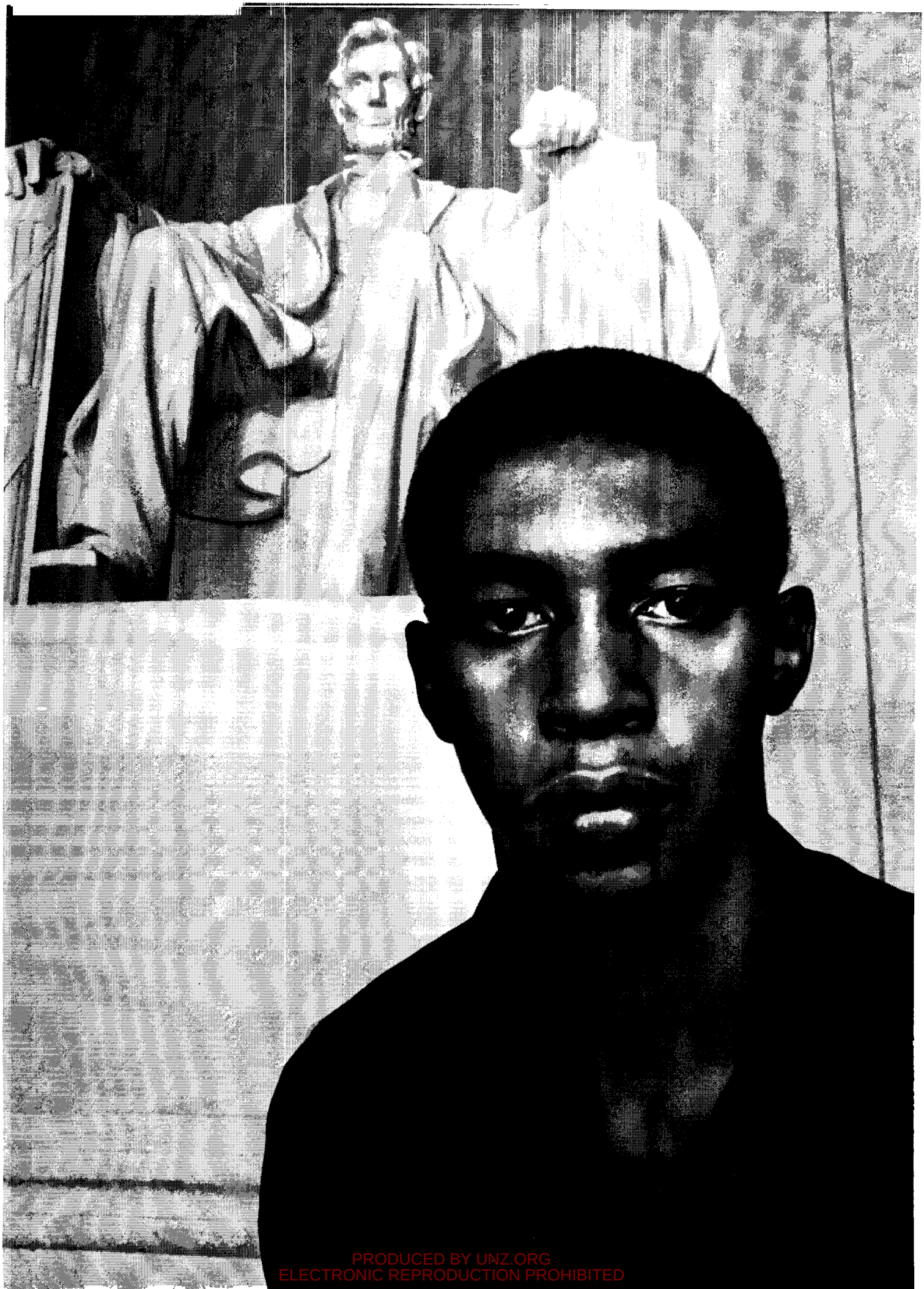

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MAN CANNOT LIVE BY FREEDOM ALONE.

Twenty million free Americans are locked in slums.

Living in misery.

Idling away their lives on front stoops.

Because they don't have the training to get and hold decent jobs.

But for some of them there is hope. Because something is being done.

Government and industry are working together to train the unskilled.

Back in January '68 Shell introduced an automotive tune-up course in a New York high school where there was a dropout problem.

The course exposed the students to sophisticated electronic equipment, and to scientific thinking with a practical end.

It was a big success.

For the first time in their lives many of these boys took an interest in school and showed a desire to learn. And continue learning.

Of those who graduated from the course, many went on to college.

In a low-income area of Trenton, New Jersey, Shell has opened a modern packaging plant.

The objective is to make it a business that is owned-and-operated by people of different minority groups.

Business is solicited on a competitive basis, not as a "give-us-the-work-and-you'll-be-helping-the-underdog" plea.

The company began with a contract to package Shell products, and has bright prospects of more business to come.

In cities throughout the country, Shell has made special deposits of nearly one million dollars in banks mostly owned and operated by businessmen of different minorities. These deposits increase the banks' loanable funds to minority businesses.

Shell feels that money for all these programs is well spent. Our goal is to help provide the increased capability America needs. And, of greater importance, to help more Americans share in the tangible rewards of living in this country.

Because without these rewards, freedom has a hollow ring.

SHELL

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ism. Is it true, that the *Atlantic* is really becoming smaller in its patriotic endeavor?

EDWARD W. OLIVER
Commander, School Masters Post #391
Maple Heights, Ohio

SIR: Charles Silberman lists examples of schools using the Hughes program, including Hoonah, Alaska, which community would be really surprised to learn that it has a "predominantly Eskimo population." Hoonah's natives are Tlinget Indian, as are most of the native people of Alaska's southeastern Panhandle. We also have Indian groups in the Aleutian island chain to the southwest; and the Eskimos themselves, who live in the western and northern part of the state, have quite separate cultures and physical characteristics. Only an occasional Eskimo gets down into this area.

ELIZABETH CLAUSON
Pelican, Alas.

SIR: Mr. Silberman's second chapter is a most interesting and encouraging sequel to his first. Having known and admired a number of the Leicestershire schools for some years, and repeatedly offered them in talk and in print as examples of the kinds of changes we urgently need to make in our own schools, I am somewhat surprised to be cast by Mr. Silberman in the role of opponent. Never mind, what is more to the point is that his vivid and sympathetic description of the work of these new schools should help to win many more supporters. My only real criticism is that from his words many may take as simple, easy, and settled, matters that are complicated, difficult, and uncertain. It will not be easy to persuade the people who did and do the things described in his first article to do instead the things he talks about in his second, or for them to make such changes even after they are sure they want to do so. It will not be easy, even if they change their classes into the informal and humane ones he so well describes, for them to hold the gains they have won—such changes have already been nibbled away or reversed in more than a few American schools and communities, and are by no means secure even in Great Britain. Above all, it will not be easy to avoid settling into a new dogma, a new rigidity, in which, though perhaps in new ways, we will be blind and insensitive as ever to the changing needs of changing children. For we may be sure of one thing, that children informally or freely educated in elementary and secondary school are not going to tolerate what is now offered them by most of our colleges and universities.

The word "romantic," whatever it means, seems to me singularly inapplicable to George Dennison, who in his book *The Lives of Children* deals in a most profound and tough-minded way with what Mr. Silberman too lightly skips over—the whole question of adult authority, what it is, where it comes from, when and how best it can be used, how it can be lost, what we do when it has been lost. The fact is that a teacher changing a class from a formal to an informal one changes in a very radical way the relationships between himself and the children and the kind of authority he exercises over them. If he does not understand this, his classroom will not change in spirit, however much he may move the

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Why the great whales are being slaughtered... and what you can do to help save them

...es are being slaughtered to the point of extinction for pet food and for mot... paint, margarine, soap, suntan oil, ha... cream, lipstick, and so on). Yet there is not one single product of the whale for w... there is not a more readily available substitute.

Whales are being wiped out by commercial whalers at a rate that will make the whales effectively extinct in less than a decade, a rate that will consequently ensure the extinction of commercial whaling too!

This incredible display of mindless greed offends you . . . and if you would like to actually do something, personally to help right one of man's transgressions against nature . . . you should welcome this opportunity to join The Whale Campaign, a non-profit program of the New York Zoological Society that has been organized to put whales under effective, world-wide protection.

Your membership fee of $9.95 enrolls you in The Whale Campaign and brings you a copy of the extraordinary new 12-inch stereo recording, "The Songs of the Humpback Whale," and a 40-page book. The majority of the profits from the sale goes to the Whale Fund.

A Triumph for 20th-Century Technology

If you think whaling folded when kerosene lamps were invented, you just haven't kept up with the industry's progress. In fact, man has become almost as efficient at killing whales as he has at killing men!

Thanks to innovations such as cannon-fired harpoons, today's electronically outfitted whaling ships average between one and two kills per day. Back in Ahab's time, the average was closer to one a month. In the decade of the '60s, the whaling industry racked up an all-time record. At present rates the industry has less than ten years left before there aren't enough whales to make whaling profitable.

Act Now . . . or Forget About Whales

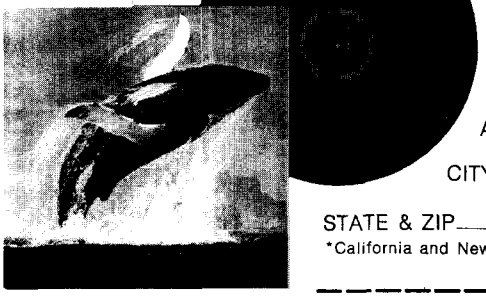
The Whale Campaign is a crash program to convince users of whale products to accept alternatives—to reach the business powers, interest groups, and statesmen who, acting together, can enforce world-wide protection for whales — to finance continued research into the little-known nature of whales.

The Songs of the Humpback Whale . . . Yours When You Enroll in the Campaign

Dr. Roger S. Payne discovered that Humpback whales—among the most intelligent and mysterious of animals—sing incredible, complex songs with recurring themes and cycles. Dr. Payne recorded these songs—and the resulting stereo record has overwhelmed the people who have heard it. The accompanying book explains how the songs were discovered and recorded, and explores the possibility that the lowest notes may travel tens, hundreds, or even thousands of miles through the ocean, perhaps to other whales far away.

This important, profoundly moving record and 40-page book are yours when you enroll in The Whale Campaign. Why not fill in and return the coupon now, while there's still time?

Songs of the Humpback Whale



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I understand that the majority of profits from the sale of these records and books goes to The Whale Fund of the New York Zoological Society.

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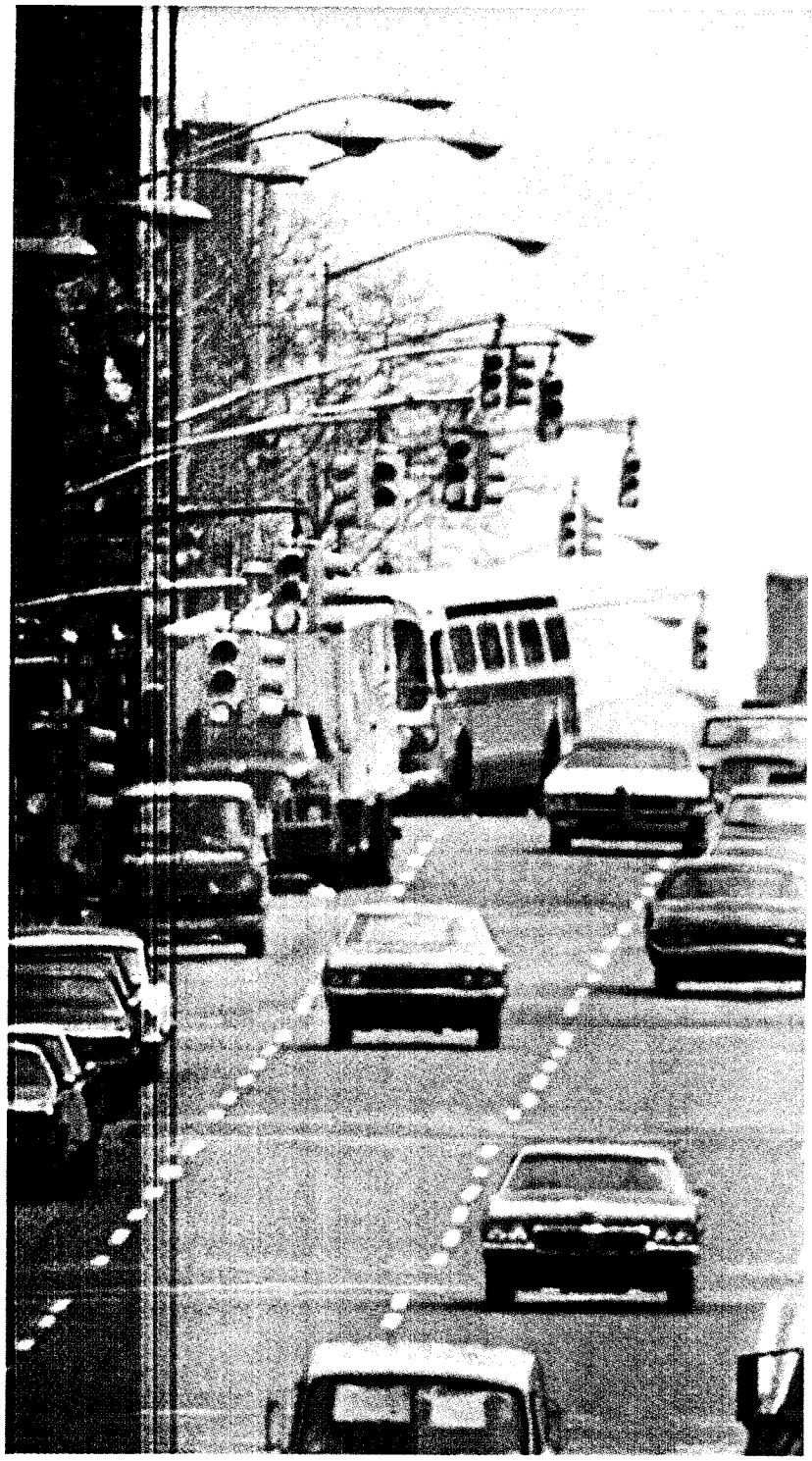
John Babyak at the Traffic Center "situation board," which reflects the status of every traffic light under computer control.



Giving New York drivers the green light where traffic once crawled.

Every morning New York City must digest a breakfast of three million cars, trucks and buses. But on five main arteries, drivers now average one quarter as many stops. John Babyak's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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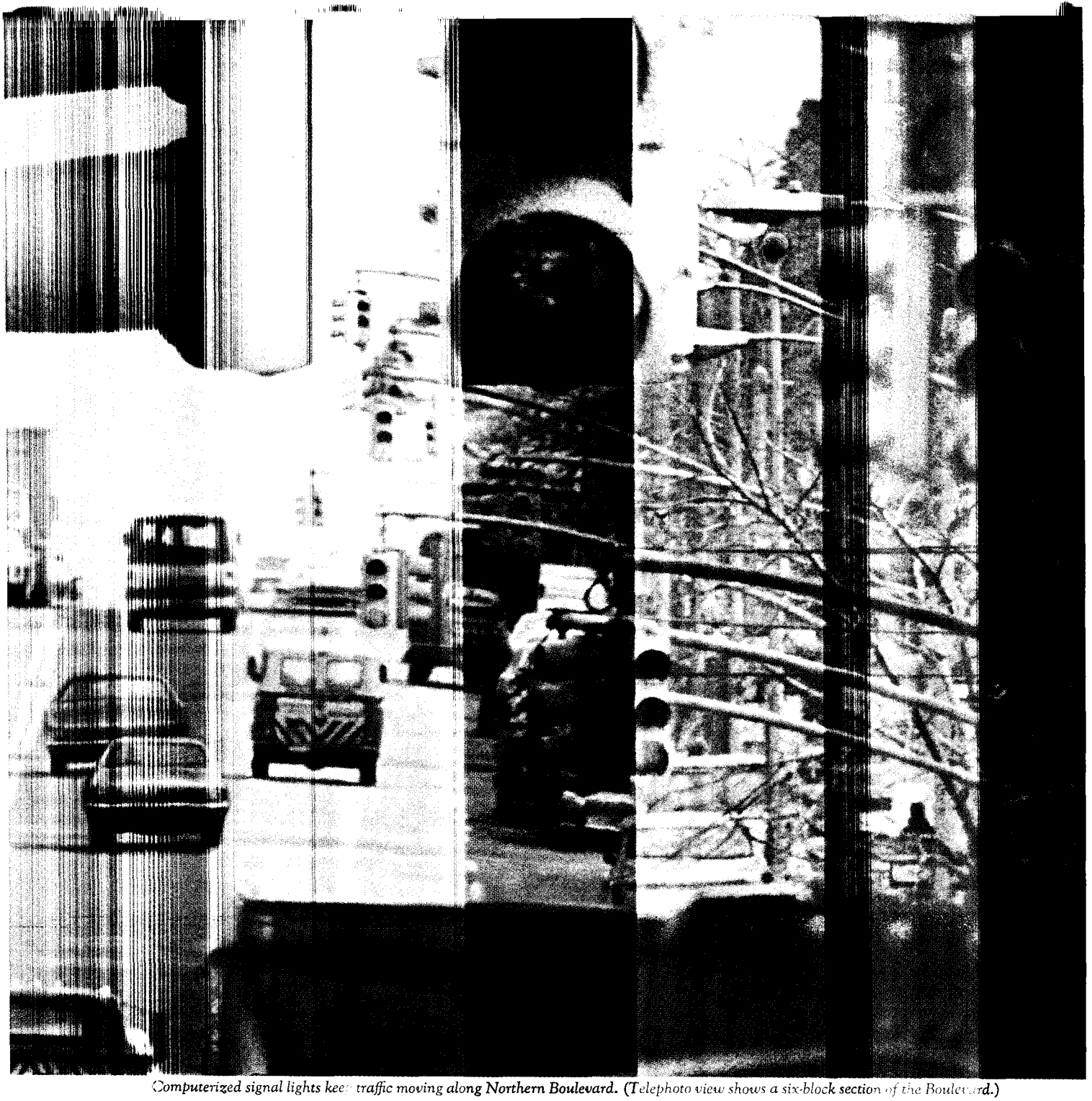

Computerized signal lights keep traffic moving along Northern Boulevard. (Telephoto view shows a six-block section of the Boulevard.)

"Just over a year ago," relates IBM's John Babyak, "a Traffic Department study showed it took 45 to 50 minutes to travel eleven miles of Northern Boulevard in the morning rush hour.

"Along the way, you'd average 23 stops.

"Today, the figures show you can make the trip in 25 to 30 minutes, and average just 7 stops."

The difference is New York's new computerized traffic system which began on Northern Boulevard, in the borough of Queens, and has since been extended to four other main arteries there.

John Babyak, the IBM Systems Engineer assigned to the project, has been working on the application of computers to traffic problems for about ten years.

"In late 1968," says Mr. Babyak, "the City embarked on a program with IBM to develop a system for Queens. By May 1969 we were officially in operation.

"Right now, the system controls over three hundred intersections along thirty-five miles of the busiest roads in the New York area. Overhead sensors provide continuous traffic flow data to the computer. The system then responds to changing traffic patterns.

"These roads carry 130,000 cars a day.

"The Department estimates it has saved drivers up to fourteen hours a month in travel time.

"What's more, traffic engineers point to the fact that fewer stops mean fewer accidents. Especially the rear-end variety.

"As it now stands, the Queens installation is already the largest computerized traffic control system in the country.

"Even so, it's just a beginning."

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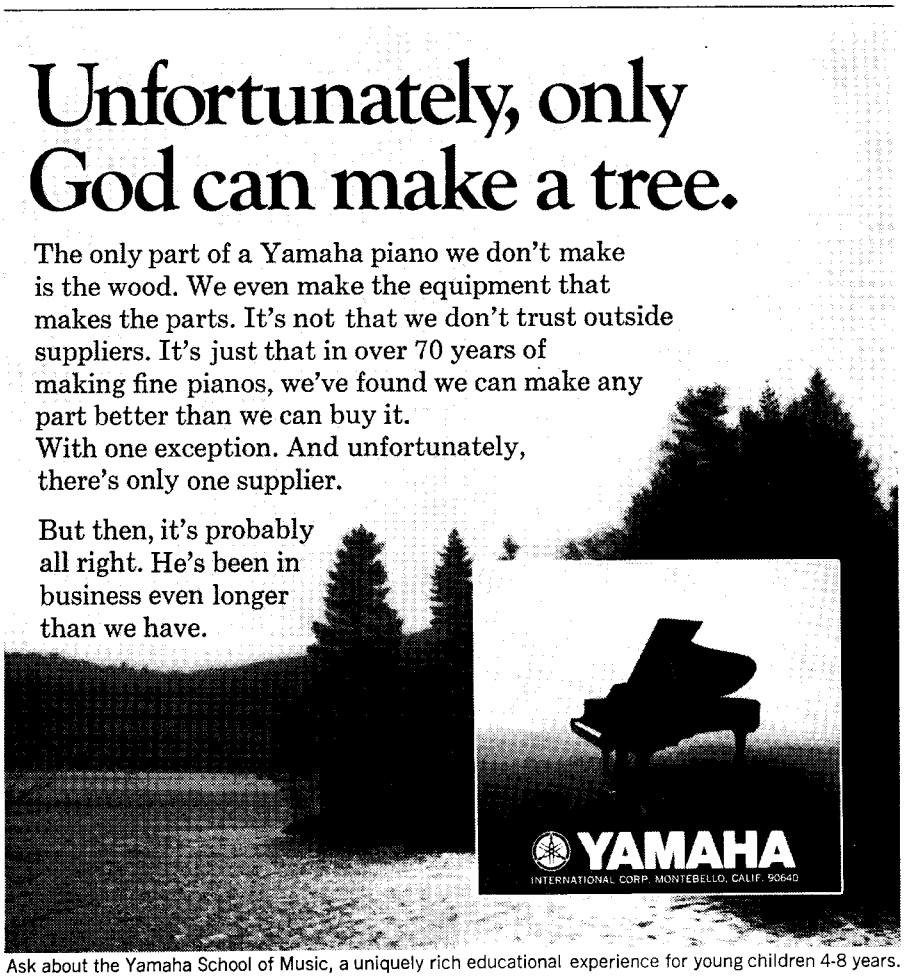

Ask about the Yamaha School of Music, a uniquely rich educational experience for young children 4-8 years.

tables and chairs around. On the other hand, if he thinks that all he has to do is say to the children, "Well, children, yesterday I decided what happened in here, and from now on you are going to decide," he will also be disappointed, as many have found out, if for no other reason than that the children won't believe him. The change from formal, teacher-directed, coercive learning to informal, independent, noncoercive, teacher-assisted learning is a slow and complicated one. The classroom has to become a very different kind of place, and both teacher and children have to learn to live differently in it. This involves much more than putting out interesting materials. It means setting into motion a process of growth and change in attitudes and relationships which cannot be arbitrarily stopped at some new point without losing everything that has been gained. It may mean, as described by Abraham Maslow, that as old needs are met new, and perhaps unsuspected, needs may surface—needs that in many cases cannot be met by even the best school. Leicestershire teachers have told me that when they first began to deformalize their classrooms, children were fascinated with math because of the materials they could use, but that now, when they are used to working with materials and have wide variety, many of them are as bored with math as ever, and must still be coerced into doing it. But is this coercion in fact necessary, or helpful, or wise?

As Mr. Silberman says, this is a difficult tension. We do not really know what children need to grow up whole, least of all in times like these, because no society has ever made the making of whole human beings its chief order of business, and above all because there never have been times like these. Of course there are a great many things that adults or more experienced or skilled persons can do to make the world and the whole of human experience more interesting, tempting, and accessible to children. The problem is that the more I guide a child, the less he can guide me; the more I fill up his life with activities that I think, and can persuade him, are interesting and useful, the less time he has to do the kind of exploring on his own that might reveal to him, *and to me,* what he most deeply needs and wants. No

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matter how kindly may be our intervention in the life of a child, there can be too much. How much is too much? This is the difficult and all-important question that Mr. Silberman treats as being permanently settled. His answer seems to be that the right amount of intervention is the minimum that will get the child to do what we think is important. There are many parents and teachers who agree with him, and who see informal classrooms only as clever ways to get children to do the things that schools have wanted them to do all along. But unless our reforms have deeper roots than this they will not live long or do much good.

But change often comes a step at a time, and the changes Mr. Silberman has suggested will certainly be a very important and helpful first step—if only we understand that they are a first step, and not the last.

JOHN HOLT
Boston, Mass.

SIR: As a teacher I'm concerned about Charles Silberman's article presenting such a distorted view of the teaching profession to the public. Dredging up the most glaring examples of poor or ineffective instructional techniques he can find, he bitterly infers that all or most teachers are mindless, unmitigated jackasses completely devoid of understanding of children and of the learning process.

One cannot help wondering if his vitriolic attack on teachers is not the result of a childhood hangover from a personal feud with one of his high school teachers who perhaps had the temerity to call him down for making noise in study hall that disturbed the other students. Or, perhaps he failed an examination—for which he had not studied. It has been my experience that most people (adults) who dislike teachers can always recall some particular incident in which they were corrected by a teacher they didn't like in the first place.

MAURICIA PRICE
El Cerrito, Calif.

SIR: There are certainly several degrees of nonsense; the supreme rank, however, seems to be due to Mr. Silberman's advice in his essay, "How the public schools kill dreams and mutilate minds" (*Atlantic*, June 1970, page 83): "To be practical, an

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Can't be done? We've done it. Designed a new Carousel tray for Kodak Carousel projectors that holds 140 standard slides up to 1 16-inch thick. That's nearly twice as many as before, and more than any other projector tray.

More slides to the tray means fewer tray changes to the show. More compact slide storage, too. And, of course, you get famed Carousel projector dependability and performance for bright, trouble-free slide showing.

See Kodak Carousel projectors with the new 140-slide tray, in a wide choice of models at your photo dealer's. Prices start at less than $60.

And you'll have more to show for your money.

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Price subject to change without notice.

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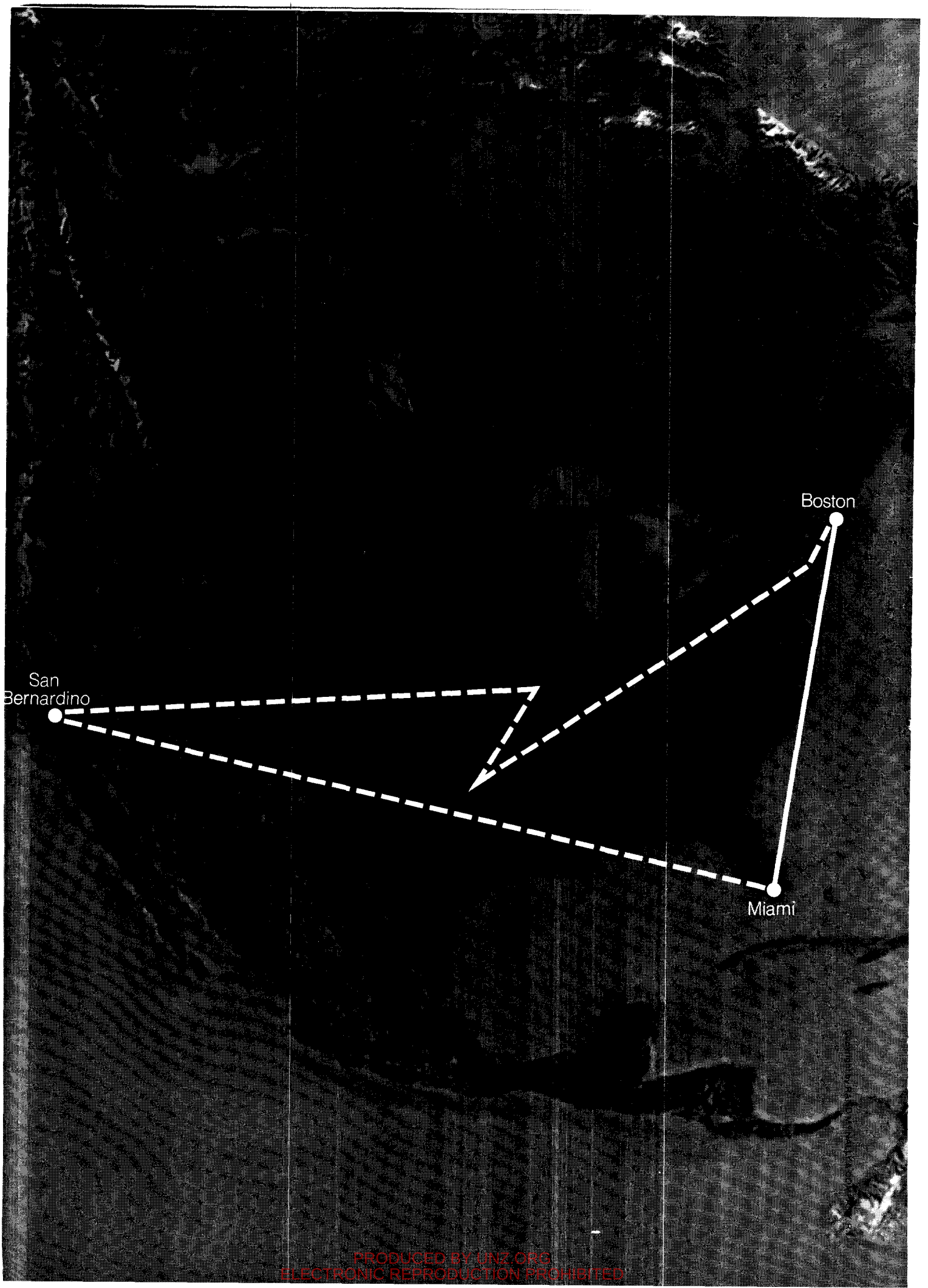

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At 100,000 miles per second,
the shortest distance between two phones may be a zigzag.

At the speed telephone signals travel, a detour isn't a delay.

Say you're calling from Boston to Miami. It's quite possible that you'll be routed through San Bernardino, California.

But you'll arrive in Miami just as fast. Or only a fraction of a second later.

Your call goes the long way for just one reason: so you won't get caught in a traffic jam the short way. (When it's an extra-busy 10 a.m. Christmas morning in Boston, it's only 7 a.m. in California.)

To know when to send you where, network traffic managers aided by computers are watch-dogging millions of calls each day.

Each of 12 regional centers in North America has its own traffic team that studies a board lit up with calls flashing to their destination.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company aren't satisfied just perfecting this overland route.

Now we're working out wider uses for the communications satellites overhead.

So the shortest distance between two phones may take you through outer space.

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education should prepare a man for work that doesn't yet exist and whose nature cannot even be imagined." Preparation for an unimaginable subject?

DR. RICHARD M. HONIG
Princeton, N.J.

SIR: Mr. Silberman is going to have a hard time convincing me, and I would hazard, a good many other adult Americans, that the present generation of free spirits currently engaged in burning down buildings, demonstrating in the streets, and challenging the Establishment on all fronts was ever "educated for docility."

EILEEN M. CHOATE
Detroit, Mich.

SIR: According to Silberman, what chiefly distinguishes the contemporary English informal schools from the American child-centered progressive schools of the 1920s and 1930s is the recognition of an insistence on "the teacher's central role."

However, according to the early progressives themselves, there seemed to be no doubt that the teacher's role is central. Harold Rugg of the Lincoln School, for example, stressed the fact that in the child-centered approach "the need for expert guidance is very great." Hughes Mearns, also of the Lincoln School staff, stated that "if growth under pleasantly free surroundings were all of the new education, then my occupation is gone; for I conceive of my professional skill as something imperatively needed to keep that growth nourished." Caroline Pratt, City and Country School, held that the teacher's part is to set up learning situations and to see that the children take the greatest advantage of them. The *teacher* makes provision for the experiences and activities leading to the acquirement of information. Mr. Dewey, in his discussion of freedom in the child-centered school of the 1920s and 1930s, contended that "the teacher's role is to assure children guidance and direction—not merely to permit them to operate in a blind and spasmodic fashion. The teacher, because of greater maturity and wider knowledge, is the natural leader in the shared activity, and is naturally accepted as such."

J. M. LYNCH
East Brunswick, N.J.

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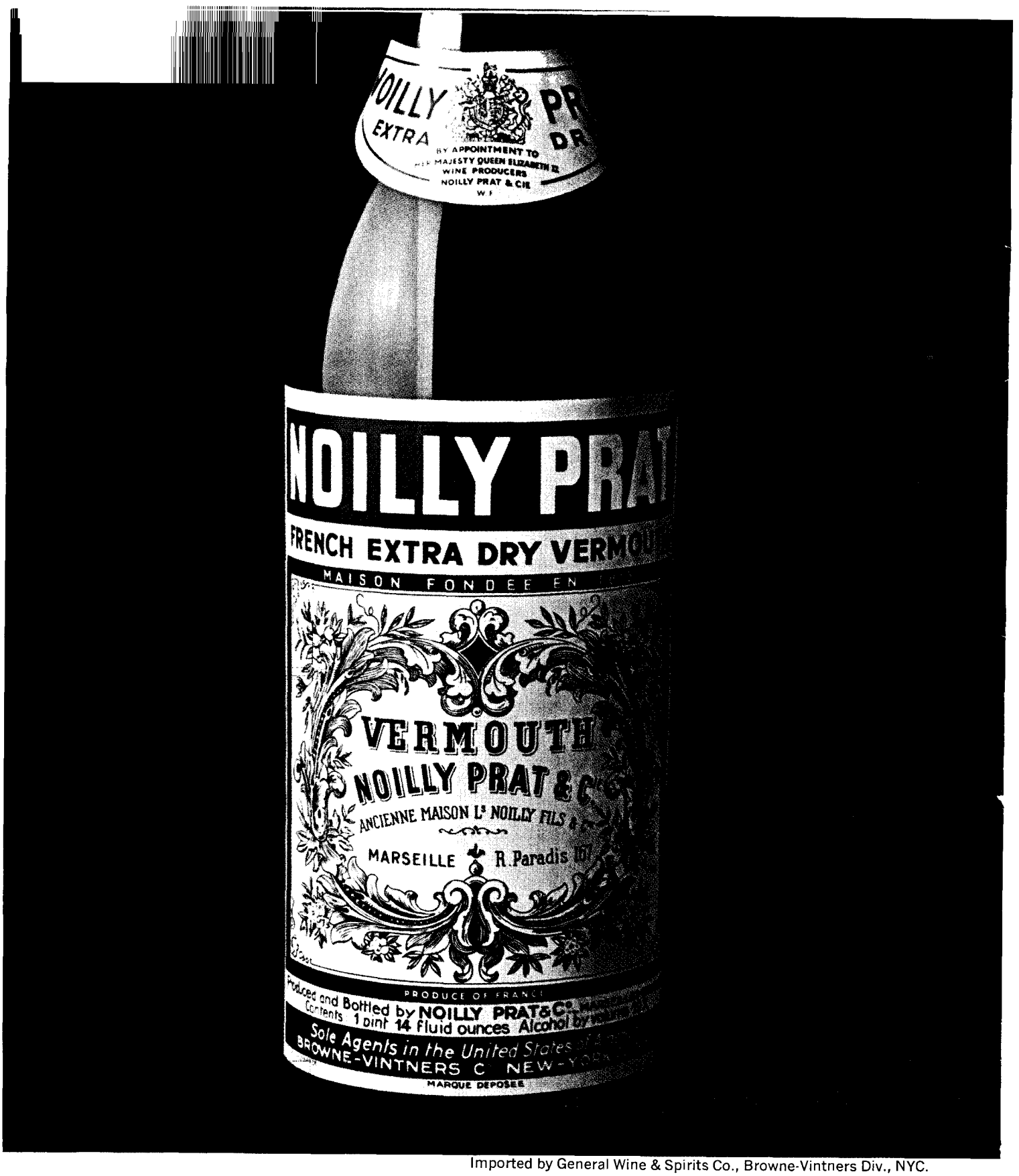

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THE WHITE HOUSE HARD HATS

by Elizabeth B. Drew

The President wants to know if you're *his* kind of Republican.

In its political structure, as in everything else, the Nixon Administration is a moving picture with, it sometimes seems, a cast of thousands. Early one morning I asked someone at the Republican National Committee to explain the Nixon White House political organization. "You mean," this person asked, blinking, "as of six o'clock last night?" It is somewhat arbitrary to draw a line between those who deal with policy and with politics on any presidential staff, and in this Administration, more than in any other within memory, policy and politics intermix. Members of Congress say that a briefing by Mr. Nixon on some subject is invariably followed by a presidential expatiation which begins: "Now let me talk about the politics of this thing; how it will turn out in October and November; how it will translate into votes." H. R. (Bob) Haldeman, the man who guards the access of papers and people to the President, and his friend and colleague John Ehrlichman, the President's top assistant for domestic policies, are consistently concerned with the political implications of White House acts. There is probably no major political decision in which Attorney General John Mitchell does not participate. Peter Flanigan, the former investment banker whose territory is supposed to be economic policy and the regulatory agencies, still keeps a hand in patronage, and maintains ties to the Goldwater wing of the party. Bryce Harlow, whose formal responsibility is White House relations with the Congress, has been an influential, and conservative, political adviser. Recently Robert Finch and Donald Rumsfeld, who is supposed to be running the poverty program but is said to be bored with that, were given substantial roles in the congressional elections. For the most part, however, the day-in, day-out gut political work has been done by Harry Dent and Murray Chotiner.

Harry Dent, formerly of Strom Thurmond's staff, was assigned the duties of liaison to party officials in Washington and throughout the country, and with the Cabinet Departments. This got him into matters of patronage, personnel, and, eventually, policy. His excursions into policy and into feuds over Republican Senate candidates in some Southern states got him into trouble. The trouble with Harry was that his philosophy was showing, and that does not do in a "pragmatic" Administration—except when it is useful. When the Administration zagged right-to-center last summer, Dent's overt Southern conservatism was not useful.

Dent's major contribution to American politics over the last year and a half was G. Harrold Carswell. It was Dent, according to reliable witnesses, who first suggested that the President nominate

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Carswell for the Supreme Court. After the Senate rejected the nomination, it was Dent who promoted Carswell as a candidate for senator from Florida. The hitch came when Representative William C. Cramer, the already announced, presidentially anointed candidate for the Senate seat, declined to bow out, resulting in a bruising intraparty fight. Dent's thinking was that Southern politics still revolves around regional heroes, and what the Republican Party needed was a Southern hero of its own, to offset George Wallace. Carswell, he believed, was the man. What's more, Carswell's election to the Senate would vindicate the President's nomination of him to the Supreme Court. That there might not be such a strong connection between the two processes in the minds of the voters of Florida or of those in the rest of the country does not seem to have been considered.

Dent was apparently soloing in the Florida episode, just as he was when he turned up at the Virginia Republican convention to argue that Harry Byrd, Jr., should be the Republican choice for the Senate. Byrd had already left the Democratic Party to become an Independent, and Harlow and Dent had been discussing with him the allure of voting Republican when the Senate organizes next year. Byrd had given no assurances, but Dent was enthusiastic about the boon to the party of a converted Byrd. The model was Thurmond, whose conversion had, as Dent saw it, turned out so well.

Nevertheless, the convention nominated a moderate Republican, the choice of Linwood Holton, the recently elected Republican governor, and of some of Nixon's other political aides. The Virginia and Florida episodes are illuminating about what was supposed to have been the smoothly running White House political operation. The Virginia case also illustrates the issue of what sort of strategy in the South the Administration should pursue, which is really what is debated. One view, apparent in the Dent stratagems, is that the Southern Republican Party should be the sanctuary for whites disaffected by the liberalism of the national Democratic Party. The other view, and it is held by a number of people within the Administration, is that the Southern Republican Party should be constructed from young professionals, the middle class, and blacks alienated by traditional, boll-weevil, racist Southern politics. Their models are Holton and Winthrop Rockefeller, the Republican governor of Arkansas, and Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee. This makes for an interesting theological debate, but like most such political debates, it is not one that is likely to be settled.

Dent's star began to descend when he became too outspoken in his sponsorship of his region's interests in Administration policy. He continued to back a sympathetic attitude toward resistance to desegregation after it had been decided that court orders had to be enforced. Chotiner has not made this sort of mistake. "Murray," says an associate, "is not cursed with philosophical hangups."

Murray Chotiner. Like his patron, the President, Chotiner is one of the fixtures of liberal demonology, and one, as it happens, who can never be counted out. The member of the political family who was kept out of sight for over a decade, Chotiner now inhabits the aerie of political power. The white silk wallpaper and drapes of his White House office mirror his white-on-white shirts. On his cluttered desk are thick volumes of computer print-outs of election information, a book on available federal grants, a cardboard cartoon of a man holding two smoking pistols and saying, "I take great pride in my ability to get along with everybody," and a coffee mug with CYANIDE printed on it. It had been reported in the women's pages of a Washington newspaper that he also had once had on his desk a specially prepared digest of the Chappaquiddick inquest. I asked him if that was true. "I never dispute a lady," he replied.

Stumpy, heavy-jowled, thrice-married, affable, silk-suited, Chotiner is the only one around the Nixon organization who cuts anything suggesting a racy figure. He is an improbable element there, a throwback to an earlier time when a hungry young California politician named Dick Nixon wanted to get to Congress, and Murray Chotiner was the lawyer, public-relations-man, political-manager who helped him do it.

Loyalties are elusive in the life of a politician, an existence based on arrangements of mutual convenience. As a politician succeeds, more people attach themselves. The trust, perforce, is extended to those least seeming to want something, the ones who were there when he was nobody. The men Nixon trusts, one is constantly reminded, are those who gathered when he was down and out—Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman; and the businessmen Elmer Bobst and Robert Abplanalp and Bebe Rebozo. And the one who got him started—Chotiner. Moreover, Nixon still places great faith, his associates say, in Chotiner's political judgment.

Chotiner was there for all of the famous and controversial moments of the early Nixon campaigns: the first congressional campaign, which challenged the patriotism of Representative Jerry Voorhis; the first senatorial campaign, against Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas, in which the number of times Mrs. Douglas had voted with leftist New York congressman Vito Marcantonio was documented, on pink paper. Chotiner urged Nixon to try for the vice-presidential nomination in 1952.

Elizabeth B. Drew is Washington editor for the *Atlantic.*

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He was by Nixon's side during the dark moments surrounding the controversy over the Nixon fund and the Checkers speech, as Nixon himself tells it in that most painful of political autobiographies, *Six Crises*. At one point in this political crisis, Nixon dictated a telegram withdrawing from the Eisenhower ticket. Murray Chotiner tore it up.

The early campaigns illustrate two Chotiner political rules: go on the offensive, and, conversely, do not answer charges unless it is absolutely necessary. He now says of the "pink sheet" that "no one has ever disputed what was in the paper, so the dispute over the color was just a diversionary tactic on the part of the people who didn't like the contents. You know, we didn't call it the 'pink sheet'; the opposition did, and they called more attention to it than we ever could have. They made the fatal mistake of rushing to answer something they didn't have to." The principle of aggression, he explains, applies "where you are running against an incumbent. You have to go on the offensive for purposes of showing that a replacement is needed." On the other hand, a candidate should "never" answer charges. "Then you're on the defensive. The greatest trouble you have is from your own people. They hear about something and get all excited and say we have to answer. Often it's the first time people have heard about it. Unless it's so big you have to. Then answer once, and that's all, unless it's a real issue." How, I asked, do you define an "issue"? "An issue," Chotiner replied, smiling, "is anything that benefits you."

How Chotiner's principles of politics would apply to current situations was suggested in a talk he gave to a Republican seminar in Washington last spring. As reported by Robert Walters in the Washington *Star*, Chotiner suggested that Edward Kennedy's Senate opponent should refer repeatedly to Chappaquiddick, insisting all the while that it wasn't an issue. "This is a classic case," he was reported as saying, "where the Republican candidate should say over and over again that he will not make Chappaquiddick an issue in the campaign. If he says it enough times, I think the voters will understand all about Chappaquiddick." I asked him if he had a copy of his remarks. "I don't talk from a manuscript," he said. "That way, I can always say I was misquoted." He stopped, paused, and then added—reminiscent of his pupil-patron—"Incidentally, I've never said I was misquoted by a newspaper person. I'll say maybe I didn't make my point clear." Chotiner also warns that some tactics might backfire. One Republican candidate reports that Chotiner cautioned him against some that he was considering as "too close to the belt."

Chotiner and the President have taken great interest in the Massachusetts Senate race. The theory, perhaps, is that even if Kennedy cannot be beaten in 1970, it would be useful to undermine his standing, in the event of an attempt at the presidency in 1972, an attempt no thorough political planner would rule out.* In that spirit, the President, through Chotiner, asked a woman, Representative Margaret Heckler, to run against Kennedy for the Senate. Mrs. Heckler declined. There was reportedly some thought at the White House of having Al Capp run, but it turned out that the creator of the antistudent, antiliberal cartoons was a Democrat. When it appeared that the nomination would go to Josiah Spaulding, a polite Brahmin who has spoken out against the war and the antiballistic missile, Chotiner became interested in the candidacy of John McCarthy, a rough-and-tumble conservative. "Chotiner encouraged McCarthy," said one of Chotiner's colleagues, "until McCarthy lost the Republican convention." "The name McCarthy is good in Massachusetts," Chotiner said.

It would be understandable for Chotiner to show an unusual interest in the political fortunes of the Kennedys, for it was Robert Kennedy, as counsel to Senator John McClellan's investigations subcommittee, who brought about Chotiner's political eclipse. In 1956, the subcommittee probed Chotiner's dealings before the government in the early years of the Eisenhower Administration on behalf of his newfound clients, who included a clothing manufacturer accused of cheating the armed services and a Philadelphia racketeer. The hearing ended inconclusively, but nonetheless, Chotiner was publicly dropped by the politicians, including Nixon. He ran for the Republican nomination to Congress in 1960, and lost badly. Chotiner did see Nixon in 1960 to offer advice after the first two television debates with Kennedy. (Did Mr. Nixon do better after that? I asked. "Modesty forbids me to answer," Chotiner replied.) Chotiner was involved in the 1962 campaign for governor of California, and in 1964, he was one of a small group of intimates sent to the Republican convention by Nixon to watch what was going on and see if anything happened. In 1968 he was at the Nixon headquarters in New York, once more, if quietly, in the inner circles of a Nixon campaign.

After the election, the word from the victor was "do something for Murray." Chotiner was given temporary quarters at the Republican National Committee, but after he boasted to a reporter that he would be running the place, the new chairman, Congressman Rogers Morton, stipulated that Chotiner had to go. A special job was carved out in the

* Edmund Muskie, too, is considered safe in his bid for re-election to the Senate this year, but he is not being ignored. The Republican National Committee circulated to state chairmen a memorandum saying that Muskie "is now actively running for President," and that "when he is in your area, it would be great" if he had to answer the attached list of questions. The questions had to do with pollution and busing, and they were, of course, loaded. They could be asked by the media, it was suggested, or in question-and-answer sessions after Muskie speeches. Muskie's office reports that they have been.

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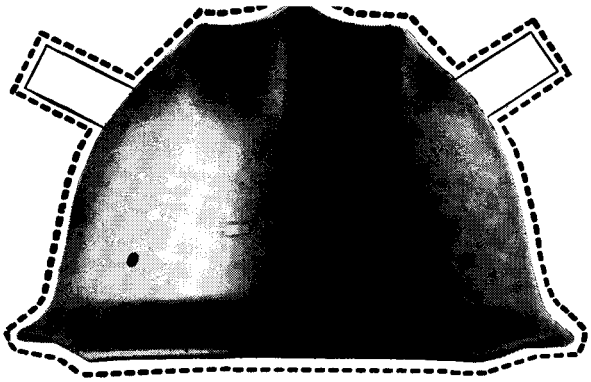
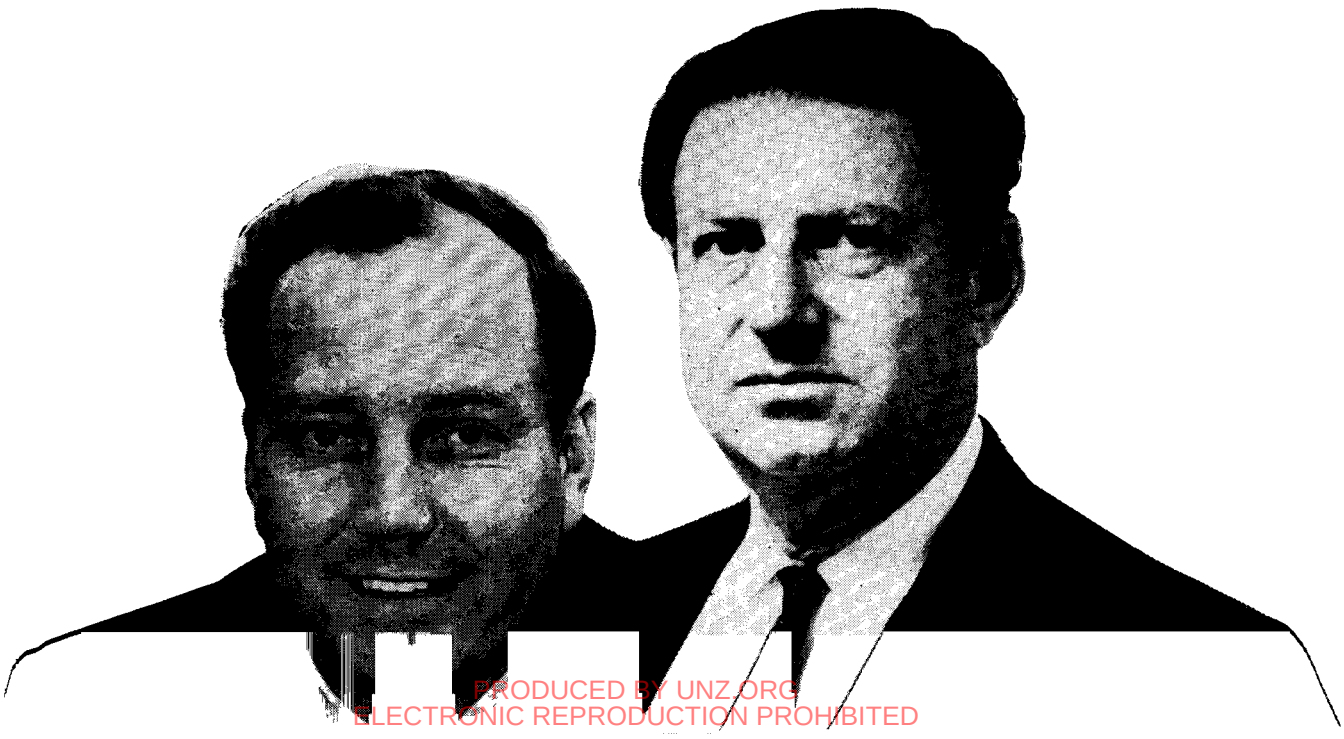


office of trade negotiation—one that paid well, offered travel, and most important, did not require confirmation by the Senate. Early in 1970, as the complaints about Harry Dent grew, and the congressional elections approached, the President brought Chotiner into the White House.

Since then Chotiner, like Dent, has been helping the President maneuver various candidates in and out of races, organizing campaigns, scheduling speakers, prying projects from the bureaucracy. Chotiner advised, for example, on the reorganization of the faltering campaign of George Murphy. For the record, Chotiner denies that he does any of this. He explains, in carefully measured words—in the manner of a man locked in mortal combat with his mouth—that his title is counsel to the President, and therefore he cannot say what he does for his "client." "To infer," he says, "that the White House is engaged in any political endeavors isn't correct. The White House isn't the place for it, and the public would resent it."

Chotiner and Dent divided up the states on which they work, and theoretically Chotiner reports to Dent, but in fact he does not. At times, they haven't spoken at all; at other times, their communications have been at shouting level. The dispute was over power, rather than any particular point of view. Nevertheless, things got so bad by late summer that the political organization had to be reorganized once again. Chotiner, moreover, still did not get on with Morton, and some of the President's advisers considered him too old-style in his politics. The change was made, one Republican official said, because there was not enough "political input" in White House decisions. But it was really a different kind of input that was being called for. And so a new White House group was set up to handle political strategy for the fall—consisting of Dent, Chotiner, Haldeman, Finch, and Rumsfeld. Finch and Rumsfeld were also heavily scheduled for the speaking circuit. Both are Nixon men, and flexible, but they represent the younger, more progressive, even handsomer, face of his entourage. Thus, as organizational and political exigencies, and the moderate tack, required, his Messrs. Clean were moved up to join Spiro Agnew at center stage.

There are a number of political verities, like the one that the White House does not involve itself in politics, which are trotted out when political strategists would rather not talk about what they are doing. Another of them is that the political leaders of the party, Presidents in particular, do not get involved in primaries or the selection of candidates. The reluctance to talk about this sort of thing is understandable, for it can get messy. But the verities are part of the game,



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the word-cover for what is really going on, and not meant to be taken seriously—any more than platforms or campaign speeches—by sophisticates in the political arts. To the envy of the Democrats, who do not have at hand the tools of persuasion that come with the White House, the Nixon organization has taken more time and care in constructing the slates for this fall's elections than has, as memory serves, any other recent Administration. Not since Franklin D. Roosevelt tried—and failed—to "purge" opposition members of Congress has a White House been so overtly involved in congressional elections.

The target, as it has been reported, is the Senate. But not just a Republican Senate, a Senate of *Nixon* Republicans. While the hope is to gain control of the Senate, the charm of that prospect is considerably enhanced by the fact that most of the Republican Senate candidates are dependable Nixon supporters. The candidates Mr. Nixon is backing in this fall's elections, and the varying enthusiasm with which he is doing so, reflect his tastes, instincts, and vision of the future of the Republican Party. The men he most favors are, like Nixon, to the right of center, party loyalists, scrappers. They are his kind of men, the sort that he is most at home with in politics, just as in his dealings with the Senate he is more compatible with the Robert Doles and Robert Griffins than with the John Sherman Coopers and George Aikens. Although in his policies the President may be, as he describes himself, a "centrist," in his politics he has been following not so much a Southern strategy or modified Southern strategy, as a conservative strategy. Moreover, in the supposed age of New Politics, of galloping disinterest in the political parties, Nixon and his men are relentlessly pursuing quintessentially partisan, old politics. "The President," says one of his more candid political advisers, "is going to lend his weight to those candidates he thinks are sympathetic to him and try to get a more conservative Senate."

The strategy of concentrating on the Senate is not so ingenious as it is obvious, for the Senate is, as compared with the House, the place where control is more likely to be won. A net gain of only seven seats is required, and a number of the Democrats who had had the fortune to be elected first in the recession of 1958 and then in the Goldwater debacle of 1964, were presumed to be vulnerable. Moreover, it is the Senate, not the House, that has given the President trouble on key issues, such as the war, Haynsworth and Carswell, and the ABM. The appeal of an opposition Senate, which, Truman-style, can be pounced on for opposing the President, is far less than that of one which is controlled by one's own party, with less capacity to harass on issues and appointments, or to conduct embarrassing investigations. As witness to the relative importance placed on the House and Senate, some of the most promising members of the House Republican Party have given up their House seats to try for the Senate. Senate-fever is a common, bipartisan House disease, but several of these Republicans were persuaded by the President to succumb to it.

The President has some things to offer which help his case: money, projects, appearances by Cabinet officers and even himself, organizational help, and, if all else fails, a presidential appointment in the hereafter. Of the twenty-five Democratic seats up for re-election this fall, sixteen were selected for special attention by the Nixon organization: in Texas, Tennessee, Florida, New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, New Mexico, North Dakota, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, and Indiana. A respectful distance is being kept from Henry Jackson of Washington, who has supported the President on the war and the ABM. For a while there was thought of leaving another war supporter alone, Gale McGee, the Democrat from Wyoming. But the President encouraged Representative John Wold to run against him. Similarly, the interest in building a Southern Republican Party yielded to the White House's disinclination to cause any discomfort to John Stennis of Mississippi, who as chairman of the Armed Services Committee has been cooperative.

The President showed up at the All-Star baseball game in Cincinnati with Congressman Robert Taft, and at a meeting in North Dakota with Congressman Thomas Kleppe, both Senate candidates. Congressmen George Bush of Texas and William Brock of Tennessee are pet candidates. John Danforth, the Republican Senate candidate in Missouri, is more liberal than these men, but the White House encouraged him to run anyway, on the theory that getting Stuart Symington out of the Senate would be worth it. But there was almost no disposition in the White House to help the apostate Charles Goodell, who turned liberal and antiwar after he was appointed to the Senate, in his three-way race against the liberal Democrat, Richard Ottinger, and the Conservative, James Buckley.

The White House is raising a special campaign fund, the money to be directed to favored candidates. The Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, headed by John Tower, the Texas conservative, makes an even-handed distribution of its funds, but also serves as a conduit for earmarked money, most of which, it turns out, is for conservatives. Cabinet officers have been briefed on the priority races, and warned against doing the sorts of things that could foul a candidate's chances. Dent and Chotiner keep an eye on such matters as cattle and milk prices, or textile and shoe imports, for their effects on the elections. Long hours are put in at the White House on deciding where the President or Cabinet officers will speak for which candidate, where their appearances would help or hurt.

Whether or not the Republicans win the Senate,

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gains would be of crucial importance. To begin with, they would mitigate the fact that Mr. Nixon was elected by a minority in 1968, and erase at last his image as a "loser." (He won the presidency, to be sure, but barely, and with substantial assistance from the fractured Democrats.) Republican gains would also deliver a blow to the Democrats in their attempts to regroup and raise money for 1972. The President is well aware of the risks of such extensive participation in the congressional elections, participation which history says is unlikely to pay off. But he is also aware that he may be needing help himself two years from now, and it would not do for the party to have suffered losses in 1970 while he was otherwise occupied.

There are at least two Republican parties, moderate (or "liberal") and conservative, each with its assets. (Some say there are three, including the center one represented by Nixon.) The moderates control several statehouses, and are represented in a group of about a dozen senators, who are for the most part attractive, issue-oriented, and in a position to give the Administration fits on key votes in the closely divided Senate. For such a junior group, they also have had unusual access to the media. But the conservatives control the party. They are the county chairmen. They predominated at the last two Republican national conventions, and they will again in 1972. Conservatives head the Senate and House campaign committees.

The isolation—even alienation—of the moderate wing has been real, and not, as the White House likes to charge, a creation of the press. And its sources are deeper, in the case of the Senate, than any failure of the mechanics of congressional liaison. The Senate moderates—Marlow Cook of Kentucky, Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania, William Saxbe of Ohio, James Pearson of Kansas, Mark Hatfield of Oregon, Charles Mathias of Maryland, and others—have a different view of the country, and of the future of the Republican Party, than does the White House. They see the Nixon politics narrowing the base of the party, driving out the young, the blacks, and the intellectuals, and some of the middle class, who have been important parts of their own constituencies. They feel, as one liberal House member put it, that the Administration is "out of touch with what is going on in the mainstream of America." They cannot relate to an Administration whose symbolic figures are Art Linkletter and Bob Hope and Billy Graham.

If the gap between this group and the White House is exacerbated by anyone, it is by the White House. Relations with the moderates are governed by the them-versus-us mentality with which so many at the White House persist in viewing those who oppose them. The President, according to one senator, continually refers to two lists—the votes on the ABM and on the Cooper-Church amendment to limit the President's actions in Cambodia—as the litmus tests of loyalty. A senator who strays off the reservation for a vote or two is likely to find himself locked out. "Once you don't vote with them," says a Republican senator who hasn't more than once, "it's tit for tat. Instead of forgetting and forgiving, it's stiff and uptight. Word gets around that you're not with them. Your phone calls don't get returned; there is no follow-through on your requests."

One of the Administration's dwindling number of moderates suggests that the breach is less a matter of ideology than of an expectation on the part of those closest to Nixon of overwhelming loyalty to the chief. "They have a xenophobic attitude," he said. An important constituent of a liberal Republican congressman met a White House aide at a party. He asked if the aide knew his congressman. "Yes," the Nixon man replied, "but he's not our kind of Republican."

Yet much of the moderates' problem is of their own making. It is no accident that the conservatives control the party. It was technically in the moderates' hands for two decades, from 1940 until 1960, but their muscles went flaccid after their last great victory in 1952, when Eisenhower was nominated instead of Taft. The moderate governors were too busy running against each other for President in the 1960s to take concerted action about the party itself. Meanwhile, the conservatives were willing to do the grubby, dreary work of party organizing that so many of the moderates have considered beneath them. The moderates still do not seem to have a strategy. "We are too busy working on the issues here," said one of the senators.

Despite the many incentives to support it on the part of business, this has never been the Administration of the corporate America that supported Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower. It is not inhabited by their breed; its competence is suspect. The handling of the economy, the failure to end the war, and the effects of both on this country have alienated many businessmen further. Some Republican executives, such as J. Irwin Miller and Norton Simon, are considering ways to change the party, but in the large the businessmen have not been able to pull themselves into concerted action.

There is a lot of talk in the air about a new party, one led perhaps by dissident (and therefore unlikely to be nominated) Republicans such as John Lindsay and John Gardner, and Democrats from the McCarthy and Kennedy movements. The party, the idea goes, would be the place for the increasing number of independent voters. Some see it as one that should try to become a major party, and win; others see it as an instrument for bringing leverage on the existing parties. There is also the thought that Lindsay or Gardner might run as a Democrat, leading the moderate wing of the Republican Party into the Democratic camp. The vibrations

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out of New York are that Lindsay is quite interested in these possibilities. Gardner is starting his "third force" independent movement, designed to influence national legislation and reform of both parties. He disclaims presidential interests. The White House is not convinced. The new party talk is little more than that as yet. Few senators of either party show interest in it, being in insufficient despair to give up the bases they have. Even Eugene McCarthy, who has written in advocacy of a new party, at last report was contemplating being a force at the next Democratic convention.

Some Republican theoreticians would not be all that heartbroken at the departure of the party's Brahmins. The theory goes that the exit of the Yankee WASP's would break their remaining power in the party, and is a necessary prelude to the entrance into the party of two discontented groups: blue-collar workers and small-town Baptists. (This is in a way the other side of the coin of the argument of some Democratic theoreticians that the conservative Southerners must be purged.) While Nixon is not given to buying such rigid formulas, enough has happened to suggest that at times the theoreticians have had their innings: Vice President Agnew's attacks on Kingman Brewster and Lindsay; the President's thinly veiled attack on Senator George Aiken during his speech announcing the Cambodian invasion.

While there can be too much reading of the tea leaves, there is no question that the Administration is romancing the traditionally Democratic blue-collar workers, who are now all the rage. A special study was prepared to see what would make them happier. The answer, a typically Democratic one, was more federal assistance. But there is not much federal bread to go around these days, and in any event there is another strategy for winning blue-collar support: through the war. "We can't get the unions on the economic issues," said a Republican political strategist, "but maybe we can get them on the war." Thus the public presidential blessings upon the "hard hats," after what one presidential aide described as their "great parade" in New York. "They made," he said, "what we viewed as a remarkable display of patriotism and support for the country and support for the men in Vietnam. The President called them to compliment them on their parade, and they asked to come in and present him with a hard hat." Thus the White House goes to extra lengths to brief veterans' groups, who in turn gin up support for the President's war policy. But while such an alliance might offer the Administration short-term bonuses, it has its dangers: fueling of the idea that "patriotism" lies in supporting the war does not, for a President who worries about such things, make it any easier to end the war. The White House is concerned about reaction from the right to a less than "honorable" settlement. It could be a reaction of its own making.

The Administration, in other words, is still playing the old game of coalition politics, at a time when all of that is supposed to be breaking down. There is even a new organization called the Black Silent Majority, which has been given support by the Republican Congressional Committee. The same congressional committee has also published a brochure showing blacks appointed by President Nixon to what it calls "leadership" federal positions. The list includes Johnson appointees, civil servants, and clerks.

The real political worry within the White House, despite the denials, is about Ronald Reagan. When Mark Hatfield made the supposedly shocking statement that if Nixon did not run again, or stumbled in his handling of the war and the economy, Reagan would be the Republican nominee, he was simply talking elementary politics, stating something that has been on many minds. It is the current fashion at the White House to say of the Wallace threat that third-party movements usually go into decline after they have tried and failed; others say that this is wishful thinking. In any event, the Wallace threat is not dismissed. Strom Thurmond, who, it is now officially believed, saved Nixon from Reagan at the 1968 convention, is still in a position to cause discomfort at the White House, and he does. Clarke Reed, the Mississippi Republican state chairman and head of a group of Republican leaders of twelve Southern states ("Me and Jeff Davis"), flies into Washington to beard the Administration about three times a month. ("There's always something going on I don't like.") Mr. Reed sometimes leaves satisfied.

So it should not be bewildering when Nixon assures Thurmond that he did not intend to do what he never intended to do (send "vigilante squads" to the South to "coerce" school integration) or when John Mitchell puts on a happy face and suggests that the name of the "no-knock" law be changed to something more felicitous, like "quick-entry." Whatever twists and turns the policies take, the politics of the Republican Party are, in the near term, immutable. "I would expect," said one of the President's political advisers, "that the 1972 campaign would be like the one in 1968."

Presidents, it seems, are inclined to worry more about the right than the left. Lyndon Johnson did the same thing. One Johnson man suggests that this is because the right appears more ominous, and the left has never accumulated sufficient power to make itself be taken seriously. Neither White House has been very impressed by the power of ideas, which has been the left's main strength, as opposed to that of numbers. But everyone knows what happened to Lyndon Johnson. □

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THE GIANTESS ON THE HILLSIDE

Thinking of you
Trying to get you all in mind for praise
Guessing at love against our neighbors
The pipsqueaks with their weights and measures
The words fail me, as always.

They complain, *But we were here before you found her!*
But we have nothing for her but little paradoxes!
Proud empty-handed words.
What they won't tell of you
What crazy ways love grows to be heroic
I promise you I'll carry to a grassy hillside
West of our town, and there in full view
Of every church, with naked hands and feet
I'll carve the figure of an enormous woman!
She'll cover forty acres if I want her to,
And all her flesh will be grass.

First her bold mouth, grinning like an earthquake;
And then I'll run mad to work
Ripping back the sod and boulders
Around her head, her outflung arms,
Her thighs as broad as superhighways,
Feeling my way down one limb and up another
Knee deep in loam until by God she's excavated,
Her heathen shrines lovingly unearthed and whitewashed
Like some fabulous walled city
A human Babylon upon the hillside.

Farmers will come and solemnly pace off
Her length and breadth as if this were the ritual
For seeds to swell and burst in bumper harvests,
And guides will tell them *You can see she's female*
Thirty miles away in springtime. They'll say
No one knows which god she is; there's not
A straight line in her. Up on Mars
Astronomers will tell the Press
That signs of some intelligent activity
Have been observed at last on Earth,

And in our town young lovers will take heart
And lie down beneath her sheltering arms
And grown men in love will only need
To look and point, as I do now,
When the words fail them.

by Jarold Ramsey

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Soldiers

by Ward Just

STRAMM

Begin with the view from the inside out: in the fall of 1969, the Washington chapter of the Society of the First Division gathered at the base of the division's war monument, a concrete monolith which occupies a plot of ground across the street from the White House. It was Veterans Day, and there were two hundred folding chairs set up for the members of the Society, officers and men who had served in the division and felt strongly enough about it to form a permanent association. The ceremonies began at eleven o'clock with only half the chairs occupied. General Clarence Huebner, who was with the division when it was formed in 1916, spoke very briefly on the traditions of the division and the Army. Huebner is about eighty, but he looked fit and lean at the microphone, and his voice was steady. The main thing, he said, was that the Army must tell the public "what it means to be a soldier." In 1970, the rest of the country had apparently forgotten; or didn't care.

The sense of isolation was palpable. The colonels and majors who had interrupted their holiday to listen to Huebner and honor the division were grim and angry men, or seemed so that morning in November. They sat solemnly and faced the base of the monument, which was inscribed with the names of all the great battles fought by the division known as the Big Red One: Meuse-Argonne, St. Mihiel, Saizerais in the first war, and North Africa and Sicily and Normandy in the second. There were no Vietnam place-names, although the division had fought in Vietnam since 1966. When the lapidaries got around to it, there would be Tay-

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ninh Province, War Zone C, and the Michelin Plantation. The best known of the division's Vietnam commanders also spoke that morning, but he did not mention the war. He spoke instead of the society's scholarship fund for the sons of the dead, and there have been almost fifteen thousand of those in the three wars.

It was a hard twenty minutes, and when it ended most of the soldiers went quickly to their cars. Those who hung back stood together among the empty folding chairs in small groups, talking to each other, listening to the traffic, standing straight and stiff, their trousers sharp as knives. An occasional passerby, eyes caught by the uniforms and medals, glanced over at them, then hurried on. A newspaperman's questions were answered quickly and bluntly. Thirty minutes after Clarence Huebner left the microphone and the color guard had put the flag away, men were still standing at the monument talking confidentially, close together. They were old soldiers, one of them said later, talking among friends.

It is difficult for an outsider to break through it, to relate (as they say) to the environment. Society's distrust of soldiers is equaled only by the distrust of soldiers for society, or that part of it—a part they still describe as "the liberals"—which they feel has brought them under attack. Suspicious, resentful, angry beyond measure at what they consider to be indulgent and unfair criticism, the professionals are drawn together at the barricades of the institution. The thing that binds military men together in 1970 is the belief that the country is falling to pieces, and the military the only place where duty, honor, country is put above self. Among themselves, among friends, they tick off the problems onetwothree: Where are the American virtues of discipline and sacrifice and patriotism? In an atmosphere so slack and disorderly, the Army is the only institution in America a man can really count on. It is not simply a matter of traditions, either; it is as much, or more, a matter of the military psychology.

There are not many military memoirs worth reading, and very few that deliver serious insights. Probably the most appealing are the meditations of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius, perhaps because he declines to discuss soldiers as such, or even battles, but concentrates instead on the qualities of mind and spirit that produce great men and civilizations. Thus, the ideal masculine temperament: straight, strong, just, forgiving. Stoic virtues these, and the standard against which men ought to be measured; they could be taken, as a matter of fact, from the West Point Code. Facing the enemy, any enemy, the good soldier perceives a demanding and vengeful world. He must accommodate himself to what fate requires, but in the extremity he acts alone, on an inner motion. Marcus approvingly quotes Plato:

> *The truth of the matter is this, gentlemen. When a man has once taken up his stand, either because it seems best to him or in obedience to orders, there I believe he is bound to remain and face the dangers, taking no account of death or anything else before dishonor.*

That is the Roman standard, and the romantic conception of the hero in America as well: a man disciplined and obedient, brave and fatalistic, Gary Cooper on a street without joy. The Prussians called it *Stramm*, military qualities, or more precisely, military bearing, without which no soldier could succeed. The American Army, a citizen army, has traditionally been denied the glamour and prestige of a military caste on the Prussian model, so the American soldier's *Stramm* relates less to the uniform or the senior men who wear it than to the society itself. Duty, honor, country, as the West Point motto has it; minimum pomp, maximum circumstance. To a professional soldier (the more senior the grade, the more rigid the belief), the Army is seen as the agent of the state, and the loyalty is therefore indivisible. The one *is* the other, and has been for some time—with few exceptions, Robert E. Lee among them, Southern graduates of West Point fought with the Union armies in the Civil War. The real distinction between uniform and country is in consequence not great, considerably less than a difference, and it is easy to see where it can lead. Identifying the army with the society can, with brisk logic, become the vice versa. In a nuclear age a military man naturally confuses one with the other; in an atmosphere of more or less permanent menace, military strength is the one thing that makes all the other things possible. For a society to succeed, it must first be secure. To be secure, it must be strong. From the perspective of the professional soldier, then, the very life of the society depends on the quality of its military force, both men and machines, but mostly men.

In their advertisements for themselves, professional soldiers like to assemble a picture of fatalism tinted with a kind of innocent nobility: the brave young men marching off to do their duty, taking their chances with the dice (I have heard it described just so), some lucky enough to live, others unlucky enough to die. (It is not an image projected in the recruiting literature, however; on the recruiting posters, they like to talk of the Army as muscle beach-cum-trade-school-cum-

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travel-agency.) The idea is that there is something virtuous in dying for a just cause; that, and whatever exhilaration may come from close-order combat. If you were ten before 1945 you could not escape the heroes: Washington and Lee and Custer and Alvin York, Barney O'Hara (a pilot), Douglas MacArthur (a general), *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, Wake Island,* the Marine Corps, Wayne. World War II itself was a central metaphor, real heroes fighting real villains and the propaganda such that only those who were there understood the objective reality, felt the texture of war as Goya felt it and as every foot soldier has felt it before the slow, certain erosion of memory. It was not until D-Day, 1944, that American newspapers published a picture of American dead in the second war; it was a photograph made on the beach at Normandy, the soldier's face buried in the sand. Ernest Hemingway's delicate perception of Greek refugees on the quay at Smyrna in 1922 deserted him utterly in World War II, when he wrote grandly of strategy in the manner of Basil Liddell Hart. Looking at it twenty-five years later, it is as if the mere introduction of Americans into war made war itself a different, more innocent and ingenuous affair. The perspective has swung as surely as a sloop's compass on a changing tack, and now is very nearly the other way around.

In 1970, there are no heroes and no crusades. There have been no popular heroes in the Vietnam War, a crusade that became a depredation. A man could believe in Captain William S. Carpenter for a while, until S.L.A. Marshall reconstructed the battle in the highlands and found it a mess, and someone else disclosed that Carpenter did not know it was napalm he was calling in on his own position—"Put it right in on top of me," he'd said, and Colonel Henry Emerson, on the other end of the radiotelephone, told Bill he wanted him to know he was putting him in for the Medal of Honor. No one thought Carpenter would survive, and little wonder that the subsequent publicity embarrassed and angered the captain (a genuinely modest soldier). A man is obliged to reach into history for his sense of "what it means to be a solider." It is less a trick for the older men, who have an old-fashioned understanding of the mission of America (it was revalidated by John F. Kennedy's inaugural address, "we will pay any price . . .") and a romantic sense of themselves, attitudes which often produce a perception of war—killing—totally without irony, fundamentally remorseless, and staggering in its sentimentality. What emerges is this, a colonel of infantry, forty years old, one of the most decorated officers in the Army and a compleat professional:

"I remember all the movies, *Dawn Patrol* and stuff like that. It was something inculcated in me at a very young age. I became a superpatriot, a hero-worshiper, and perhaps I wanted to be a hero myself. As a sergeant, I quit counting at one hundred and twenty-seven dead. I don't worry about it and never have. I was trained to do that. To kill a person is murder, but to kill a man in battle is honorable. It's the mystique of war. The supreme risk, see. A seven or a crap. I wouldn't buy a house without reading the fine print, but I'll say to a man in combat, 'You cover me while I pop a grenade in the hole.' The only thing that's at stake there is our lives. I'll do that, have that trust, because I've seen the man perform in adversity. It's a secret bond that no one else can share. It's highly emotional, very inarticulate. I think that when a man's back is against the wall, that's when he really produces.

"In every great American battle, the United States has had its ass in a crack. Bataan, Corregidor, the Marne. It isn't the splendid victory we remember, but the difficult periods, the near-disasters. You know, people need adventure. The sterner the challenge, the finer the response. Toynbee says that, I think. You've got to test yourself. In Korea, I used to say, 'Oh, God, please help me be competent.' I worried about it all the time. I'd up the ante. In combat, you know, you aren't accepted right away. You've got to prove yourself time and time and again. To join the clique. You'd get so you'd lie, cheat, and steal for one another. I wanted to prove myself, so I had my life on the line a few times, and you get beyond the point of being scared."

Senior commanders in the Army today have been formed by the experience of World War II, and thus rooted in what seems now ancient history, "irrelevant." Lieutenant General William DePuy, the assistant vice chief of staff of the Army, believes the fact is central to the conduct, call it the perception, of the Vietnam War. "Many of our senior officers were battalion commanders in World War II. They came from an entirely different background from Bradley and Ike. Now, we got into Normandy with the battalions and it looked goddamn near impossible. We went in there and we said we would do it regardless of cost. You go up the hill five, six times and then you go up the seventh time. You would take the hill regardless of cost. Cost was no object. These men trained out of their personalities the ability to dwell on . . . *problems.*" The difficult we do today, the impossible takes a little longer. World War II, by this view, was one big engineering project. It was clear, *is* clear, to these men that nothing is impossible for the United States if the country has the will and is prepared to pay

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the price in money and men. The experience of combat in World War II was indelible, and the approach to Vietnam proceeded from it.

To an outsider the Army isn't much of a place to be right now unless, like the colonel, a man enjoys adversity. "Oh my God, we hit a little girl," the author John Sack quotes an infantryman in his book, called *M*, of a company of Americans fighting the Vietnam War; the quotation stands as epitaph. Early in *The Naked and the Dead,* Norman Mailer causes his Gallagher to say: ". . . of course they died in vain. Any GI knows the score. The war is just t.s. to them who had to fight it." Fifty years before Mailer, in 1895, Oliver Wendell Holmes, then fifty-four, advanced a different view: "I do not know what is true. I do not know the meaning of the universe. But in the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creed, there is one thing I do not doubt, and that is that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use."

Holmes does not read so well in 1970, and one wonders what Stephen Crane would have replied in 1895. But his remark is only a slightly more florid version of what officers tell their troops today or (to sharpen the point a bit) what Presidents sometimes tell their citizens. What else can an officer say but Win One For The Gipper? In the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creed, the professional soldier—like the rest of us—retreats to personal definitions; success or failure, personal endurance, balls. But the responsibility is harder.

The soldier sees his life spent in the service of the state, and that is what Harold Lasswell has called "the management of violence." It is one thing to take responsibility for your own life, quite another to take responsibility for the lives of 150 or 600 or 5000 others. It all goes back to the President, who is the Commander in Chief, and the population that elected him. The American Army exists to carry out the orders of the government, and if you get into the wrong war that's not the fault of the Army. Or it shouldn't be, under the American system. The Army is responsible for its men and to its Commander in Chief, the principal representative of the state. So to a soldier the Army is fundamentally innocent, and that is the root of the dilemma.

West Point, 1970

In midwinter West Point is bleak and gray, uninviting to the eye. The hills with their leafless trees come rolling down to the Hudson River, deep green, swollen now and shifting with ice. In dead winter the wind rockets up the valley, and the men march along the road, their chins buried in heavy coat collars. They walk with economy, arms swinging to cadence, eyes up and watchful. It is a gray place all of it, buildings gray, men in gray, the sky itself reflecting gray and bouncing it back.

The view across the river is marvelous: standing on the heights of the east bank are the great houses of the Hudson River squirearchy, heavy places of brick and stone, built into the woods facing the river. They are far away, too far for a cadet to see the inhabitants. A prime situation, the surroundings originally owned by the banking Morgans and the firearm Colts. Farther south is Tarrytown, on the edge of ripvanwinkle country, quaint. But that is not part of the Academy, which is self-contained as the Army is self-contained, a reservation with its military switchboards, police, chapel, taxicabs, taps, and hotel run by the United States government, Department of the Army.

This is the place where the professional Army begins. The other important places, the infantry school at Benning, the Command and General Staff College at Leavenworth, the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, the E-Ring of the Pentagon, come later. What Lee and Grant, Custer and Pershing, MacArthur and Eisenhower, Bradley, Taylor, Lemnitzer, Wheeler, Johnson, and Westmoreland have in common is West Point, the Army alma mater.

But in winter, the winter of 1970, it is gray. From the wide gates, the road runs along the river past the brick houses of the colonels and the white frame houses of the lieutenant colonels and majors, the still smaller dwellings of captains, and finally the dormitories, where lights switch off each night at eleven. The houses are neat, symmetrical, and austere; each has a nameplate with the name and the rank of the occupant. At West Point, army officers are educators, teaching engineering and mechanics, physics, history of the military art, French, American history, English literature, the social sciences. The sounds of progress echo and clatter across the post . . .

"What's the new building?"

"Science building, sir. New large science building."

. . . but otherwise it is still, so still, so little noise. Traffic halts on Thayer Road when the classes change each hour. The traffic halts for about five minutes, and the cadets, rigid in their uniforms, pass by. If there is an officer in the car, they salute, looking to a point at the right of the nose, saying, very clearly and definitely, *good morning, sir.* No roughhouse, no horseplay; no dishabille nor signs of disrespect. The uniforms are old-fashioned, tight tunics with enormous stripes on the upper arm. Cadet caps are pulled down low over the

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"Victories, heroes, they must mean something different to Americans now."

eyes, the bills like hoods, and the scalps shaved so close you can see the contours of the bone. In midafternoon during semester examinations, the parade ground, "the plain," is filled with men wearing parkas and carrying skis, bound for the slopes. Back of the plain are other faculty houses, large well-tended houses with porches and wide lawns where the children play soldier and the enemy is VC. They hide behind oak trees, taking the car in defilade as it drives by, *atatattattattat.*

For a school so old and laden with tradition, its aspect is surprisingly modern. The stone of the new dormitory looks clean—new stone, the sort of stone that goes into expensive bungalows in the suburbs to the south. But the landmarks remain. The names of celebrated battles are carved in concrete above the entryways, and in front of the library stands an enormous statue of George Patton, blank-faced, pistols at the ready, his silver general's stars, the real ones, buried deep in the bronze fist. There are other statues, of Kosciuszko, of Washington, and the newest, of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, superintendent of the Academy in 1919, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II, Army Chief of Staff in the nineteen thirties, the man who returned to the Philippines, who devised Inchon, the embodiment of the West Point motto, Duty Honor Country. "Yours is the profession of arms," he told the cadets in 1962, "the will to win . . . the sure knowledge that in war there is no substitute for victory, that if you lose, the nation will be destroyed, that the very obsession of your public service must be duty, honor, country."

No substitute for victory . . . if you lose, the nation will be destroyed. At West Point it comes down to that, words, deeds, and men; those are the tangible spirits, but difficult to recapture at this point in time. There are the statues and the words beneath them, legends living and dead jumbled together with the sense of things as they are now. What came to mind was an anonymous quotation in a wire service dispatch from South Vietnam, which sought to gather reaction from the troops after Senator Edward Kennedy's criticism of the assault up Hamburger Hill. "Victories, heroes," a lieutenant colonel of infantry said, "they must mean something different to Americans now."

But on the sidewalk, as we moved swiftly to the Officers' Club for lunch, those matters were part of some other time and place. Army men, immaculate in their uniforms, clicked down the paths, saluting, murmuring greetings to the cadets, short nods, the right hand to the visor and down again; nod, up, down, and walking a few more feet, good morning, good morning; the shoes polished, the trousers creased, hair trimmed, eyes clear, eyes as gray as the day.

The cadets advanced on the dining hall, an immense room in the shape of a star, constructed in the baronial style of Elsinore. On one far wall of this building, Washington Hall, is an immense mural depicting great battles. The colors are light, almost pastel, and in the confusion of it, one battle spills over into another, Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo, with William of Normandy at Hastings, Miltiades at Marathon, Joffre at the Marne, Gates at Saratoga, Arminius at the Teutoburger Forest, Cyrus at Babylon, Jeanne d'Arc at Orléans, Marlborough, Mohammed II, Alexander the Great. The commanders stare down at the refectory tables with fixed, iron stares. Morning light angles through the windows of Washington Hall, catching a corner of the mural and turning it yellow-bright. Odd mural. There is heroism and martyrdom, but no blood or suffering. There is gallantry and heroism, victory and defeat, but no blood and no tears.

The old buildings of the quad are stone, Gothic fortifications, some of them dating from the establishment of the Academy, March 16, 1802, midpoint in the first Administration of President Jefferson. It is nearly as old as the Army itself, and something of an ivory tower. The Academy is a presence, evidence of continuity, and in 1970, seven years after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, six after Berkeley, five after the Marines landed at Danang, officials at West Point were proud that the place was still solid, hard. There was a revolution of sorts in America, but no challenge to the status quo at West Point; some students and some faculty at the Academy were concerned, but expressed their concern with restraint.

The Academy was very old, the revolution was very new. The war in Vietnam was discussed, but with detachment. Many of the younger faculty had served their tours in the war zone but reported that the cadets were not anxious to hear war stories. Brigadier General Sam Walker, the commandant, admitted with a smile that he felt as if he were sitting on a powder keg, but there was little evidence of sparks; or Walker could not supply them. It was possible to hear one or two snide remarks about the Navy and the *Pueblo* disgrace. . . *"Don't give up the ship unless, uh, absolutely necessary . . .*" and a few of the younger officers were blunt in their criticism of American leadership. One of them called Vietnam a chickenshit war, shaking his head in distaste and grimacing, as if he were watching a beautiful woman make love to a troll. At West Point they were training men for serious business, not the goddamned Vietnam War, which the civilians had

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The disposition was to accept a massacre ("if you insist on calling it that") of a dozen or two dozen people but not 119 or 156 or 306 or 600 or whatever the figure was.

bungled from the outset and Westmoreland had finished with his witless policy of attrition. Forget about it, and move on to other, more important things; things that mattered and would endure.

Time and again the senior colonels at the Point would reach beyond Vietnam and urge me to do the same. They seemed to be trying to blot it from their minds, a bad dream that recurred and kept recurring. As often as not a conversation about the war would switch to the domestic upheavals in the United States, "the other insurgency." This was examined with puzzled interest, as an English professor might discuss a best-selling contemporary novel by an author he knew only slightly; often, it seemed a subject best passed over in silence. A few colonels declared that the Point was a bit remote to understand student radicals and blacks thoroughly; there was the library with its 285,000 volumes, and everyone knew that 95 percent of the faculty held a master's degree and 9 percent held a Ph.D. So it was not a question of intellect. But it was an army post, and the atmosphere was one of discipline. The chaplain called West Point "the beautiful ghetto." It was difficult to make the connection to the blacks or to Woodstock Nation, one of the colonels said, and added, "as in any academic environment."

These impressions were assembled in January, 1970, two months before the army commission headed by Lieutenant General William R. Peers recommended that two generals and twelve lesser officers be charged in connection with the massacre at My Lai; two generals, and one of them was Major General Samuel Koster, the Academy's superintendent.[1] West Point's reaction to My Lai and to Koster was more complicated than the general army reaction, owing to West Point's tradition as something of a conscience for the Army. The general reaction was paradoxical: anyone who had spent any time in Vietnam knew that there had been "incidents," usually "isolated." The policy of heavy tactical air strikes and the indiscriminate lobbing of artillery shells into the countryside had made a wasteland of certain parts of the country. But this was destruction by remote control, and anyway not very different from the rules of engagement in Germany or Korea. When Seymour Hersh broke the My Lai story, most soldiers didn't believe it; then they thought about it a bit, and commenced to search their memories for any incidents in which *they* might have been involved (or so I was told by a thoughtful major who had spent five years in the war zone, and was there when the My Lai disclosures came). The disposition was to accept a massacre ("if you insist on calling it that") of a dozen or two dozen people—you could never tell those gooks apart anyway—but not 119 or 156 or 306 or 600 or whatever the figure was. Not shot in the back. Not by American troops led by American officers from a division whose commander was now the superintendent at West Point. That was the average reaction, as best I could read it. But there was one other view, a minority view, which held that of course it could happen, and given the way the war was conducted, was bound to happen. A colonel: "You go through those hamlets in company and battalion strength and you get a sniper round and hell, yes, you level the place." But unarmed women and children? What if there was no sniper round? "The distinction's pretty slight," said the colonel. "Pretty damn slight."

Most military men with whom I spoke were torn between a desire to cover up the story on the theory that it would indelibly tarnish the Army's already soiled image, and a pride that the service had moved to clean its own house (no one mentioned the assist from Hersh). At West Point, attention was focused on what My Lai meant to the Army's traditions, its officer code, and not least the melancholy fact that the superintendent was among those charged. The accusation against Samuel Koster was violation of Article 92, Uniform Code of Military Justice, failure to obey lawful regulations, and dereliction in the performance of duty. A man is presumed innocent, at the Point as elsewhere in America, but in the cadet honor code (Koster is West Point '42), there is a strong strain of innocent appearance. More specifically, "quibbling, cheating, evasive statements or recourse to technicalities will not be tolerated." There is something of the cadet code in military justice as well, a notion that what matters is the spirit, not the letter, of the law. A charge against a major general by a commission headed by a lieutenant general (you could be sure there would be no charge unless the commission had all the evidence it needed to convict) was regarded in the Army as solid evidence of guilt *of some kind*.[2] So, however the inquiry would come out, Koster had been tainted, and when he left the Point for Fort Meade, to await trial, the Academy was shaken; nothing remotely like it had ever happened at West Point before.

[1] The commanding officer of West Point. The commandant of West Point, a one-star billet, has charge of a cadet's military training and the disciplinary apparatus.

[2] A footnote on the Peers Commission. Its members were very carefully selected. One senior colonel (a West Pointer) attended the opening session, and then was replaced. The reason was his outspoken, by army standards, opposition to the American conduct of the war. Westmoreland wanted, by this account, a "pristine" commission of moderate men, army regulars, who had no ax at all to grind. Peers's reputation is summed up in three words: tough and fair.

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A few officers at the Point had been told privately of the evidence, and were prepared to resign from the Army publicly and with drama if Koster was not among those charged. Copies of the Peers report were circulated and made a heavy impression. One of these officers, referring to Koster's words to the cadets the day he left, was appalled. "Why did he have to use that line, *Duty Honor Country*. It will haunt him, that one will." Koster had appeared in the huge dining hall, read his statement, and received a standing ovation. Then he departed. (There is a darkly amusing aspect to all this. The Academy has a number of ways it traditionally honors its outgoing superintendent. These range from a full-dress parade to a quiet leave-taking. It is said that the senior colonels at the Academy worried the Koster problem for two days, calculating the precise azimuth of his dishonor, and then decided it would be appropriate to have a mill-in in front of his house. This the cadets dutifully did, parading up and down for several hours, with little visible emotion either way. Tradition was satisfied, and a day later the new superintendent arrived. He was Major General William Knowlton, West Point '43, whose reputation is clean as a hound's tooth. Knowlton, a onetime aide to William Westmoreland, is regarded as one of the smoothest men in the Army.)

I returned to West Point in March, ten days after the charges had been made, and found surprisingly little discussion of Koster. He was said to be a good officer, a fine officer, who was either being (1) railroaded or (2) made a casualty of war. The fact was that the general had made very little impression on the Point, despite his almost two years as superintendent. He was widely regarded as a "comer" in the Army, proof of which being that he got the job at all. At the time of my January visit I had interviewed him, a tall, iron-gray-haired, cautious officer, fifty years old, a product of West Liberty, Iowa, whose son is West Point '72. In Korea, he had directed the 8th Army's guerrilla warfare operations against the North; in Vietnam, his reputation is best described as mixed. Commanding an undistinguished division, he produced undistinguished results. He was steady, conservative, and unspectacular. His area of operations was rough, so his own divisional tactics were . . . rough.

When I saw the general in January, we sat in the superintendent's handsome office at post headquarters, Building 600, and drank coffee and chatted. It was an obligatory interview, and Koster was subdued. We talked of discipline, the permissive society, the role of the Army now. "I'm not sure all youth wants to be completely free," he said. "Some respect discipline and control. Here, there is so much to be accomplished—not much time to be nonconformist. One of the main goals is to teach self-discipline. We get a certain number who don't conform. They leave during the first two months."

I later found out that this was not precisely the case, but no matter. I was then preoccupied with the education of army officers, and inquired why the Academy had produced so few military philosophers. America had never produced a Clausewitz (unless you counted Alfred Thayer Mahan, the naval strategist), and I wondered why. "We're more interested in the doer than the thinker," the general said. So I turned to Vietnam. "I think it has had no great effect on the cadets," said the general. "A tarnished image? The Army is carrying out the wishes of the political leaders of this country. You shouldn't criticize the Army for being there. Anyway, it is not lasting and will have no significant effect."

That was that.

When My Lai became known, a year and a half after the event, there was little reaction among the cadets. To the extent that true attitudes can be known, it appeared that the older officers, the colonels who chaired the departments, tended to disbelieve what they had read. And when the superintendent was charged, many did not believe that either; or believed that when all the facts were known, the general would be exonorated. "The supe" would ride it out, true to what he had told the cadets: *Don't let the bastards grind you down.* There were only two reactions, really: disbelief or disgust. The disgust was centered in the younger instructors, captains, majors, and lieutenant colonels, who reckoned that the massacre probably did happen (most of them were veterans of Vietnam, and knew the madness), and that it represented a stain upon *their* honor. There was a platoon leader and a company commander and a battalion commander and a brigade commander and a division commander, and all of those men were responsible; and the senior man was the division commander, and that was Koster. These men did not like what appeared to them to be low-ranking scapegoats, small fry like the accused enlisted men and Lieutenant Calley and Captain Medina. The fact that the Army had proceeded against its own, that a major general could be named in what civilian law would call an indictment, seemed to many of the younger men a vindication of the system. Thank God for the Army and its traditional ways, the old ways. Would Congress ever move against its own?

But the crucial point was the stain upon professional honor that resulted from My Lai. One who felt strongly about it was Lieutenant Colonel John H. Johns, associate professor of military psychology and leadership.

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"My God, if there is one group of people who have a vested interest in peace, it's us. I mean, we are the ones who have to fight the wars."

"My Lai," he said. "I wanted an uproar around here. But there wasn't any. I even tried to provoke one, and got nowhere. We rationalize too much. We have a . . . different problem in Vietnam because of the frustrations, and anyone who has been there understands those. I can understand it. But look, once you begin to break down, break down discipline and break down in general, it tears into a man's self-concept. I wanted the people here to grasp that, to look at it and understand it, to renew our own integrity. I wanted more of a reaction. I wanted us to clean it up in-house."

But West Point stayed cool; not indifferent or callous, just cool. A colonel, a chairman of a department, said of Johns: "He was more upset about My Lai than the damned Chief of Staff of the Army." And after Koster was charged, I returned to West Point to talk with Johns again. We had a long and detailed discussion of ethics and the breakdown of visible symbols of stability in a society. We spoke of the cadet honor code, and what was crucial to a man's honor and what was not. "Look," Johns said, "I don't want to say that morality is collapsing in the Army. It's not. It's just that . . . I think that the Army is slipping as the rest of society is slipping." He mentioned the curriculum, and shrugged. There were two hours of ethics, *only two hours,* in the entire MP&L course; the staff of the department had met for two hours assembling their reaction to My Lai, and the gamut ran from blame of the media to blame of the American system. Johns handed me a paper he had written on the subject. At the end of it was a notation that any member of the department could go to Professor X of the English department for a briefing. Professor X was a recognized authority on ethics and morality, and he would give a briefing to anyone who wanted it, a briefing on ethics and morality.

Anyway, Johns said, he intended now to leave the Army for a career in law. He'd leave next year, with twenty years in, get a pension and then his law degree. Johns looked an unlikely attorney, and I could not picture him in mufti. When he put on a business suit, he would dress like James Gavin. The suit would be wonderfully cut, but he would wear brown socks and a blue tie, and his shirt wouldn't fit.

The cadets were preoccupied with the superintendent for about two days, and then the matter was dropped. According to John Johns and others, the talk never plunged very deep. The cadet corps is not a monolith, and there are distinctions within distinctions as in any subculture, which West Point certainly is. Yet Colonel Harry Buckley, the chairman of the department of military psychology and leadership, is probably accurate when he says, "The response to My Lai, General Turner, Sergeant Major Wooldridge, and the others—well, it was the response of Middle America." The deputy chairman of the English department said that the cadets have "made a truce with the world as they found it, or they wouldn't be here."

Quite possibly so, but I doubt that a survey would support it; or, rather, it would in some particulars and it wouldn't in others. What is given here is not a survey but the result of conversations with Cadets Barbour, Knight, Postell, Bishop, Weddle, Sullivan, and Folk, among others. These men, all of them selected by Academy authorities, appeared to be a reasonable cross-section of cadets, from Weddle, who admires Eldridge Cleaver and Allard Lowenstein, to Knight, who admires the late General George Patton.

To one degree or another, all these men were conscious that the uniform set them apart, and not always in agreeable ways. Knight, son of an army colonel from Alexandria, Virginia, described an evening at the discotheques in Georgetown: "I try not to get caught up in it. I avoid letting them know that I am from West Point. In Georgetown I tell them I'm from an upstate New York college or the University of Virginia, someplace like that. Once I said I was from West Point, and it stifled conversation for the rest of the evening. I feel you are really branded."

Vietnam: "We get into some pretty deep discussions. You know, the October and November moratoriums. The Vassar girls came up here, and they had a total ignorance of our problem. Total ignorance. My God, if there is one group of people who have a vested interest in peace, it's us. I mean, *we are the ones who have to fight the wars.* When guys go home, they get a lot of questions about it. We are the ones who get the questions, who are quote unquote the defenders of the faith."

Patton: "I saw the movie. I admire him as a tactician. You know, he's a simplistic, uncomplicated guy—straightforward, no curves, just fast balls. I like that. I'm not so sure about the remarks that his son [Brigadier General George Patton III] makes, though. He said about the war in Vietnam, 'I sure do like to see the arms and legs fly.' Uh, uh."

And Koster: "He got the shaft. He was a congressional scapegoat, really. Of course he had the responsibility, but did he have the *guilt?* That's the real question. We all understand command responsibility. But what about guilt? He may not have known about My Lai. The railroad job on Koster could be attributed to a cry for blood. If you want it bad enough, you are going to get it."

The cadets thought that the Army's mission into the

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nineteen seventies would be counterinsurgency. Conventional war was finished, and if there was a nuclear exchange—well, that was that. So the spot for the talented officer in, say, ten years was in something to do with the underdeveloped world. The lesson of Vietnam? That was difficult because the United States was only now learning how to fight that war, and it certainly wasn't a war of attrition. "What works in one country doesn't always work in another," Cadet Bishop said. "In small countries, you won't be able to apply all your force."

The problems lie in the small nations, the ones Bishop describes as "not satisfied . . . and there is no other organization that can do it [satisfy them] except the Army." Most of the cadets thought of the world as one of menace to the peace and security of the United States. One of them saw a possible tactical role for nuclear weapons. "small tac nukes," in places like Latin America:

"Well. you have got to hold the spread of Communism down, and keep whoever is in government *there*. That's what's important." I remarked to the cadet that it was the first mention of Communism that I had heard from a student. He shrugged and replied that he didn't mean necessarily ideological Communism, but "sedition and so forth."

Fairly conventional military world views, I thought. But Knight gave it a new twist. When I asked him what he thought the role of the Army in the nineteen seventies should be, he spoke first of counterinsurgency, then this: "In between wars, what does the Army do? Why should we be passive when we could be doing something which might prevent a war? Why can't the Army have civic action? A peacetime mission is at least as important as a wartime mission. There's so much wasted time in the Army. Guys could be learning a trade, going to school, building a dam—anything. Hell, that's the trouble with places like Fort Hood. Guys get into trouble because there's nothing to do."

Cadet Postell: "A good friend left in his sophomore year. He was very methodical about it, talked to officers around here for six months. We tried to dissuade him, because he was a really good man, number one in aptitude. But it didn't work. He said, finally, that he had talked to the officers and decided that when he grew up he didn't want to be like them."

What this cadet meant can only be imagined, but in the others there seemed a distrust of what is conventionally described as the military mind. Weddle: "Look, we are part of the same sort of environment as the rest of our generation. We react to the same things. The world goes on. Now is not when MacArthur was here."

Cadets Weddle, Sullivan, and Folk were leaning forward in their chairs. We sat in a dark corner of Grant Hall, and the Mothers of Invention were pounding from a stereo. The three of them confirmed that some of the best men were leaving (some of the worst, too). The First Class, the class of '70, was down to 1050 from 1400; the sophomore class was just over 1000 men, down from 1244 admitted. There were a number of reasons for it. One of the other cadets had said that he was appalled on his first visit to a military camp: The enlisted men very sloppy and undisciplined; the same with the officers. I can't figure it out. We have three times as much discipline around here. Really, it was very sloppy." And a remark made by Cadet Bishop: "There are a lot of people around here who really don't take to discipline. They don't look at West Point as a training vehicle. I don't know why they suffer here for four years without benefit. But they stay. I don't know why."

Weddle, Sullivan, and Folk—the latter demurring part of the time—were discussing the education, which Weddle described as appealing to the lowest, the worst, common denominator. "If we could go into one, just one, subject really thoroughly. There is no depth at all," Weddle said, "just survey courses. A man can't pursue his field in depth." One of the others added that the entire system was at fault, the daily grading, the rigid classroom atmosphere, the Mickey Mouse. The damned Mickey Mouse all the time. Shined shoes. Haircuts. Bracing. Niggling rules that tied you down the way the Lilliputians did Gulliver. Weddle: "We are supposed to be the cream of the crop. Very well. If that is so, why is the whole system designed for a man who has ab-so-lute-ly no responsibility? They give us none. None. There is no sense, for a cadet, of any sort of responsibility, personal or otherwise."

They had all spoken of that, the Army's obsession with appearance. Did it make a better general to have his shoes shined and his hair cut short? What difference did it make to anyone? Grant had a beard, and drank. Eisenhower's disciplinary record was so uneven that he very nearly didn't graduate, and when he did they wanted to post him to the Coast Artillery. *Now is not when MacArthur was here*. The details overwhelmed, they had said; the details became so great that it was impossible to concentrate on substance.

"Well," I said, turning to the three of them who were sitting almost primly in the heavy Grant Hall chairs. "What do you think the Army is going to be doing in ten years? Or let me put it another way: What do you think you will be doing in the Army in ten years?"

They exchanged smiles and didn't say anything for a

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moment. I didn't catch the look, so I rephrased the question and still they didn't say anything. The three of them looked as if they were sharing a joke together.

"That's a very important question," Weddle said.

Then I understood. "Oh."

"Look. There isn't a single member of the junior class who is going to stick with this Army after the five-year commitment. None of us will be here in ten years."

"Are you serious?"

"No one that I know," Weddle said with finality. "The guys will do their five years, then out. Who needs it?"

"Oh, I don't think that's right," Folk said. "It's not that way with the people I see. My friends."

Weddle smiled and nodded, turning to Sullivan. OK, the smile said. You have your crowd and I have mine. Your bunch does one thing and mine does another. "Call us the underground," Weddle said.

We talked about that a bit, and then I asked them the question I had asked all the others. Sitting around a table with the younger faculty of the MP&L department, I had asked who the heroes of the fifties were at West Point. The answer came quickly: James Gavin, and before that, Eisenhower and Patton, possibly MacArthur. So I put that question to Weddle, Sullivan, and Folk. Who are the heroes of these students? They grinned at me as a majority of the other cadets had done. These were men—boys—who had been born during the Korean War and were eight or nine when John Kennedy was elected President. They were eleven or twelve when he was murdered, fourteen or fifteen when the United States began bombing North Vietnam. The entire period of their public consciousness had been dominated by Vietnam and murder, and for much of their generation the two words were very nearly synonymous.

"There aren't any heroes anymore," Folk said.

"I guess not," I said.

In light of these attitudes (if they are representative, and I believe they are), it is worthwhile to examine the curriculum at West Point. The math, science, and engineering requirements are these: five semesters of math, two of engineering, two of mechanics, two of chemistry, two of physics, two of electricity, two of engineering fundamentals, one of astronomy/astronautics, and one of world regional geography. West Point requires four semesters of one foreign language (French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Russian, or Chinese), two of military art, three of English, six of social science, and two of law. That is the core academic program, and beyond that all cadets must successfully work their way through the department of tactics and the department of physical education.

It is a staggeringly heavy load, even granting that cadets attend classes six days a week, nine months a year (two summer months are set aside for training, and there is one month's leave). Reveille is 6:15 A.M. each day, and each day carries its full complement of physical education as well as academic subjects. Seventeen percent of the courses are elective, and the core breaks down to 44 percent humanities and 39 percent mathematics, science, and engineering. Despite the apparent disparity (it is the reverse of the percentage a decade ago), it is in the hard sciences and math that the more sophisticated courses are given. There are no courses in history or social science which are the equivalent of courses in nuclear reactor theory, heat mass and momentum transfer, or numerical analysis with digital computation. The chairman of the department of history, Colonel Thomas E. Griess, defends this emphasis: "We have got to give the cadets the sciences because the Army is highly technological."

Just so, but a run through the catalogue confirms the impression that the Academy is relentlessly stuffing ten pounds of sugar into a five-pound bag. Time and again, department heads would concede that there was a danger (as one of them put it) "of squeezing the cadet between the ceiling and the floor, covering him with mediocrity." But the case was made that it was a complicated world, and a complicated institution, and the objective was not, after all, to develop a scholar, a political scientist, or an engineer, or even a platoon leader—but an *army officer*. West Point was there to give a man a platform from which to pursue advanced studies. No course, or series of courses, was meant as an end in itself; each led to something else, and when one asked why, given the worldwide responsibilities of the American Army, the language requirement was only two years (and the freshman and sophomore years at that), the chairman of the language department could only smile and repeat the theory of the generalist officer. The generalist officer, one might add, firmly rooted in an earlier American tradition.

West Point began, and through much of the nineteenth century remained, as a school of engineering, a natural reflection of a prevailing theory that successful armies were the product of a superior technology. It is part of the lore of the Academy that in the first half of the nineteenth century, West Point produced more railroad presidents (the most notorious was George B. McClellan) than generals. Its pedagogical influence on other colleges was very great, on the technology of the time enormous, and on the Army (until the Civil War) slight. It was not until 1858 that a department of tactics was established, and not for 110 years after that that the department of military art and engineering was

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"I tell them that Henry James is like a major general standing in the middle of the road. You must salute him whether you want to or not."

split into two separate disciplines. The intellectual father of the Point was Thomas Jefferson, the man of the Enlightenment, and he built himself an *école polytechnique* —not a Sandhurst and certainly not a *Kriegsakademie*, whose director in 1810 was Gerhard Scharnhorst and in 1818 was Carl von Clausewitz. West Point was established in 1802, and its first superintendent was a grandnephew of Benjamin Franklin's, a scientist named Jonathan Williams, an army major with some knowledge of fortifications but no real military background at all. Sylvanus Thayer came in 1817 and stayed nearly sixteen years; rigid, narrow-minded, autocratic, and brilliant, Thayer, with Jefferson, conceived of the military art as a technical specialty and France the primary source of military wisdom. So there were French textbooks and French professors, and West Point graduates were sent to Paris, not Berlin, for advanced study. The resident genius was the former Swiss bank clerk Baron Antoine Henri de Jomini, not Clausewitz—and the informing vision was the drive to expand the American frontier.

A West Point education is not an education in war, or the techniques of war, or the nature of violence and its causes. Still less is it a restrictive education, and the lengths to which the Academy goes to produce the well-rounded man have to be seen to be believed. In his senior year (they call it the First Class at West Point, the freshman year being the Fourth Class), the cadet scales the summit of English 402, Advanced Exposition-Readings in Philosophy. There are forty-three meetings of this class, and students are expected to read, and digest, selected works of Socrates, Descartes, Bertrand Russell, Thucydides, Nietzsche, Machiavelli, W. H. Auden, Jeremy Bentham, Epicurus, Epictetus, Robert Lynd, Aristotle, James Thurber, Immanuel Kant, Martin Luther King, John Dewey, William James, David Hume, Francis Bacon, Henri Bergson, Benedetto Croce, Plato, Henry David Thoreau, Jacob Bronowski, Lucretius, John Dalton, Spinoza, John Henry Newman, La Rochefoucauld . . . But that takes us only to lesson fourteen. There are twenty-nine more lessons, with Camus, Buddha, Hemingway, and the Old Testament (among many, many others) yet to go. It is the survey course to end all survey courses, matched only by HM 401-402, History of the Military Art, which discusses wars and warriors from Herodotus to Mrs. Meir in ninety-five 80-minute classes. An army officer dealt with facts, a colonel said, and from facts he could proceed to judgment; but first he had to know all the facts, every fact that there was to know.

The department heads are permanent staff, men who have chosen to end their careers at the Point; upon retirement a man is promoted from colonel to brigadier general. There are no civilians at all, except in the language department, and they are required to wear army uniforms sans badges of rank. The instructors and associate professors are temporary. They stay for two or three years and then move on to another assignment, the Pentagon or Iran or Vietnam or Fort Hood. The faculty likes it that way, because the new men bring the new Army with them; they are not at West Point primarily as teachers, but as army officers. Colonel Edwin B. Sutherland, the chairman of the English department, sports handlebar mustaches and wears leather arm-patched tweed coats over his regulation army greens. Put him in gray flannels and he would be a fixture at Deerfield. Sutherland did not appear convinced that the army atmosphere was appropriate for the teaching of English, but he had made his own peace with it. Henry James? "I tell them that Henry James is like a major general standing in the middle of the road. You must salute him whether you want to or not."

I confess that I came to sneer, to put down the colonel of infantry who had done his master's thesis on Emily Dickinson. But the staff of the English department were so demonstrably defensive about the course of study that after a time I felt sympathetic; clearly, these men were the outcasts of the Academy. (Much later, a friend told me that the tac department regarded them as effete, as they did many who taught the soft sciences.) Colonel Jack Capps, Sutherland's deputy, was anxious that it be understood that the cadets were good scholars; the department had devised a survey which showed that incoming cadets read poetry, *outside of assigned work*, from 4 to 5 percent more than men entering Ivy League schools. Four to 5 percent more, Capps said. It was true, of course, that there was no literary magazine at West Point—"There are so many which are disasters, and we'd have to be looking over their shoulders all the time"—but the idea, after all, was to educate army officers. No, it was not a disadvantage that the instructors were army officers first and teachers of English second, and that *Heart of Darkness* (wonderful choice) was the only novel the cadets were required to read in its entirety. Far from being a disadvantage, it was a positive plus: "The instructor tells them, 'Byron was important to me. Byron will be important to you.' And the man who is saying that has a DSC and a silver star and was in the Special Forces." They were soldier-scholars, Capps was saying: "When this major or lieutenant colonel is talking about Camus he has that row of ribbons that shows he knows something more."

Lieutenant Colonel Charles R. Kemble, B.S. USMA; M.A. University of Pennsylvania; Ph.D. George Washington University, agreed. He appeared a tough hombre,

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and he said that when the cadets listened to the man with the ribbons, they said to themselves, "I want to be like that man." The ribbons meant Korea perhaps, Vietnam almost certainly, the young platoon leader or company commander who took the hill and protected the wounded, who had been there and knew what it was like, had commanded other men, required them to move into the killing zone; he had met his responsibilities, and the tickets on his blouse showed that he was not a spectator. This man had read Camus and Thucydides, perhaps Proust, and liked what he read. He was not some dumb son of a bitch who thought a stanza was an Italian general.

Byron was important to me, Byron will be important to you. These students, Colonel Sutherland said gently, "most of them are incurable romantics."

Military history is taught in the department of history, one of the smallest departments at West Point (for reasons which are not clear to me, some history courses are taught in the social science department). There are only five courses, including the survey course, History of the Military Art. The other four are Revolutionary Warfare, Evolution of Modern Warfare, Twentieth-Century Warfare, and an individual history project, a long essay on a subject of the student's choice. Next year, Colonel Griess is thinking of adding a course on the military philosophers, Sun Tsu, Machiavelli, Clausewitz, Jomini, Mahan. These men are now treated only superficially in the other courses. Warfare is handled largely as a function of technology, and the heroes are Alexander, Hannibal, Frederick the Great, and U.S. Grant ("better than Lee, when you look at him from all aspects . . ."). Griess said that there were no villains, as one commonly thinks of villains. "When we talk about generals, we look at the whole man—we teach cadets that everyone is human and can make mistakes. The more you read the documents, the more gray areas there are." Under interrogation, Griess admitted that McClellan was "a little less satisfactory" than he might have been and Marshal Pétain, "due to age," a little less able to cope. Why is there not more on the history of warfare? Griess, a tall, careful man, smiled. "Then we'd be vocational."

Most of the action at the Point is now in the social sciences, whose department chairman, Colonel Amos A. Jordan, and one associate professor, Colonel Roger W. Nye, are extremely well known and admired throughout the Army. Social science undertakes to instruct cadets in comparative political systems, anthropology, economics, the problems of "the developing nations," and simple history. The spin would seem to be evident from the description of SS 381, History of Russia, "a study of the historical development of the Russian nation and its relations with the western world, with particular emphasis on the nature of the Russian revolution, the regime which it produced, and the Communist bloc as it presents a challenge to the West." In other words, a history of the cold war, and it is safe to assume that no major college or university in America approaches Russian history from quite that angle.

Safe to assume, but perhaps wrong. A number of otherwise critical officers indicated that whatever the catalogue says, the department itself is straight. No inflammatory histories of the cold war, and certainly no descriptions of monolithic Communism. But it is an uphill battle for Jordan and Nye. Tac officers who occasionally listen to the lectures are prone to complain, in writing, that this course or that is excessively "liberal" or, occasionally, "peacenik-oriented." Two officers did so not long ago after hearing a professor discuss the roots of World War I, which he described as more or less rotten, resulting in appalling loss of life for no reason other than—what?—stupidity? Avarice? To the credit of the department, the complaint was slapped down. But it is the sort of thing that happens. One former instructor laughed and clucked wryly: "Sure did keep us on our toes."

At West Point the Soviet Union is perceived as an unambiguous threat. Khrushchev's remarks, though made a decade ago, are fresh in everyone's mind. It is elsewhere that the problem of doctrine becomes acute. Some of the senior officers and many of the junior ones, especially those in the humanities, know that the course of instruction must change to meet the peculiar complexities of 1970. As Jordan put it: "The institution is now beginning to question its own character. We know how to fight the conventional war. We are equipped to handle it. We are very certain in the second mission also, the thermonuclear deterrent. We feel relatively comfortable with these, conventional and nuclear. But we must develop a doctrine to cope with the other, the counterinsurgency. We are divided on that. The professional soldier finds himself with a mission, and in typical can-do fashion, he sets up the schools and writes the manuals to deal with it. Well, counterinsurgency isn't all that simple. Look. In the other, you employ combat formations, you seize terrain, you destroy the enemy's will to fight. But these might stand in the way of achieving certain other objectives in a—a quasipolitical war. The destruction of enemy forces may get in the way of certain political objectives. Often—well, often you cannot find and fix the enemy. Vietnam is the worst possible mixture of circumstances from the

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"There are two boats which are sinking today, the military and the church, and I have got a foot in both."

point of view of the United States. The nationalist and the Communist are all mixed up together in Vietnam."

Vietnam. What Nye and Jordan were saying was that it did not fit neatly into any doctrine that the Army had, or right now was willing to stand by. The evidence was contradictory, and all the returns not in.

The general of the future? Nye said, "The man who would become a general has to understand combined arms, artillery, armor, infantry, signals, and so forth, but these are skills that you don't need if you are pursuing a war of counterinsurgency." He corrected himself then to say that it wasn't that you didn't need them. But you needed other skills as well.

The professional soldier, Nye went on, had to understand political science, economics, and history, "the social framework in which he practices his profession." Martin Luther King and Che Guevara become as crucial as, perhaps more crucial than, Clausewitz (whose principles do not adapt easily to guerrilla war); and viewed from this angle, where did technology stand? Nye didn't go into that, but said instead: "If the military man wants to have his advice taken, he must be an all-purpose man. He must understand the context of the thing. The core of his advice must be military. But he must be sensitized. He must understand the sense of his advice in the total situation."

Yes, but what happened when political judgments contradicted military ones or vice versa? Where was the army officer's specific gravity? What do you do when the President asks your advice on whether or not to invade Cuba? Do you confine your advice to strictly military matters—it will require X boats and Y troops and Z aircraft to secure the beachhead—or lace it with political verdicts? Or both?

Nye and Jordan insisted that the military officer must now have a political component. But what that component should be, and how it should be exercised, remained a mystery. As much a mystery, one supposes, as the manner in which impartial historians will view American foreign policy of the 1960s from the perspective of 1990. The question of the "political component" is now bedeviling the entire Army, not just the social sciences department at West Point. And no one seems able to supply a satisfactory answer.

When I had asked the professors about heroes, their heroes and the heroes of the cadets, the replies had been James Gavin, and from the older men wistful reference to Patton and Eisenhower and MacArthur. (Dwight Eisenhower, a tough-minded and intelligent man, had no trouble with distinctions: "Such people as Hannibal, Caesar, Pericles, Socrates, Themistocles, Miltiades, and Leonidas were my white hats, my heroes," he once wrote. "Xerxes, Darius, Alcibiades, Brutus and Nero wore black ones.") They thought that the cadets probably admired Peter Dawkins, the Rhodes Scholar and football hero, West Point's First Captain in 1959, who had gone on to do everything and do it well and with modesty. He had gone from the Point to Oxford, where he took up rugby and starred in that as he had starred in eveything else. But none of the cadets had mentioned Dawkins. The cadets hadn't mentioned anyone, except young Knight, who liked Patton the elder. Or maybe it was just George C. Scott.

I had been advised to look up the West Point chaplain, James Ford, whose connections with the cadets were very close. Ford is not a career army chaplain (the Army has career chaplains as it has career infantry officers), and, even rarer at West Point, is not an Episcopalian. He is a Lutheran and a Hubert Humphrey Democrat from Minnesota. He doesn't know what got him the job at the Academy (Westmoreland was superintendent then), only that he applied for it and somewhat to his surprise was accepted. West Point, Ford explained, was always a citadel for the Episcopalians, "who paid their own man to come down here." Once in the mid-nineteenth century, a Methodist had breached the walls, but converted to the High Church once he was installed. The strong Episcopal tie was broken in the nineteen fifties, and now seems ended for good with Ford, who likes the Point and intends to stay. He is arch about it. "There are two boats which are sinking today," he says, "the military and the church, and I have got a foot in both."

The chapel is important to the Academy. There are 184 cadets who teach Sunday school, and the choir is one of the really important extramilitary activities. Eisenhower was a choirboy, and so were Ridgeway, Westmoreland, and Dawkins. Cadets are required to attend chapel on Sundays, and many of them attend every day. Ford is not light about his spiritual responsibilities. "Sometimes during the fourth week of the second summer [each summer, the cadets take basic training], men come to me and say, 'I cannot kill.' This is usually after the first bayonet practice, which is pretty tough. I say to them, 'the commandment Thou shalt not kill is best defined, Thou shalt not *murder*.'" More pertinent, he said, is the commandment Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"Well, then you get into the personal equation. We are all involved. How many M-16's have I purchased with my taxes? In killing, there are rules, religious rules—no more violence than necessary, legitimate

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authority, a just and goalless peace, the defense of the nation—and you go through that and you make your decision. You are involved. Everyone is involved. We are all involved. Jesus said to the centurion, 'Never have I seen such faith, no not in all Israel.' That was an accolade given to very few. So in that way, Jesus honored the profession of soldiering."

We had been sitting in his study, drinking whiskey sours. Ford looks like an Irishman, black hair and unlined face, but speaks in flat Minnesota tones. He rose from his chair and walked over to the wall and motioned for me to follow. He pointed to a class picture. They were a group of cadets, standing in rank. "I have buried ten that I have married," he said. He thumbed the picture, placing his nail on the face of one, then another—this one killed near Dakto, that one killed in the Delta of South Vietnam. This one at Tet, 1968, that other one, the one there, killed a little later, just before he was to go home. Then he brightened and pointed to a Negro. "That's Joe Anderson, you remember the Anderson Platoon—that French documentary?" I remembered. He talked about Robert Lucky, the head acolyte, killed at Tet, 1968. Just after they received word that the boy was dead, Ford was talking to his younger brother, also a cadet, and down the hall—"Well, down the hall we were having a seminar, 'What did Jesus mean when he said we should love our enemies?' You have the natural feeling of despair, but the soldier ought not to lose sight of the fact that there is an overriding concern, the nation. That may sound pious or pompous but it is *right.*" He paused to answer the telephone, spoke into the receiver for a few minutes, then put it down.

"That was the young wife of a soldier . . . I mean a young widow," he said slowly. He repeated again that he had buried ten that he had married, and shook his head. The widow said that she wanted to come and see him. "That has been the most difficult part, really. It has been the part that has taken the most out of me." He went on to say that the chapel was an extension of Duty Honor Country.

What concerns cadets, Ford said, concerns college students everywhere: haircuts, weekends, pot, girls, the general liberalization ("if that is the word") of society. "West Point. Well, West Point is the beautiful ghetto. Everyone is healthy here, and if they are not healthy they are discharged. We do not see these social problems, because they are not a part of our life here. We're a world apart. We don't see the problems." Ford said that the difficulty of loosening reins is that the Army has never lost a war, "so you are reluctant to change, because you don't know what part of the system gave you a winning team. Parades? Compulsory chapel? The system? Military instructors? We have got an Eisenhower Barracks and a MacArthur Barracks, and Patton, Thayer, and Washington statues."

"Will there be a Westmoreland statue?"

"No, probably not," Ford said sadly. "And you know, these guys are all of the same cut."

Ford sighed. The sentiment at West Point lies over the land like a blanket. There is a plaque on a rock near the football stadium, a quotation attributed to George Catlett Marshall, *I have a secret and dangerous mission. Send me a West Point football player.* In the gymnasium, MacArthur's charge is chiseled: *Upon the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds that on other days in other fields will bear the fruits of victory.* They are trying to preserve the old ideals, Jim Ford had said, and they are going to do it; believe me they are going to do it. Thank God, West Point does not change, or at least does not change much. But in the barracks, the men, the cadets, worry about haircuts and Mickey Mouse—trivial, very trivial, until one learns *why.* It is because the army haircut, the old white sidewall, instantly identifies a student as an army man. *I tell them I'm from an upstate New York college or the University of Virginia, someplace like that,* Cadet Knight said. In Washington or New York or Boston or Los Angeles or San Francisco, Army is no longer what a man wants to be, at least not all the time, everywhere.

Major Ramon A. Nadal II, the assistant director of the department of military psychology and leadership, and an uncommonly introspective army officer, observed: "It is much tougher to be a cadet now than it was ten years ago. Hell, I went home and I got a pat on the back. These kids go home, and the first thing they do is take off the uniform and say they go to Yale." That was hyperbole, and Nadal knew it, so he looked up and smiled. "One boy I knew broke up with his girl because they were always arguing about the damned war and the Army. Another cadet lives near Berkeley, and he told me, 'I'm home for thirty days and I'm dueling for thirty days,' Guys don't like to go to Wellesley for dates, for example. It's nothing but a big hassle all the time about the war, My Lai. But look. It's not the biggest deal in the world. Last year, at the November 15 Moratorium, some Vassar girls came up here to demonstrate, and they handed out flowers to the cadets. One of those broads gave a lily to a football player, and he took it and ate it."

There are paradoxes. A man has come to West Point, not to Yale, and is proud, in a perverse way, of the restrictions placed upon him. Nadal, Colonel Johns,

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and others say that there are frequent complaints that the Point is not tough enough, not strict enough, and not sure enough of its own values. In its extreme form it becomes the psychology of the Army-as-savior. "The Army's the only damn thing holding this country together," a colonel said, believing it absolutely. The appeal is obvious. "The cadets are very conscious of the purity of the corps," Nadal said.

Some of them. And no less conscious than the officers in charge. "Our whole tradition is that the cadet should be immersed in the military atmosphere." The corps itself is broken down into regiments and companies, with regimental commanders, company commanders, platoon and squad leaders. From the moment a man enters, he is understood to be within the military system. This has been described elsewhere as a process which point by point transfers a man's primary reference group from family to Army. Army is home, Mother, Dad, wife. The first summer there is beast barracks, less tough now than it used to be, but still tough enough. Twenty-eight percent of those admitted wash out at one time or another, and something under 10 percent of those during the first summer. That first day, the cadet is acquainted with the peer rating system: everyone rates everyone else, on intelligence, on competence, and crucially, on attitude—attitude toward discipline, the military way, sports, studies, comrades, the Academy, the Army itself. Command and obedience, instant obedience to orders. Before a man can lead, Commandant Sam Walker had said, he must be able to follow; follow absolutely. After seven months at the Academy, a cadet's file is an inch thick. It is filled with documents, reports from professors, physical education instructors, tac instructors, fellow cadets. In January of 1970, the most damning indictment in the file of the cadet who was rated Number 1273 in a class of 1273 was: "He fails to respond to orders."

The orders are everywhere to see. Some are unwritten, reflected only in the conscience of the cadet. The honor code, simplicity itself: the cadet will not lie, cheat, or steal, or tolerate anyone who does. There are books and pamphlets written about it, but there is nowhere a definition of it within quotation marks, like the Ten Commandments or the Articles of the Constitution. It is an appeal to honor, not to law, and is expressed this way:

> Honor, as it is understood by cadets and those responsible for training them, is a fundamental attribute of character. Its underlying principle is truth; the cadet is truthful both by act and by implication. The cadet honor code has, as its objective, fearless honesty in setting forth the truth regardless of consequences. Quibbling, cheating, evasive statements or recourse to technicalities to conceal guilt or defeat the ends of justice are not tolerated. The Corps of Cadets is responsible that all cadets meet the standards of the code. Cadets are expected to adhere to the spirit of this code at all times and without reservation.

. . . recourse to technicalities to conceal guilt or defeat the ends of justice are not tolerated. The assumption is clear: it is that each man knows when he is guilty, knows when he quibbles and evades, knows what justice is. Law is not a matter of procedure, evidence, extenuating circumstance, shades of gray. It is Duty Honor Country, and those are plain enough. A man knows when he has sinned. He knows right from wrong. American society may change its rules, the Supreme Court may make sociological law, but not West Point. For an army officer, morals and ethics do not change. Cadet Barbour, a first classman from the Chicago suburbs, a fine-looking, chain-smoking, confident, and poised young man, put it this way:

"When a new classman comes in, he comes in from a pretty permissive environment. He is used to getting away with things, and perhaps he is not completely honest. You are always going to have one or two who are not, and they are eliminated. On the honor committee there are thirty-six representatives of the companies, plus the officers. The very first night you are here you get a lecture—not to lie, cheat, or steal, and not to tolerate anyone who does—and right from the first day you are culpable. There is no statute of limitations. Just because you make an honest mistake is no excuse, and if you say you have six pairs of white trousers and you only have five, and you discover that mistake, you'd better own up to it.

"This is the way it works. The other day I told a cadet that the shower water was cold, but then I stayed in it a while and it got warmer. When I got out of the shower, I went by this cadet's room and I corrected myself. I had made an untruthful statement. You . . . ah, you make a real effort to be honest."

When a man comes up before the honor committee, the proceedings are open, and it is customary for some cadets to attend. But it is not customary for plebes to attend the hearings of yearlings (third classmen), nor is it customary for yearlings to attend the hearings of cows (second classmen). That would be the equivalent of a GI observing the court-martial of an officer, and would tend to breed disrespect for rank.

Barbour: "We are not interested in whether it is a big lie or a little one. One dollar or a thousand dollars. The only way we can administer the code is to be completely

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honest and fair, *completely*. A man is requested to resign, and if he refuses he can go before a board of officers. At the initial hearing he can bring witnesses in his behalf. But if all else fails, the corps takes action and a man is silenced."

"Silenced?"

"Frozen," Barbour said. "No one talks to him."

Of course there is pressure for reform, Barbour said, but the pressure decreases the longer a man stays; it is like the Army itself, greatest in the beginning, less toward the end. At first a cadet does not see the need for stiff discipline, but he learns. To Barbour it was clear when he took instruction in tactics, when the tac drilled into him the demonstrable truth that when a man has said he has covered your flank, that no enemy is there, that *he means what he has said*. No quibbling, no evasion by means of technicality. He said he has swept the flank, and he has. So your unit can safely move out, and you take less risk because a man has given his word that the field is clear. You can trust a West Point man.

It is a bad time for the Army, and West Point feels the strain no less than the other parts of the institution. Admissions applications remain high, higher than ever, in fact, but quality is said to be lower. Many of the younger instructors are disappointed in that, and point to the college board scores on English aptitude of entering cadets, which average 550 of a possible 800. With great energy, West Point has sought black cadets, and in 1970 there were thirty-eight fourth classmen admitted. In the past, blacks have numbered less than one percent of the total; the facts of discrimination are obvious, in the admissions machinery as well as the atmosphere of the Academy itself.

Younger instructors, less satisfied than their older colleagues, wonder where the George C. Marshalls of the future will come from (to which an outsider might answer, Virginia Military Institute, Marshall's alma mater). The cadets seemed to me in flux, no more certain of the future than their contemporaries elsewhere. What was the future of an infantry officer? The shape of the next ten years was not clear; and lacking new signposts, the Academy was sticking with the old. Until someone else came along, MacArthur would have to do. But he was clearly not very satisfactory, not in 1970 and surely not in 1975. Everything was changing, the society and the Army, and one could not see where either one was headed. But there wouldn't be any heroes now for some time to come.

In Thayer Hall, the two new wooden plaques with the names in black continued to fill. *In proud memory of these graduates of the United States Military Academy who died in defense of freedom,* the legend reads. It was the war roster, row upon row of names, more than two hundred dead since 1961. Name. Rank. Branch. Class. Date of death. And the single word: Vietnam.

Hood & Lewis

Fort Hood curls around Killeen like a claw, a three-hundred-and-forty-one-square-mile government preserve. The land in west central Texas is hard, stark, and bitter rather than austere. Compare it to Castille, except there is nothing picturesque. It is one hundred miles south of Dallas, fifty north of Austin, Lyndon Johnson country.

British generals retire to Ireland, the Americans go to Texas. In Killeen and Temple there are eighteen retired generals. The environment is congenial, and directorships in banks or insurance companies or defense industries are available. Money for right-wing political causes is plentiful, and a retired general can take up politics the way a retired doctor takes up golf. Paul D. Harkins, Westmoreland's predecessor in Vietnam, is a political dabbler now (the American Security Council and other vigilantes). Killeen is a military town: the Chamber of Commerce has a military affairs committee over which the town's leading banker, Roy J. Smith, presides. The economy depends on Hood, with its 50,000-man payroll (military and civilian), and $22 million in monthly disbursements. Killeen has grown from 1200 people in 1940 to more than 35,000 today, and the reason for that is the base. The American government built the town's sewer system, and the schools receive large government grants. "Hood is a very positive influence for good," the editor of the local paper, J. C. Gresham, said.

The base has made rich men. Killeen yielded up more members of Lyndon Johnson's President's Club than any other town in America. (The President's Club was a nifty fund-raising idea developed during the Kennedy Administration. A man paid $1000 for membership and once a year got to shake the President's hand at a reception; presumably there were other, more practical advantages as well.) The base has not brought any industrial spin-off, but Killeen is filled with automobile agencies, pizza parlors, insurance offices, real estate agencies, and banks. Lieutenant General Beverley Powell, the base commander, has instructed his command to have friendly relations with Killeen because he knows that whatever happens on the base has a dramatic effect on the region around it, principally an economic effect but also a social one. Powell's G-4 (supply) has been desig-

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The base is known as Fort Head for the quantity of marijuana available and used.

nated director of industrial relations. Powell says that 75 percent of his time is spent on management problems, and much of that with the civilian community outside the base. "Relations are excellent," editor Gresham said. "We like the Army and the Army likes us."

Fort Hood lies to the west of Highway 190, a sprawling collection of sandy buildings and rolling land. Two armored divisions, the First and the Second, call Hood home. A top-secret army project called MASSTER is down the road. The terrain is said to be excellent for tank maneuvers, which are conducted almost daily. The only two fully equipped armored divisions in the United States are at Hood, and they are targeted for Europe in the event of a war with the Soviet Union. A man puts the best face on it, but Hood—well, Hood is certainly no worse than Fort Huachuca or Bliss. Uh huh, one of the wives said; generals live in the sort of houses they gave to light colonels before World War II. In recognition of the maximum leader of armored divisions, generals' row at Hood is called Patton Drive.

In the barracks, men live forty to a room in double-decker bunks. During the day, the rooms are quiet and spotless, the troopers falling silent when a visitor enters. The base is known as Fort Head for the quantity of marijuana available and used. It is less social protest than an expression of stupefying boredom. The trooper lies on his back, drinking a Pepsi-Cola and reading *Hot Rod* magazine, hearing the vroom-vroom of engines, seeing the open highway in the mind's eye. It is hot inside with the smell of disinfectant and sweat. The long row of buildings spins off into the desert; in March it is cool, but in high summer they say that Hood is a sweatbox, the worst place in America.

There is not enough to keep the men occupied, so they are sullen. The Army does what it can. There are two golf courses and a swimming pool, and an officers' club and an NCO club and an enlisted men's club (beer only), bowling alleys and gymnasiums and movie houses and an education center, plus a rod and gun club, a lake to sail on, and a stadium for ball games. The guidebook had spoken of history living in the sun-drenched hills, the remains of an earlier, more romantic Texas to observe from your car window. Perhaps this was so, the sergeant said, "but if you really want excitement you've got to go see the underwater ballet at San Marcos and the, uh, Spanish Hanging Gardens." The sergeant warned that it was a real carnival atmosphere in San Marcos.

The troop train doesn't stop at Killeen anymore. Troop trains have disappeared along with gold star mothers, and now the recruits arrive by bus or by aircraft to do their time in the Army. The cars carry signs, *ETS* and the date. Estimated Time of Separation: 1 June, 1970. The best thing about Killeen is leaving it, they say, sitting on the edge of a bunk nodding with grim understanding. In the afternoons you can see them waiting at the bus station, preparing to leave on pass. Trailways buses in and out, and the GI's sitting on the benches, their packs in front of them, staring across the street. The dark green soldier's hat with its long bill is curved down over their eyes, and they sit and watch a girl in a miniskirt move up the street. Look but don't touch, she's young, their age. They coldly watch the girl's ass, the skirt moving over it like liquid, watching it tremble up the street and into the camera shop, the Kodak. She's somebody's wife, no quiff in Killeen would look like that. One of the GI's has a pint of Schenley's in a brown paper bag, and he takes a swig from it and replaces it in the rucksack where it won't be noticed. Killeen is dry, except for the strip outside town limits. The soldier's fingers are thick from the whiskey and his face is flushed. He is not smiling but staring grimly into the street. The soldier with the whiskey takes a final drag on his cigarette, drawing the smoke down into his gut, then releasing it with a rush into the airless street. Then he puts it out on the sidewalk. He does not flip it away, but gently eases the burning coal into a crack.

The girl is gone now, and the street is empty. Sitting on the bench, he can hear the whirr and click of the apparatus that runs the traffic lights. The soldier field-strips the butt, doing this very slowly and carefully, tearing down the seam. He sits looking at the brown tobacco rolling off his fingers onto the pavement, then meticulously rolls the thin paper into a wad. He places that between thumb and second finger, tucking the paper into his fingernail and flipping that into the street. It dribbles off the end of the nail and bounces twice and comes to rest. With his boot, the soldier mashes the fallen tobacco into the sidewalk. He pushes the boot back and forth over the tobacco, pushing hard, scraping, and then sighs and leans forward, his head wilting between his knees. Drops of sweat rise on his forehead. The bus is late. Swaying slightly, the soldier will presently reach into his pack and take another sharp swallow of the Schenley's. But now he sits on the bench, his head between his knees, feeling the thickness in his head, waiting for the Trailways bus that will take him out of Killeen.

At Fort Hood, the putative martyr is Robert Bowers, and the coffeehouse in Killeen is called The Oleo Strut. At Fort Lewis he is Bruce McLean, and the coffeehouse in Tacoma is called The Shelter Half. At Hood, the underground newspaper is *The Fatigue Press;* at Lewis

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it is *Fed Up*. The protest moves ahead: "My military history includes a sentence at the Presidio of San Francisco stockade. During my confinement I met the Presidio 27, the GI's the Army was trying to make an example of by sentencing them to sixteen years each in Leavenworth for their crime. What the GI's did was sit down on the grass of the Presidio and submit a list of grievances to the IG [inspector general]. A prisoner at the Presidio stockade was shot in the back of the head by a stockade guard . . ." So runs the lead editorial in *Fed Up*.

The dissent is everywhere now, Fort Lee, Fort Dix, Fort Carson, Fort Bliss; West Point graduates sign stiff letters to the New York *Times*, retired colonels write commentary for the *New Republic*. The war is no longer remote. Anyone who hasn't been to Vietnam himself knows someone who has, and has kept the letters. They are letters like this one, from a trooper named Sammy Washburn, who in the winter of 1970 was stationed near Dian, South Vietnam:

> . . . most of what happens, people wouldn't read in a newspaper. A book about here and the people fighting it, it seems to me more people would read than the crap in the papers. . . . I've grown up right before my eyes and have saved and killed people many times. I have been to many services for the lost in combat and received and seen received the medals (rewards the army gives) for killing and hating the enemy.
>
> The terrible thing is that the fearless leaders fight this war like a game. Human life doesn't mean anything to them at all, except it decides whether they get relieved or get a few medals. That is all the freaks really care about, whether men eighteen to thirty-five are dying in the jungles, swamps, paddies, mountains somewhere people don't really know where it's at except on a map and newscast and papers.
>
> . . . too bad most of the news about Nam in the world isn't completed the way it should be. Most of the facts and the truth about this war like the rest won't come out until much later, after it slowly becomes another Korea. Then and only then will people know what really happened here in the war on the other side of the earth we all live on.
>
> You know, a couple of us sat down a little over a year ago and figured what a dead GI is worth to the army and the government in material things. A metal coffin draped with an American flag. A two and a half page telegram from DA [Department of the Army], saying how sorry they are your son etc. etc. was killed on 12 March 19??. A bronze star, purple heart or whatever they think your death is worth in medals and ribbons. A military escort from Oakland and six soldiers to be pall bearers. And a uniform to be buried in and a lot in a military graveyard. To be sure, family is given some kind of compensation to help them live. They are given six months base pay and $10,000.00 which cost the soldier who's dead $2.00 a month ever since he came into the army.
>
> This is the price tag we came up with roughly that the army puts on each GI who comes to fight a war that he cannot comprehend or see what it's being fought for by the Americans. So they (we) go Blindly Into Battle into the hands of death with our price tag.
>
> Sometimes it doesn't seem worth it. Then you look at the kids and say "I could be Vietnamese and these kids could be mine." For the first time since I've been here I've seen more old people smile more than they did before. Then it happens and you get a feeling that it's worth all the hate and killing and even the loss of a friend (brothers-at-arms) that you've known only a few months who lives 1,000 miles from you in the world.
>
> But after losing so many friends you begin to hate it all over again. For another man you have lived with in war, slept with, eaten with, shared jokes together and the times he or you help get rid of the feeling that the world has ended when your chick writes you a Dear John . . . You start hating the gooks not just the enemy and the Brass that sent you to die and he is a man who says My Men and I did a good job in killing The enemy. Funny how the brass appear afterwards and if ever and I do mean *if ever* they are on the ground with [the] men fighting. He is usually in his command chopper four thousand feet above you giving orders for you to follow.
>
> Then he gets the glory, the family gets the body, and you get another operation. If you by chance are a platoon sergeant you get to write a letter to say how sorry you are that their son etc. etc. was killed. Also saying he was a brave and a great person. Saying all kinds of crap just to say that you really are sorry that he died and all the crap that goes into these letters. Even if he was really brave or a coward who got some people killed before he finally got killed, it's a good thing that I've only had to write three of these my last tour and don't want ever to do it again. For it is harder than anything I've done in my life.

Thus Sammy Washburn, far from the atmosphere of The Oleo Strut or The Shelter Half, coffeehouses in Killeen and Tacoma. The Shelter Half is vaguely reminiscent of Peter Verkovensky's apartment in *The Possessed:* dark talk, violent dreams, and the smell of theater. It is not necessary, and probably not even fair, to approach the Army

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n 1969, of 283,000 men drafted only 28,500 ere college men–10 percent, in a country here 40 percent of the college-age young o, in fact, go to some kind of college.

from the perspective of a radical nineteen-year-old. Approach it instead through the eyes of an average middle-class boy, or more typically, lower-class, the Army reflecting as it does the lower depths of American society. The Army and the war seem so mindless, such creatures of other loyalties. No one else supports the war, why should he?

It is no trick now, nor was it twenty years ago, to find dissent and discontent among military ranks; draftees by definition would rather be someplace else. But there is something different about it now, and the newness goes to the heart of the Army's problem: it is that many young men feel no particular obligation to serve the nation in its armed forces. College students, through the deferment apparatus, can escape it — a fact which yields paradoxical emotions in those who cannot. Some of the ranks hate the collegians, as poor kids hate the rich; others, more alley-wise, nod approvingly at men smart enough to work the system to advantage. Jane Fonda arrives at Fort Lewis and tells enlisted men they must resist. And what the enlisted man is just beginning to understand is that if he wants to dissent, there is a significant segment of American society which will be sympathetic to him. But it is not penetrating those with IQ's of 80, the ones called "Shitkick" and "Fuckhead," the clumsy ones who arrive at Lewis and are instantly diverted into remedial reading drills, instruction in third-grade grammar. These men proceed through the Army as they proceed through life: walking wounded in the center of a monstrous joke, forced to struggle with basic training as they are forced to struggle with everything else.

"Nineteen times, I had it *nineteen times,*" the kid says, grinning.

"Bull," his buddy says.

"Yeah, you talk to the medic, he's got my chart. It's all there. Clap, nineteen times."

There is no radicalization of the dull; they arrive at Lewis or Hood or Benning, and they serve. The Army keeps them out of trouble by sending them to war. ("Well, what the hell, you have got to have those guys who will go out there when no one else will," a major at Leavenworth told me, and when I didn't say anything but just sat looking at him, he colored and half-apologized and said that he didn't mean it quite the way it sounded. But he did.)

The Army's troubles grew as the percentages changed, as the casualties among the blacks and poor whites outran the manpower pool, and the Army was forced to go to the colleges. The Army did not know then how fortunate it was that the cannon fodder was black and lower class or poor white, either rural Southern or big-city Northern; either way, not educated in the complexities of draft evasion. Still, in 1969, of 283,000 men drafted, only 28,500 were college men — 10 percent, in a country where 40 percent of the college-age young do, in fact, go to some kind of college.

At any event, the Army does not know how to contain the revolution. Its senior officers, most of them, do not understand it and do not like that part they do understand. The wall posters of Mao and Che Guevara are only the tip of the iceberg. Real alienation, as *Ramparts* once put it, is when your country is at war and you want the other side to win. To the regular army officer, this indicates a cynicism and slackness which are literally impossible to comprehend. How to deal with them? A simple appeal to patriotism is obviously the wrong end of the stick, and pure discipline is useful only up to a point. A colonel complained that some of his men were "like foreigners," speaking another tongue. None of it fits: not participatory democracy, nor controlling your own destiny, nor personal definition through action; not any part of what those who protest profess to believe.

For the average draftee, there is the war and boredom and not much in between. The Army of 1970, moreover, is not the Army of 1966 or 1967. Now there are negotiated settlements on the battlefield. A tyro company commander orders the troopers of Company C down an open road and the troopers refuse to go; too many good men get killed that way. They refuse to go and tell the television newsman all about it. So it is negotiated over the CBS television network a few nights later. Field commanders were saying in 1970 that American aggressiveness was way down, genuine daring almost nonexistent. One of the mottos of the 101st Airborne Division was Stay Alert, Stay Alive. The motto survives, with the emphasis very much on the last two words. The draftee negotiates with his officers, alternately furious with the enemy and furious with a society which would put him where he is—out on the line, with no visible means of support. The anger is centered on the Army itself, on the lifers and straightlegs, the witless military mind, spat on and polished to a high sheen of . . . nothingness. If this is the way an army runs, *My God how did we ever win a war with these people?* In 1970, a young man does not accept an iniquitous condition fatalistically; he tries to do something about it, and the wonder is that there has not been a major revolt on the battlefield before now. An observer can only marvel at the discipline of the average GI, and the strength of the military institution. And recall the lament from *The Time of Your Life:* "No foundation—all the way down the line."

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When the mayor of New York declares that the real heroes of the war are those who refuse to serve, a hatred fierce and white-hot burns inside the professional soldier. What he has left now is his honor and his uniform, the institution; although Spiro Agnew encourages him to believe that if the country were permitted to speak, it would speak in support, the profession prefers to turn inward. It is paradoxical (don't make too much of it) that some soldiers hate the Establishment almost as much as the students do. These are the professionals who believe that the civilians, by their timidity and desire not to disturb, needlessly wasted American lives in Indochina; too much death, to no end. If you are going to do it, *do* it; don't screw around with it. Bomb Hanoi. Bomb Haiphong. Invade Laos. Seal Cambodia. Put a million men in the country, and any solution short of that is criminal murder. Criminally insane, to quote the Nobel laureate George Wald on another matter; there is no such thing as *limited* war. "A hundred gooks aren't worth one dead American."

Taken together: the rise in AWOL's and desertions, the off-base newspapers, the draft "counseling" offices, the prevalence of marijuana and acid, the casual lifestyles of nineteen-year-olds—that, plus the craziness of the war and the fundamental unfairness of the burden, makes it obvious that the discontent is very real and very deep. And the propaganda engine very powerful. All the Army has to counter it are its traditions and its discipline, command and obedience. It can relax the regulations on haircuts, and it can tell the drill instructors to ease up; it can supply lawyers for protesters, clean up the stockades, and assign more public relations men to the bases, and more gumshoes to the antiwar movement. But the protest is growing, and cosmetics won't stop it. The truth is, the Army doesn't know what to do about it.

One argument runs that the Army must face up to its responsibilities; it isn't a university, never was. War, they say, and the face grows stern; war is a serious business. At Fort Lewis in Tacoma, Major General Willard Pearson, the commander, spoke repeatedly of the black demands for "Afro-Asian haircuts." He slapped one GI in the stockade for distributing *Fed Up,* and declared that, dammit, he was not going to lie supine while dissidents and misfits tried to undermine his command. Despite the fact that only about 150 GI's (of some 34,000 at Lewis) have joined the American Servicemen's Union (as of March, 1970), which is the center of organized resistance at Lewis, Pearson believes that political agitation is the major threat to his command. He appears to see it as a genuinely subversive activity, abetted and encouraged by outsiders, and informed by a communications net that refuses to enlist support for the war and the Army that is fighting it. By this analysis, the coffeehouse The Shelter Half is something of a Finland Station, and Bruce McLean—the most celebrated of the dissidents at Lewis—the exiled Lenin. That is Pearson's analysis, but lower-ranking officers in his command disagree. To them, "the race thing" is far more significant and potentially disruptive (or disastrous, depending on whom you listen to). I think Pearson is wrong and the others right, but it is easy to see why a professional soldier fastens on the political dissidents. The dissidents and misfits, as General Pearson would have them, attack precisely those points most dear to military men: duty, honor, country. They revile the soldier as a hired killer, and his commanding officer as a butcher. Duty to one's own conscience. The slogan is F.T.A., which means what the initials imply. Honor is personally defined. Apart from that, with their long hair, the men look like women; *fairies,* one senior officer spat out, and the women, "My God, the women, you just don't know the women. Why [leaning forward confidentially], the things they will say to the MP's, particularly the man in charge of the stockade. They yelled at him [the officer leans farther across the desk, so no one could overhear], 'Jackson, I'd like to f u c k you.' Well, now, what kind of women are these? Are they prostitutes or what?" Whose country?

Others at Lewis worry about "the new rules," the change in atmosphere. They mean society's rules. Brigadier General Thomas Tarpley, the assistant base commander, shook his head: "AWOL. Take AWOL. It used to be purely a military offense, and now we find that society doesn't think it's so bad. Men go to Canada and there's no hue and cry. The press doesn't think it's bad. There are hundreds of AWOL-deserter types, and this is disturbing. Society doesn't care. They say that a kid doesn't know enough or know any better. But . . . well, once the service was in demand. Now a kid—or a pack of them—can go wash dishes and make enough money to tide them over."

Pearson: "You have got to address these problems head on, like the Afro-Asian haircuts. In a military organization you have got to have teamwork, you have got to have esprit. You must have uniformity. The Army has been uniform since the days of Solomon. If you train people to fight and die, you must have esprit, not separatism. The Russians started out with no saluting, but even they went back to it. Funda-

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mentally, the American people accept discipline. But I want to tell you that the young man coming into the Army today is tremendous. Eager, intelligent, alert, and responsive. And you can quote me on that."

At the end of March there was an antiwar (or anti-Lewis) rally on a baseball diamond in American Lake Park, about a mile from the base. About two hundred people assembled for it, and 90 percent of those were young. Many of them sported beards and feathers. They were very orderly and met the remarks of the speakers with polite applause and murmurs of the Panther slogan "Right On!" Off to one side was a police car, inconspicuous under the trees, and on the fringes of the crowd were the CID (Criminal Investigation Detachment) men with their cameras. Lewis has a very active (and by most accounts inept) military intelligence unit, and these men could be instantly identified because of their short hair; also they looked like top sergeants (after you have been around the Army you can spot a top sergeant).

The theme of the rally was the return of Bruce McLean, a nineteen-year-old GI who was dispatched to Vietnam by the Army against his will. The ones in the park said he was kidnapped to Vietnam in punishment for his war views. "We want Bruce McLean back and we want him back right now," the speaker said, and the crowd muttered its agreement. McLean's sister Sylvia, a long-haired distracted little girl of about sixteen, crossed the infield and took the microphone. She swayed with it, and spoke rapidly.

"In the Army you have no freedom. Zero freedom. GI's have no freedom, it is the most repressive institution . . . I just think it is about time we understood our connection with the GI's. I hold General Pearson personally responsible for sending Bruce to Vietnam." She paused, and rushed out the rest of it, close to tears: ". . . and next time I'm not going to come down here all drunk and stoned and shit like that."

Next speaker was Paul McLean, the kidnapped's brother. He talked along the same lines, but now at the edges of the infield neighborhood kids came with their bikes and were skylarking along the third-base line. They were riding in circles and making sarcastic remarks, wheeling around the infield on their bikes. Someone had put up a huge poster picture of McLean, and one of the kids looked at that and said to a friend, "Who's the creep?" Bruce McLean's brother finished off: "Freedom of speech and assembly. That's in the Constitution of the so-called United States."

As the speakers trooped to the microphone, the kids in the infield began to giggle more harshly. It appeared that the march which had been planned would be called off. One organizer said, "What is the point of demonstrating in front of a bunch of MP's." What indeed? The officials at Lewis had replaced the traditional welcome sign with an austere board which listed the conditions under which a civilian could enter; it also listed the penalty for disruption of the installation. But the rhetoric now was mild, and the audience leaned back on the grass, enjoying the spring weather. The speaker stood with the microphone in one hand and the other hand tucked in his trouser pocket. "Power and peace to the people," Paul McLean concluded, and strode off the field.

The master of ceremonies was keeping it together. Bruce McLean, he said, escaped one kidnapping attempt and went AWOL. Found, he was placed in the stockade and then sent to Vietnam "at four in the morning, February nineteenth. He doesn't want to be there, and he should have the right to decide whether he goes to fight an imperialist war. The choice now is five years in jail or one year in Vietnam."

Those who had spoken earlier were not GI's. Now an American Indian came to the microphone, and identified himself as a member of the Third Cavalry Regiment. Very appealing, lithe, short-haired, with moccasins on his feet, the Indian was less concerned with the war than with the riot-training the troopers were receiving. "They put Bruce McLean on a reactionary force, the riot patrol. You are totally suppressed in the Army; we are going to have fascism in the United States." All of this was said very distinctly, with hard drama. You could see that this Indian, a Sioux, would give the drill instructors fits; so light and polite, and that expression on his face which seemed to be a smile, but at times looked more like a sneer.

"But Sarge, I'm *smilin'*."

"Wipe that shit-eating grin off your face!"

"But *Sarge* . . ."

And he said that all of it was part and parcel of the Army's system of fear and repression; fear part of America now too, and the coming of fascism. More people will start resisting the Army, the Indian said, when they realize that in the Army the GI is a second-class citizen. Zero freedoms. "Power to the people," he concluded, and there was a short burst of applause and cries of "Right On!"

The rally was like a miscellaneous bulletin board: anybody could make a contribution. They talked about good Steve Gilbert, sent to a military post deep in the Arizona badlands, repatriated to Lewis, and finally sentenced there to the stockade. "It's OK with me," Gilbert was reported as saying, "then I will organize the stockade." It was true, too. Gilbert was happy in the stock-

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There was that huge wonderful solitary mountain, the afternoon sun over its left shoulder, and the kids were walking into it, hand in hand, chanting, Brass lives high while GI's die.

ade, where, God knows, there was no lack of grievances to satisfy, and no love for the Army either.

"The Army doesn't treat you men right."

"You're fuggin-A it doesn't."

Steve Gilbert and Bruce McLean: symbols of fascist repression in America, political prisoners now in order that the country run its insane militaristic course, slaughtering civilians and freedom fighters in Vietnam, and suppressing the Panthers at home. Undermining Castro, and entreating with dictators in other countries. And doing it on the blood of its youth, who had no understanding of or use for these commercial wars. One of the boys who came to the microphone was pudgy and blond, a boy with a Western accent, who said that they had to get Bruce McLean back. He said he knew he was jeopardizing himself by appearing at the rally. But he had to speak. He was in the Army, but he didn't want to go to Vietnam. It was not his choice, the Vietnam War; but the alternative was five years in the stockade. No one wanted that. He seemed uncertain how to proceed, now that he was speaking. He mumbled a few words in conclusion, and it was clear that what he wanted was to bear witness; to be *there*, to have spoken in the face of discouragement, of threats from the Army. He said that he would not give his name, and there was applause.

Well, the way to deal with that, the last speaker said, was to topple the government. He was very musical, this last speaker, fast on his toes, red hair billowing out of his head like smoke, surely Willard Pearson's last word in Afro-Asian haircuts, although the boy was white, white as snow. "A little party in Seattle tomorrow night," he said, eyes moving sideways like Mae West's, "and you're all invited." What would the CID make of that? Pederasty. Dope-taking. Gangbang. Shifting now a little to his left, up onto the pitcher's mound, slyly looking at the kids on the bikes who were silent, listening. Everyone in the audience was grinning at the sheer graceful nerve of the boy on the pitcher's mound, a red-haired leprechaun of menace, who moved with deft rhythm and craftiness of expression. "A little party then, all invited, come and bring a little wine and dope" —he mentioned an address in Seattle—"and we'll sit and groooooove all night, and early into the mor-ning." Dead silence, pause, and very neatly, as neat as a patent leather shoe, he grinned again, and his arm went up, and he tucked the microphone into his face and murmured, "Right on, brothers and sisters."

The crowd began to move out of the infield, and onto the road leading to the base. They were going to march after all, MP's or no MP's, go right up to the gate and let the Army know where the youth of America stood. The sun was glinting wonderfully off their hairy heads, the light coming from one side of Mount Rainier, the heads of the kids backlit better than Avedon or Karsh could do it. There was that huge wonderful solitary mountain, the afternoon sun over its left shoulder, and the kids were walking into it, hand in hand, chanting, *Brass lives high while GI's die.*

The day before that, Pearson came with his suite to speak at an initiation ceremony of 1000 recruits. They had arrived forty-eight hours before, newly minted infantrymen. They were in a gymnasium sitting in rows, by company, sitting very quietly, with their gear arranged in piles before them. None of them had their name tags yet, the strip of cloth that was sewn over the left blouse pocket. Pearson, who is a slight man, hair going to gray, hawk-nosed and full of *Stramm*, came up the aisle to "Ruffles and Flourishes." The men bowed their heads as the chaplain read the invocation, part of it calling down God's blessing on drill sergeants. The ranks were seated after shouting their unit designation. That is part of what the Army is about, identification: with your buddy, your unit, your battalion, brigade, division, the Army, the country. There were two speeches, one from the brigade commander, Colonel Louis North, and the other from Pearson himself.

North: ". . . maximum harmonious relations among yourselves. You are living close together with little privacy, and what I am saying is that you must be an effective member of the team. Also I want you to bear in mind the senior-subordinate relationship, and the importance of hygiene. Everyone in a short haircut. Quick response to orders. Don't shirk duties. The buddy system should be employed in everything you do here."

The young men, almost all of them white, looked blankly ahead. They were sitting and listening with cocked heads. It seemed odd to me that they were actually listening to North, and I thought of the song from *Midnight Cowboy:*

Everybody's talkin' at me
I don't hear a word they're sayin'
Only the echoes of my mind.
People stoppin' starin'
I can't see the faces
Only the shadows of their eyes.

The gymnasium was dark, and it was difficult to see the men on the platform. The voices came from a loudspeaker, very clear but remote and disconnected. Disconnected the way bayonet practice was disconnected,

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if you watched it from a hundred yards away: pull, push, *thrust;* a wavy line of men in new fatigues, some of them scared, all of them uncertain—and the drill instructors in the wide-brim hats, allrightyoumen, *thrust.* The sound volume was up, and I looked at the men sitting, perfectly respectfully, listening. I remembered the GI who drove me to the airport at Bragg:

"Oh dear," he'd said. "Oh God *damn* the Army." The words came in a low monotone, trouble with his wife, who was sixteen years old, now back in her hometown in Ohio. He was writing to another girl, and when he got rid of the wife he'd think about marrying the other one. "She's waiting for me, she's the one who's really waiting for me." As for the wife, "I don't care what she does. She can do anything she wants." His wife was with him at Bragg while she was pregnant, but it didn't work out well, and she left and went back home. What tore it was the morning he'd come back from driving in the motor pool, and his wife, pregnant, kept waking him up asking for money to buy a doughnut. A doughnut!

"Well, she wanted doughnuts," the boy said in a Deep South accent. "I told her, You eat so many doughnuts that kid is going to be born with a hole in his head!' "

Of course the wife began to cry, and he turned over and went to sleep. She left home shortly after that. The boy poured all this out in thirty minutes, and ended by saying he'd re-upped for Vietnam. The last time he'd been in a construction battalion and had built a swimming pool at Pleiku. What the hell, the pay was good, and he thought the Americans were winning the war now. One more tour wouldn't hurt and might help, and it would get him out of the United States, which was the important thing.

I'm goin' where the sun keeps shinin'
Thru the pourin' rain
Goin' where the weather suits my clothes
Bankin' off of the northeast wind
Sailin' on a summer breeze
Skippin' over the ocean like a stone.

But in the gymnasium at Lewis, there was only the silence of listening. Colonel North spoke of basic training, and then he stood back and introduced the commanding general. Pearson. When he had a brigade of the 101st Airborne in Vietnam he was something to see. He had Hackworth and Emerson as battalion commanders, and there isn't any doubt that the brigade was the best that there was as a fighting unit. Pearson allowed his commanders wide latitude, and the result was a certain amount of innovation, something as rare in Vietnam as victory. Bill Carpenter was in Pearson's command when he called napalm on his position at Dakto, and today Pearson has a picture of Carpenter in his office, and it is not usual for generals to display photographs of captains. Pearson, then as now, was a man fond of slogans: find, fix, fight. Stay alert, stay alive. At Lewis, he passed out buttons at the reception center: *Every Soldier A V.I.P.* When he launched a haircut campaign it was called, Look Sharp, Feel Sharp, Be Sharp. He called the noncoms into his office for little twenty-minute lectures, and he made certain they understood there would be no political dissent at Lewis, no undermining of the command. Because that was what it was all about, the command and its effectiveness. The Department of the Army had not sent him to Fort Lewis to preside over another Woodstock or Fayerweather Hall. *I will not lie supine,* he'd said. Now he was standing at a microphone in front of the recruits and telling them something of what they could expect at Lewis. He did not speak of the war.

"You are going to get along well together," Pearson said, and it sounded like an order. "You are going to succeed! It is teamwork, not the degrees that you have, but the degree to which you are accepted by others, that's the key to success in life. By your presence here you are demonstrating a love of country, and this will loom large in your life." But there were also a few practical things to be said: "Never aim a weapon at another man unless you intend to use it. No senseless horseplay on the Confidence Course. What could be more tragic than for a parent to hear of a broken arm or worse. *We have all learned from experience.*" (What the recruits would find at Lewis was classic basic training, plus the mine and booby trap obstacle course; it is a course containing two dozen—or three—different mine and booby trap arrangements, including cyanide in Coke bottles and a flying mace strung from a tree. The punji stakes are realistic, and the men are warned that they are smeared with feces; one sergeant got a stake *right through the balls,* and when he went on a five-day R&R with his wife in Honolulu he ripped out every damn stitch. That anecdote was supplied by the instructor, a young lieutenant who had never been west of Tacoma.)

But Pearson was not talking details, he was talking of the Army and the country, and what the two meant to each other. It was a period of life when a man must accept discipline, and accept it without question. There were senior officers and junior ones, and noncoms and enlisted men, and in a war a man must obey his superiors to stay alive. Stay alert, stay alive. Command and obedience. The recruits were not civilians any more, not college fraternity men or farmhands or checkers in a supermarket. They were soldiers, and that made them different. It made their responsibilities

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different. "We have all learned from experience," Pearson said. "And one final point: the time will go by quickly, and you want to look back on it with pride. Some of you will go AWOL. Now you go AWOL, and you don't solve the problem. I get letters every week from soldiers in the stockade who tell me their wife is pregnant. So resolve to keep your service honor. So that you will be proud of what you have done."

He sat down to scattered coughs (there was not meant to be applause), and still there was the listening silence. The chaplain delivered a final prayer, the men sang the national anthem, and then Willard Pearson marched from the room to the sound of the old army song:

Over hill
Over dale
We will hit the dusty trail
As the caissons
Go rol-
ling
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-
long.

Two Sergeants

Fort Hood. Fort Bragg. Fort Leavenworth. Fort Benning. Fort Lewis. The big army bases in the United States are tight societies, forts in more ways than one. A man and his family need never leave the post, not for birth, marriage, or death, nor for shelter, food, fuel, or clothing, nor for golf, drinks, dinner, dancing, or movies. A man is encouraged to spend his money on the base—as who would not, considering the bargains? One hundred and fifty dollars for an AKAI tape recorder worth two hundred, fifty cents for a V.O. and soda at the NCO club. A man can worship a nondenominational God ("army God," a senior soldier described Him) and putt on an army green and have a tooth pulled by an army dentist, and all the time call it home. There is only one thing that the Army doesn't have. It doesn't have schools for the children, at least at the bases in the United States it doesn't.

The regulars call it a decent life, and insist that a few years ago it was better. A man trains for sixteen weeks at Benning, and then is assigned to a division at Hood, say, or Lewis. He stays there for a year or perhaps two years and then is assigned to some other base as a squad leader. Now he is a sergeant, and from that base, Riley, in Kansas, say, he does a tour with the 7th Army in Bavaria or the garrison forces in Korea. If there is a war, he will go to it. But in twenty or thirty years in the Army a man will see duty at five or six army bases. There will be at least one tour in Europe and one in the Far East: Korea, Japan, Taiwan, Thailand, Vietnam. The professional soldier will return to the American bases, however, his life a series of rotations. We are talking now of the single relentlessly stable element in the Army, the senior noncommissioned officer, the top sergeant or sergeant major. Senior noncoms are likely to stay in one place for three or four years; they watch the officers come and go. The wise officers know that the sergeants run the Army, so the first thing an officer does on assuming command is have a friendly chat with his top. Master Sergeant John Gillis, a career man now at Bragg, explained the stability element: when he was at Lewis he put in two years with a tank detachment, and in those two years he saw four company commanders, two squadron commanders, two regimental commanders, and three post commanders.

The names may change but the conditions do not. At Fort Lewis, the company grade officers live at Clarkdale, a collection of wooden bungalows; the field grade officers (major and above) live at Broadmoor, conservative brick dwellings; the NCO's live in semi-detached wooden houses, in areas called Greenwood, Parkway, and Davis Hill. Call these Wilmette, Winnetka, and Evanston, if my sociology is straight. Life revolves around the clubs, the post exchange, the neighborhood—the Army itself. If there is a certain regimentation, it is because the senior people like it that way. When Willard Pearson assumed command at Lewis, he built a flagpole in front of his house and flew an American flag from it. It didn't take much more than a month for flags to sprout from every brick house in Broadmoor.

Senior sergeants would be above that sort of thing, not that they are any less patriotic, but simply that they would reckon flag-flying unnecessary. The wise sergeant waits it out, knowing that sooner or later the commanding officer will leave and he will stay. The old ones, the lifers, know everyone in the Army, from four-star generals on down, and an extraordinary bond grows between them. We are the backbone, they say to each other; we run the Army. Standing atop the NCO corps is the sergeant major. It is in all senses of the word a privileged rank, every bit as much as a general officer. They are addressed respectfully, by full title:

"Well, Sergeant Major Hickey, how is it going today?"

"Fine, sir. Just fine."

"Good work, Sergeant Major."

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The senior NCO acts as a buffer; he looks after "the welfare of the men." The role is somewhat Miltonic: explaining the ways of God to man, and man to God.

The most impressive-looking NCO I ever saw was the former Sergeant Major of the Army William O. Wooldridge. Tall, tough, knowledgeable, he had fought in three wars and understood the Army about as well as a man can. One of Wooldridge's patrons was the Assistant Vice Chief of Staff of the Army, Lieutenant General William DePuy. (DePuy, in turn, was something of a protégé of William Westmoreland's.) Wooldridge was DePuy's sergeant major when DePuy commanded the 1st Infantry Division in South Vietnam. Around the base camp of the Big Red One, it was well known that whatever you wanted, Wooldridge could get it for you. He was said to be an excellent soldier, with a fine military bearing and all the ribbons a man could want, and no one has satisfactorily explained why a man like Wooldridge would become involved in bilking NCO clubs (through a complicated apparatus through which he and other senior sergeants bought companies which furnished liquor and equipment to the clubs). The Army said it didn't have enough evidence to prosecute; Wooldridge was permitted to resign.

The presumption is that Wooldridge's greed outran his pride in the Army, and perhaps that is so. At any event, it was subsequently alleged that Wooldridge used General Creighton Abrams' personal airplane for the import and export of whiskey from Vietnam. It is an index of the authority of a senior sergeant major that he could commandeer COMUSMACV's [1] airplane. It is arguable that Wooldridge is as typical of the NCO as Ponzi was typical of investment bankers or Shoeless Joe Jackson of professional baseball players: not a type, but an archetype. One sergeant major, a tolerant man, explained that Wooldridge's activities were nothing more than an extension of what was always expected of sergeants; something extra, a little something for nothing. In the old days, if there was a crap game in the barracks, the sergeants supplied the dice and the drinks and took a fat cut of the pot; no one questioned it, a natural perquisite, like an automobile for a company director. There are a hundred ways for a smart sergeant to skim a buck here and a buck there, this source said, and Wooldridge and his friends just expanded the theory a little. They looked about them and figured it would be simple enough to make a couple of hundred thousand bucks, which by most accounts they did. A sergeant traditionally has had certain privileges in the Army.

To an extent greater than the officer corps, the NCO lives and breathes the Army. The officer is obliged to mix with the civilian community, and to a degree derives his prestige from it. The NCO does not. The public does not distinguish between senior sergeants and junior ones; to the average civilian "if they were any good, they'd be officers." The largest clubs on any base are the NCO clubs, and they are filled to bursting most evenings. Senior NCO's affect cool disdain, both upwards and downwards, toward the unprofessional enlisted man on the one hand, and toward the better-paid officer (particularly if he is West Point) on the other. An officer is respected precisely to the degree that he allows the NCO to do his job with a minimum of interference. Gillis: "I can always tell a good officer because he walks through that door and he asks rather than tells. My job? My main job is to make that troop commander look like the best commander in the Army." Beyond that, it is to see that orders are carried out. The officer commands, the subordinates obey; and the job of the sergeant is to enforce, to see to it that subordinates obey. Because he understands the process, the adroit NCO can make it work for him precisely as a mechanic can tune an engine. If you are the only one who understands the machine, you are very close to being indispensable.

The senior NCO acts as a buffer as well: he looks after "the welfare of the men" (the phrase recurred a dozen times in interviews), and expects that when the commander wants to know what the men think, the commander will come to him to find out. The role is somewhat Miltonic: explaining the ways of God to man, and man to God. The NCO is successful to the degree he protects his men and serves his commanding officer. It is a job which calls for enormous objectivity, a total dedication to the rules of the institution, and a thorough knowledge of the Book, both that which is written and that which is not. Regulations govern, and the looser the organization is, the less the sergeants like it.

NCO's are unhappy now because of the rapid promotion of buck sergeants: "We don't have the authority we used to," one of them said, "because there are too many punk sergeants who don't know the score." Not that an NCO would trade his job for any other. All of the good ones are encouraged to go to officer candidate school, but few of them take the offer. Gillis: "I don't have the desire. I like to get really involved

[1] A note on army acronyms. COMUSMACV means Commander United States Military Assistance Command, Vietnam. He is the counterpart of COMUSMACTHAI, in Thailand. In Vietnam, there is also USARV, which means U.S. Army, Vietnam, a separate if not distinct military entity. It all has an internal logic, if you understand it. In Saigon, when the civilian effort was merged with the military, army rhetoricians insisted that the new entity (body, command, liaison) be named Civil Operations, Revolutionary Development Support. The word "Support" was crucial to the nomenclature. As the alert reader will instantly perceive, the acronym is CORDS.

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with the men. I want to do it myself, or see that it is done. You can achieve that, *see it,* more than an officer can." Others worry about the social rounds: white gloves for their wives, which fork to use at dinner in the general's quarters. An NCO does not have to be a social lion (none of them are), and his origins do not matter. What he must do is his job. Nothing more. All that is required is that he understand the system; he has that, and the knowledge that the Army is run on the wits of sergeants.

There is a personal element as well. If a base commander wants something extra done for him—his house painted, a stereo system installed—he does not speak to his chief of staff or his aide-de-camp. He speaks to his sergeant major, and the sergeant major does it. He does it promptly, with no fuss or complaint. Sergeants run the officers' club, and the commanding general and his wife have been known to arrive late for dinner. Cocktails will precede steak, and the evening will end with Cognac all around. No bill will ever be presented.

The NCO grades run from E-4 to E-9, three-stripe sergeants through command sergeant majors. The E-4 with six years' service will earn around $4000 a year, and the E-9 with, say, twenty years' service, will make around $9500. That is exclusive of combat pay or jump pay or quarters allowance if the man is obliged to live off post (senior sergeants almost never are). The senior men have their pick of NCO quarters on the post, and there are ways and means to supplement income.

The lives of sergeants are different, and the way a man proceeds is different. A man can be stymied for one reason or another, including the accident of birth. Here are two sergeants, one black and one white.

Sergeant Major Fletcher Cummings has eyes like black onyx, hard and dark as a stone, and a fringe of white hair that coils around his head like steel wool. He speaks very slowly and deeply, chain-smoking cigarettes, occasionally tapping the table for emphasis. He has strong, thick fingers and heavy arms. Sergeant Major Cummings, though occasionally droll, does not laugh much.

"When I first got into the Army, I'd lived in a segregated community, Tupelo, Mississippi, and so I didn't give segregation in the Army much serious thought. I did begin to think seriously about it, I guess about four or five months after I got in. Think about this seriously, and there is some indication that this being separate had something to do with your advancement. We were kept out of artillery, infantry, armor, anything that you got combat glory from. We weren't permitted in it. By the time the Army integrated, I was 100 percent for it. One hundred percent.

"I daresay during the basic training there were separate units but integrated barracks. There was no favoritism. You did the same basic training, training as an infantryman, a rifleman. But when you got out of basic you were put into a . . . working capacity. Warehouseman, quartermaster, labor service company, firefighting, things like that. Now I am talking about 1941 and 1942.

"Of course at this time, most Negro units . . . well, I was in horse cavalry basic training. Then they would put us into something entirely different after basic (of course we knew it would be different since the Army wouldn't send us to Europe on the backs of horses). This was more evident in nineteen and forty. That was when I went overseas. On arrival in North Africa we received trucks. There was a convoy going to the front lines on a Friday, and we had received no training at all in truck convoying. None at all, and it is more complicated than perhaps it might sound. I thought it was a stupid thing, 'cause we were hauling ammunition. They put us in a position where we could blow it. I felt then and I feel now that they did that on purpose. All we had was that little carbine. We were an all-Negro outfit, with white officers."

Cummings was speaking very quietly, in a casual tone of voice. He was talking without prodding, except a short question here and there to clear up a point. Then his voice took on an edge.

"I was all the time with the truck," he said, "first in North Africa and later in Italy, through the war. In North Africa once, they put us to putting up an airplane hangar. There were more than two hundred of us, and we worked at it for six weeks. Then a ninety-eight-man engineer battalion came by and put it up in three days. Two and a half days it was. We had more than two hundred men and we couldn't do it in six weeks. But we didn't know how to erect an airplane hangar. *They . . . hadn't . . . trained . . . us.*

"In North Africa, we expected to play some sort of combat role. But they didn't have any Negro troops in a combat role. Then later they brought two or three Negro regiments into Italy, and all of us tried to join up, but we were not successful. I'll tell you something: When I found out how those Negro units were organized, I stopped all my efforts." The eyes were very black and hard now, and looking right across the table. "I saw that those regiments contained all the rejects from Fort Riley—the sick, the lame, and the lazy. I didn't want to join up with an outfit like that. It's sure death.

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"At one point we had 50-caliber machine guns on the trucks, and we were told to give them to this infantry unit. But they were on ring mounts, do you know what I mean? They were fastened to heavy steel rings, back of the cab of the truck. Well, we took those off and gave them to the troopers. But there were no tripods to use. The men had to put bags over their arms and shoot the guns that way, like a rifle. They shot them against aircraft, and you know those guns weighed more than twenty-five pounds."

I nodded, because I had seen John Wayne or Bogart or somebody do it in a movie. It looked simple the way they had done it. I asked Cummings if the rations were the same, if in most respects the Negroes were at least *eating* as well as the whites. Cummings smiled a wintry smile.

"It was pretty tough to know, because I saw no white units. But we were pretty well off because, you know, we were *hauling* it—and one way or another we got our share. The point of it is this: we were denied the right to fight as a combat soldier in a combat unit for our country. That was the only thing. The rest was equal.

"After the war I left the infantry as a first sergeant. I had made that grade four months after I was in—10th Cavalry. Troop E. I had twenty-two people who had more than two years' service, and of those twenty-two, twenty could not read or write. My supply sergeant had a third-grade education. Anyway, after the war I went to work for the Frisco Railway Company, and I had the distinct impression that I was about to be fired. So I went back in. I was an E-7, a first sergeant, so I went back in. I enlisted and was sent to Germany, and at that time the units were being broken up and abandoned. This was already in the making before I realized it . . ."

"What was that?"

"The desegregation order. President Truman's desegregation order. I don't remember exactly when it was, but I do remember that the Korean conflict set it in motion. It had no effect on me, not really. I was pleased with it, but I knew that there would be bugs in it. The American people are so accustomed to living apart—there can't be a quiet and easy turnover. I didn't think that that order would be the ultimate, uh, word."

I asked Cummings how he had been treated by white Southern officers.

"I think that so far as me personally was concerned I got more cooperation from Southerners than from others sometimes. I can't pinpoint it, really. I got better cooperation from Southern officers, though. Well, of course I was a first sergeant, and perhaps they bent over backwards. But I have sat in the orderly room and listened and seen it happen with the troops.

"In that first integration go-around, my truck company was not integrated. We had a perfect record, no accidents or AWOL's in a year, which is *some* record, and they decided to leave the well-knit organization together. Well, after that I was sent to the first battalion of the 11th Infantry Regiment in Pennsylvania. The regular commander—well, he refused me the job of troop sergeant major, and I went to supply again. I was not quick to jump to conclusions. But look: why did he send me two letters before I got there, telling me what my job would be—that is, troop sergeant major—and then change his mind? He didn't know the color of my skin when he sent the letters. But the regiment was breaking up, so I got both regimental sergeant major and regimental supply.

"At Fort Knox, Kentucky, there was an almost similar situation. It may not have been racial, but there was a lieutenant colonel there. His unit needed a supply officer, and so I looked at it and said that if I had a choice, my answer would be 'No.' That's what I told him. He said to me, 'I know you will be better off here in the supply.' Well, I had no choice. Of twenty-two companies, only three passed inspection. So they put me out ahead of the officers on the inspection tours to get these companies straightened out. So that was the end of that.

"I left Knox in July of 1959 for Korea. I was the only E-8 there; there were no E-9's. I was the only E-8 in the 55th Quartermaster Depot in Korea. It would appear that they would assign me the job of sergeant major for the depot. But then at the last minute they jumped an E-7 over me for the job. But I don't know. Look: for the Army, they made the right decision. They were much better off because the supply company they finally sent me to was the worst I have ever seen in my life. And I fixed it up. The base commander later said that I was one of the best NCO's he had ever served with. Well, why didn't they put me where I would get promoted? I knew then and there that you had to fight for what you wanted. The quartermaster job only called for an E-8, and I was an E-8. If they would give me a command job, that calls for an E-9 and they would have to make me an E-9.

"Well, there was an investigation of treatment of Negro troops at that depot. They called me in and asked me if there was maltreatment. They asked me, 'Do you feel maltreated?' Well, you don't have to ask me down here to get an answer to that question, I said.

"It is not always true that if you do a good job, people will recognize it and will reward you accordingly. I thought it was true, but it isn't."

Cummings had said that as he had said the other things, coolly and unemotionally. He lit a cigarette and

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continued: "At Fort Riley, Kansas, I was with the 1st Infantry quartermaster section. There was nothing to fight there. My MOS [military occupational specialty] was supply. I was there two years and one month.

"In Germany I was with the 56th Quartermaster Battalion. In 1962 this was, and the battalion was run-down. But the sergeant major of the battalion retired, and I went in and talked to the battalion commander and led him to believe that I would talk to someone if I didn't get the job. That is, I would talk to someone *else*." Cummings smiled, and explained that he was talking in code; someone *else* means a congressman. "But I was fortunate to come out a winner. In 1964 they promoted me to E-9."

Cummings speaks about racial problems now with enormous detachment, qualifying everything he says, putting the most generous interpretations on his own experience. He is personally so self-possessed that it is difficult to argue with him, or to fault that interpretation. Sergeant Major Cummings, as the modern idiom has it, is a man who has definitely got himself together.

"I have had a couple of NCO's come to me and tell me they have not been promoted because of prejudice. Because they married Caucasian wives. But I was promoted to E-8 and E-9, and I am married to a Caucasian."

Cummings shrugged, as if that ended it. I asked him where he was married.

"When I was stationed in Germany."

"She's German?"

"Austrian," Cummings said, those eyes as hard and opaque as eight balls.

"You have got to put the military and the civilian together," Cummings said. "Now my secretary, for instance. She told me the other day that they told her she would have to get rid of her Afro haircut. She questioned that authority, and she made her feelings clear to the commander. It makes a big difference when you put the commander on the spot, and this is not good. We have got the IG [inspector general] channel and the equal opportunity channel, and finally there is a congressional channel. To do it otherwise is not military: you *must trust* your military commanders. Now she should have discussed the haircut business thoroughly with me and let me go to bat for her. I've got means and ways to do it. But I don't believe—well, that her complaint was aired the right way. She says: 'I've got a right to talk about it.' Well, no; in the military, you don't.

"I have had very few racial complaints in my job here [at Lewis], very few directly related to race. I have heard statements, but no official complaints. They know you have got to have grounds. Once—it was some time ago—there was a kid who wouldn't take a shower, wouldn't take one at all, and they were having a tough time about it, the CO and the kid's sergeant. I had them bring the boy (he was white) to me, and I rose up from the table and swung at the kid and said, 'Goddamn it, get your ass into that shower and wash!' Well, he sure as hell did. If a man is stupid, you deal with him on a stupid level. So we were walking by the shower, and I heard him telling a buddy that I was a black bastard. The CO got all upset and said to me, 'Don't worry, Top, we'll court-martial him.' And I said to him, 'Now, you stay out of it. If that man gets his ass clean and I'm his black bastard, it's all right with me.'"

Cummings' voice got lower and colder as he told the story, and then he turned to me and said that just the other day a trooper, a black trooper, had made a pass at his secretary. He explained that the soldier was unmilitary, that he had a goatee and was a bad soldier. Cummings said that he called the trooper into his office and told him to produce his ID card. The soldier denied that he had one, and Cummings ordered him to put his wallet on the table. Cummings wouldn't handle the wallet, and instead he gently fingered the ID card out of it. All the time he was fingering the card out of the wallet, he was looking at the trooper. "I did it so damn slow, looking at him all the time," Cummings said. The dialogue went like this:

"So you got an ID?"

"But . . ."

"You said you didn't have one."

"But."

"No explanations. You got the ID. Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Yes, goddamnit, *Sergeant Major!*"

"Yes, Sergeant Major."

"Now I am going to ride your ass right into jail if you don't shave the goatee and don't start behaving like a soldier. You'll do what I say and you'll like it *because you know I mean business.* Is that right?"

"Yes, Sergeant Major."

The trouble, Cummings said, was that the white officers were scared to go to the mat with the blacks. There was too much potential for trouble. But you've got to be damned firm, Cummings said. "People ought to mean business. That's what it's all about."

Sergeant Major Cummings doesn't think he would have done any better out of the Army than in it. He has two brothers who are college graduates, and neither of them makes any more money than he does. Beyond that, he has had the experience of working with men, boys really, and nothing could have been better than

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"We thought about trying to reduce the paper work, but then we were told that it takes even more paper to reduce the paper."

that. "If I can take a kid and make him see the light, that's OK. I sure do understand human nature better. I've—well, I've been in the Army twenty-eight years and I'm fifty-three years old. I'll retire soon, couple of years maybe. I like to tend my rock garden now. I like that more than the parties, and I don't really care for post life much. But it's been a real good life. The Army has been real good to me."

Sergeant Rick Meeks is twenty-four, a business administration major from Indiana University. He is light-haired, slight, very articulate. Meeks is in the Army for two years only, a draftee. He tends to analyze the institution from the perspective of a businessman.

"It's organized effectively on paper, but putting it into effect is something else. There is so damn much paper. There is paper supporting the paper. Why? It's always been done that way. We thought about trying to reduce the paper work, but then we were told that it takes even more paper to reduce the paper. There are quite literally reports on reports."

I said that one of the senior NCO's had told me that the reason there was so much paper was a kind of built-in inefficiency because of the low quality of some of the GI clerks. Meeks bridled at that.

"Low quality, hell. Some of the clerks in my outfit are brighter than the NCO's, and brighter than the officers too. My company is two hundred men. At Christmas-time we were operating on one-half schedule. We could do that all the time. There are guys who are doing nothing but picking up cigarette butts and counting tent poles and field packs. You see, there is all this equipment that is never used. Guys are treated like children: they don't tell you, 'I think you need a haircut.' They'll say, 'Go get a haircut.' When you go talk to them about it, they'll tell you, 'I am training men for the third world war and this is part of the process.' Christ. I thought of taking that down and sending it to someone to publish.

"One battalion commander forbade tape recordings and television in the barracks because he said it caused too much noise. The other barracks had them, but not this one. The morale here is nothing to write home about, I can tell you that.

"The trouble is that they try to keep everyone keyed up. You have an inspection on Saturday, and you do the same damned work week after week after week. It is hard to explain. No matter how good you do, they are going to chew you out, and the one thing you are sure of is that you are not going to get a break."

Meeks was saying all this in the calmest possible way. He seemed to regard the Army as a wondrous institution, well worth further study. I asked him where the quality was.

"The quality would be in the people who are not institutionalized. The trouble is with the people who don't question a damned thing. They accept whoever is above them. There are so many people in supervisory positions who just don't deserve to be there. But I'll tell you this: GI's stand up for their rights now. A lot of guys used to accept an Article 15 [a guilty plea, with punishment to be set by the commanding officer] because it was less trouble, and because they were scared of a court-martial. But not any longer. They'll try to get you on an Article 15 for things that would never pass a court-martial.

"I'll give you an example. I was at Fort Jackson for basic training in November of 1968. That's in South Carolina. Well, after we were in the Army for three weeks we got a seventeen-day leave. Hell, half of us were sick, and we didn't want a leave after only three weeks. But we took it, because we didn't know the regulations. We didn't have to if we didn't want to, and that's in the regulations. But I didn't know the regulations then. If I went back to basic again, knowing what I know now, I wouldn't put up with half of it.

"The Army is what you make of it. I knew I wouldn't like it, but I decided to do what I could with it. I have made enough money on the outside, and I've learned a lot about people. I mean, how to deal with people. A lot of guys only see the officers when they are playing their role, but I see them when they're doing other things." Meeks said that to make a little extra money, he tended bar at the officers' club and occasionally the NCO club. That job turned into something else, because when there were hints of irregularities in the NCO club accounts, Command Sergeant Major Hickey suggested to Major General Pearson that Meeks be placed on a committee to look into the matter; Hickey thought that Meeks's business administration education might come in handy. According to Meeks, it did.

I asked Meeks what roles the officers assumed, and he laughed.

"Oh, you know, Mr. Cool, the know-it-all lieutenant. I see these guys, a couple of years younger than I am, and they are playing a role. They are trying to fit themselves into what they think they ought to be. Their image of themselves as officers gives them a snobbery and superiority toward the enlisted man. Well, maybe they know about their specialty, transportation or whatever, but they don't know anything about life. Most of them couldn't make it in the competition on the outside.

"Morale here really isn't too good. I had a second

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lieutenant who was getting married. He and the captain, his company commander, were talking at the club. The CO wouldn't let the lieutenant have the morning off—it was Saturday morning—to go to his own wedding, and the wedding was in *Oregon*. He was getting married in Oregon. This was not right at all, in my opinion.

"Then there's the problem of race. It is a problem, even at company level. Look, I have no prejudice at all. I guess I wouldn't marry a Negro woman, but I have no prejudice . . ." Meeks thought about that a moment, then smiled shyly. "I guess that means I *am* prejudiced," he said. Then he cocked his head and smiled again. "Well, you find out things . . .

". . . anyway, if some of the NCO's are partial, there is trouble. I had a white friend who was buddies with a Negro. Well, some of the Negro's black friends came to him and said, 'What are you doing palling around with a white man?' "

I asked Meeks about the system.

"It's an inner contradiction," he said. "You can't worry about your career and your men both. You can't make Brownie points with your boss and support your men. It's impossible. If you argue with the boss, then there is a problem with the hierarchy. If you don't support the men, there is a problem below, and it results in low morale. Of course, if *your* boss is good, and *his* boss is good, then it's no problem. But that isn't the usual situation.

"I recommended to my brother that he take ROTC because the officer's life is more bearable."

"It is?" I asked.

Meeks took some time before answering: "Well, yes—but again, the one thing I found out, the more you work like a horse, the more they kick you. Everyone gets the same pay, but some men don't work at all—it is a psychological war between you and the guy above you.

"It is a game people play. You are told to do this, and what you try to do is get out of it, and some of them spend all their waking hours trying to figure out how to get out of it. You are told to do this, and you get out of it if you can. And it affects the morale of those who *stood and did it*. That's what's really challenging in the Army: 'Getting over.' That's an army expression that means getting out of it.

"I came in the service because, heck, I didn't know what to do. I was eligible for the draft, so I thought I'd go in and get it over with. It's an experience all right, but I'll be glad to get out. You know, a lot of guys get out of basic and volunteer for 'Nam just because they want to get off this base. This base is something else, a little world all its own, let me tell you. This post here, Lewis, just isn't in any system. The treatment of the men is bad. If a guy comes in here with a chip on his shoulder, well, he is done for. *Done for!* They'll never let you forget it."

The Generals

As a professional soldier climbs in rank, his perceptions change. Put a star on a man's shoulder and he is a different man, his responsibilities different, his outlook altered. The myth is that only the most careful and circumspect army officers succeed, but the myth is wrong. Grant is an example of one sort of eccentric, Patton of another, and MacArthur of a third. Eisenhower is cited as the quintessential bland harmonizer, but that is to misread Eisenhower's career as well as underestimate his considerable energy and strong intelligence. In today's Army, three of the most prominent three-star generals—DePuy, Stilwell, and Peers—spent part of their early careers with the CIA (convenient in assembling a conspiracy theory, useless in explaining advancement in the self-centered, not to say narcissistic, American Army).

Generals are now managers, and the Army may have seen its last great combat leader. Men of action exist (Creighton Abrams and Major General James Hollingsworth come to mind), but they are becoming obsolete. The army technocrat, careful and circumspect not so much from personality as from training, is on the rise. "Army technocrat" in this sense does not imply any special skill other than that of executive and manager; put a general in charge of an ironworks, and he would perform just as well. Partly, it's the nature of the job. From the time of Napoleon a general officer has acted more or less in isolation. Westmoreland's written testimony on the Vietnam War does not differ markedly from the words of General Omar Bradley, which do not differ from those of Marshal Ferdinand Foch. In the memoirs of Foch and Bradley the face of war is almost never seen. There are no mangled bodies, no stink, no blood, just generalship and logistics, command and control. Foch at the time of Flanders Field:

> Even if one of these actions should come to a standstill or one group of these forces be particularly tried, the commander of the whole must unflinchingly stand by his general plan, at the same time stimulating or sustaining the failing action, but never admitting that it can be wholly renounced or that its weakness can cause the relinquishment or even any change of that plan. Losses suffered at any given moment by a group of forces even so great as an army cannot justify any disturbance in the combined operations of the other armies. . . .

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Or Bradley at D-Day:

". . . The Plan took over."

That is what a general officer deals with, The Plan. To jettison a plan is to admit failure, either in the mechanics of the plan itself or (more devastating) one's execution of it. "Losses suffered at any given moment by a group of forces even so great as an army cannot justify any disturbance in the combined operations of the other armies," Foch writes. But then it is Foch who described Flanders as "the terrific encounter."

The higher a man goes, the further he removes himself from the materials of war. A sergeant commands a squad, a lieutenant a platoon, a captain a company, a lieutenant colonel a battalion, a colonel a regiment, a brigadier general a brigade (supposedly the largest unit one man can control within the range of his voice), a major general a division, a lieutenant general a corps or an army group, and a general an army group or a supreme command.[1] The loftier the position, the more distance he puts between himself and "point"—the squad scout in closest touch with the enemy. At battalion and lower the threat is immediate and direct, and at brigade and above it becomes increasingly remote and complicated, and the presence of death correspondingly distant. That is one reason why the generation gap in the Army breaks at lieutenant colonel.

The more remote the commander, the greater his responsibility. Bradley and Foch speak of an army here, a corps there—this thrust and that, wheeling 30,000 troops at a time to meet the enemy. At the highest levels the distance is astronomical: Winston Churchill speaks of an assault against the soft underbelly of Europe, and a rifleman crawls forward on his knees. Add to it the fact of confusion. The charts and the maps are there, the communications net is in, and the four-star general is linked in a command chain down to the lowest squad sergeant; but no one knows truly what is happening. No one knows for certain what the enemy is plotting, nor one's own capacities. Marshal Saxe observed that war "is a science replete with shadows in whose obscurity one cannot move with an assured step . . . . All sciences have principles and rules, war has none."

But that is not the impression gained from the memoirs nor from the briefings in the field or at headquarters. In Saigon, General Westmoreland would meet with newspaper and television correspondents once every six months, stand before them in beautifully starched fatigues, and tell them what was happening in the war. Surely he believed what he was saying, and the correspondents watched the pointer drift across the waist of South Vietnam, indicating a division here, a battalion base at the junction of *these rivers*, COSVN (the Viet Cong GHQ)—well, COSVN probably somewhere in this province, the one next to Cambodia, Tayninh. Yes, Tayninh. It is the rhetoric of a man trying to make sense of the senseless, trying to bring logic to the chaotic. Even with a four-star general, desperation was there because lives were at stake; you caught a whiff of the stink no matter how far back you were.

Occasionally it comes through in the memoirs. The tone of General Bradley's book changes when he undertakes to defend his estimates at the time of the Bulge.

> While G2 at First Army did accumulate a few vital shreds of intelligence for the record, he no more evaluated that information to predict the Bulge than did any of the other clairvoyants who afterward claimed that distinction. Although First Army's observations could have been read so as to suggest the *possibility* [Bradley's italics] of attack in the Ardennes, its warnings were not convincing enough to justify postponement of our winter attack to meet this new threat. . . .

Yes, he says, there were reports that Manteuffel's and Dietrich's troops were lying in wait, that von Rundstedt was carefully preparing his assault, but these reports were never seen by him or his staff, nor were those that he did see conclusive. The cool, confident tone of the lieutenant general, the army group commander, wavers and breaks for a paragraph. Bitterly he recalls that he was obliged to hand over one of his armies to Montgomery, then on the left flank of the Americans. He submits evidence in detail of the poor weather, the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory intelligence. Still, he does not explain how the Germans were able to mass—how many was it?—ten, fifteen divisions in the face of the Americans, to break out across Belgium inflicting appalling casualties. Bradley ends the passage on the melancholy note that it is difficult to know enemy intentions, that if you are a bold commander sooner or later you will be hit. Then, defiantly, he announces he would have done nothing differently. Even in retrospect, he concedes nothing. In a letter to George Marshall, written after the Bulge, he declares: "I do not blame my commanders, my staff or myself for the situation that resulted. We had taken a calculated risk and the German hit us harder than we anticipated he could." Bradley concluded in 1950: "Time has not altered my opinion. I would rather be bold than wary, even though wariness may sometimes be right."

[1] A squad is 15 men, a platoon 40, a company roughly 150, a battalion 800 to 1000, a regiment 3000 to 5000, a brigade 4000 to 5000, a division 15,000, a corps two or more divisions, an army two or more corps, an army group two or more armies.

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Read that, in another context, *I would rather be wrong than right.* So for Bradley there was no postmortem critique; he did what he was taught to do at Leavenworth: adhere to the plan. Better be bold than wary, even though wariness may be right. To admit error would be to admit quite a lot. There were 59,000 American casualties at the Bulge: 6700 killed; 33,400 wounded; 18,900 captured or missing. Read the memoirs and wonder. Napoleon, who lapsed into irony from time to time, regarded all military history as *"une fable convenue."*

There are no iron rules or unbreakable laws by which a soldier proceeds through the ranks in the American Army. The only universal is that there is a system, and a man must understand it to succeed. The system does, or is meant to do, two things: (1) establish objective criteria for promotions and (2) make an officer as versatile as possible. Until promotion to general officer, a man will stay within his branch; the infantry, say, or armor. Within the branch he will move from command to staff, from field to headquarters, indiscriminately. An infantry officer may proceed from the command of a company to command of a battalion, but he will not do so without intermediate assignments which have nothing to do with a field command. The education of an army officer is entirely nonexclusive, and no matter that he is the most charismatic battlefield leader since George Patton or the most adroit staff officer since Walter Bedell Smith. The theory is that a man cannot know one job without knowing the others, cannot understand "line" without knowing "staff" and vice versa. The officer will proceed as prescribed, skipping when he can but being careful not to skip too often; the process is known as "getting your ticket punched," and it means that you must get off at all the stops.

There has never been a Clausewitz in the American Army because the writing of *Vom Kriege* took time and serious thought.[1] An army officer has no time to think, and imaginative reflection is discouraged. Tours of duty are rapid, and designed to thrust a man into as many different situations as can be managed. The emphasis is on procedure, detail, fact, nut, and bolt. It is the theory of the utility infielder, and supporters of it cite World War II as proof of the soundness of the doctrine. At a time of rapid full-scale mobilization, the military establishment has no time to sort out abilities; the assumption must be that lieutenant colonel A is fully as competent as lieutenant colonel B, whether the assignment is as commander of a battalion or division intelligence officer. To make it a bit more complicated, it is worthwhile recalling that in World War II Patton *did* have his field command, as Bedell Smith operated exclusively at staff. But the Army was less rigid then.

The system begins at West Point, which is a rock-bottom requirement for the highest commands. Although only 5 percent of the Army's officers are West Point graduates, 30 percent of its generals are (154 of 520 general officers). Of sixteen four-star generals, only one (William B. Rossen, the deputy commander in Vietnam) is non-West Point. Of forty-seven lieutenant generals, only eleven are non-West Point, and of those, one is chairman of the board of engineers for rivers and harbors, another is head of the Combat Developments Command, a third is deputy chief of staff for logistics, a fourth is surgeon general, a fifth (Lieutenant General Peers, who headed the My Lai inquiry) is chief of the office of reserve components, a sixth is Comptroller of the Army, and a seventh was military adviser to the U.S. delegation to the Paris peace talks. These are not field commands. In sixty-seven years there have been only two non-West Point chiefs of staff: George Marshall 1939-1945, perhaps the most successful, and George Decker, 1961-1963, perhaps the least.

So the First Station of the Cross, as it was put by a young lieutenant colonel now in the Pentagon, is the West Point class ring. It opens doors, and beyond that establishes a certain seriousness of intent. West Point is less influential now than it was between the wars, but there is no doubt that a sort of West Point Protective Association exists. It would be unrealistic to expect other-

[1] The result is that the serious strategic analyses are now done by civilian scholars at the RAND Corporation or the Hudson Institute or the Institute for Defense Analyses, private corporations which exist on government contracts. Economists and political scientists are doing the work that soldiers ought to be doing, but are not. It is a pathetic (also laughable) experience to attend a seminar at the Hudson Institute, where Herman Kahn and his sleek staff undertake to instruct selected officers on Threats to America. The officers, most of them colonels, are dazzled by the intellectual pyrotechnics, the metaphors and scenarios which serve as reality at Hudson. In 1968, one of Kahn's major proposals was a closed-and-open television circuit which would link the major provincial and district capitals of South Vietnam with Saigon; the idea was that if a prisoner was taken at Camau, the head of military intelligence in Saigon could interrogate him by closed-circuit TV right away without delay. The network could also be used by the government to propagandize the villages, "a little Orwellian," one of the staffers said, "but a helluva 'n idea." The cost was many millions, but Kahn observed that money shouldn't enter into the considerations because the U.S. government was already spending $30 billion a year on the war. The colonels sat raptly through five days of metaphors and scenarios, each one screwier than the last. When Kahn came to the proposal to flood the Mekong Delta, one colonel—a veteran of the war—embarrassed his respectful colleagues. "Oh, bullshit," he said, and closed his notebook.

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"Pete Dawkins has got to get into the system," a recently promoted brigadier said, "school is all well and good, but the Army is the Army."

wise, given the strong streak of sentimentality in soldiers. A West Point-educated captain or major is assigned a staff job, and all things being equal, he will receive preferential treatment. More often than not, DCSPER, the deputy chief of staff for personnel, will be an Academy graduate. ROTC and OCS (officer candidate school, which takes promising noncoms and turns them into officers; Lieutenant William Calley is currently the Army's most celebrated OCS graduate) men tend to drop out of the Army at major and lieutenant colonel. Occasionally, this is their choice ("twenty years and out"); more often—if my interviews are any indication—it is because they see their way blocked by the old-boy net. There is a concomitant to the psychic advantages of an Academy education: familiarity with the system from age eighteen, and the astonishingly strong ties that old grads have with West Point, and hence with the cadets. An Academy graduate has a better chance of being known, and known favorably, than his mustang (that is, non-West Point) colleague.

For every young officer, the object is to get to the war, if there is one, as promptly as possible. "It doesn't matter which war you were in," the Stations-of-the-Cross man said, quoting the old line, "as long as it was the last one." The Army is relentlessly antispecialist, so an ambitious infantry captain would want, first, to command a company in combat and, second, to go to staff as a G-3 (operations). In Vietnam, despite the homage paid to "Vietnamization," no career-oriented officer wants to spend his time as an adviser; he wants to command *American* troops in a highly visible role. Under the policy of the one-year tour for officers in Vietnam, this means as a practical matter that as soon as a captain learned his job as a company commander he was transferred to staff, and as soon as he learned that, he was rotated home (unless he chose to re-up).

Upon return, the wise careerist would try for a teaching billet at West Point (if he was a West Pointer) or, better still, a master's degree in almost anything—business administration, history, accounting, political science, physics, sociology. According to army statistics, more than half of all field grade officers "go on" to earn advanced degrees. The leadership, fascinated now with the concept of the scientist-soldier and the military manager, believes that only the highly educated are capable of taking the institution through the nineteen seventies. The most prestigious of all the appointments is emplacement at the Harvard Business School as a colonel (Westmoreland did it in the mid-1950s and proved so adept a student that he collected half a dozen job offers before he was through). The index of the importance the Army attaches to advanced degrees is the fact that whereas only two of the sixteen four-star generals now on active duty have them, more than 60 percent of brigadiers do (155 master's degrees, twelve Ph.D.'s among 250 men). The desirability of an advanced degree is now a matter of policy and reflects the Army's judgment that warfare is a matter of management and technology. One may define technology to mean political technique as well as nuts and bolts; that is, the soft sciences along with the hard. With its passion for objective thinking, the institution tends to regard an advanced degree as *prima facie* evidence of brains and, therefore, of wisdom. The Army has permitted Major Peter Dawkins to spend seven of his eleven years in the Army at school, at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, at West Point as an instructor, and at Princeton as a graduate student. Clearly it is not a typical career, yet Dawkins is the most highly regarded young officer in the Army, the surest bet there is for Chief of Staff in the nineteen eighties. Not that he doesn't have his troubles with the Establishment, however: "Pete Dawkins has got to get into the *system*," a recently promoted brigadier said, "school is all well and good, but the Army is the *Army* . . ."[1]

There are a hundred routes upward, depending on the branch and the officer's MOS (military occupational specialty). These examples are mainly combat arms, specifically the infantry. In the nineteen fifties and early nineteen sixties, the wise infantryman became a paratrooper; there was no reason for this, except that a very large number of very high ranking officers were paratroopers. It is called, with sarcasm, the airborne club. In any event, what a man does not want as a senior captain or a junior major is a command in a stateside post, unless it is at the infantry school at Benning or (conceivably) XVIII Airborne Corps at Bragg. It is wise to stay away from the Special Forces, which are dismissed as "green beanies" by the army Establishment, and Pentagon duty is a probable disaster. The Pentagon is a disaster, that is, unless the job is special and sensitive or with the joint staff or the army general staff, in which case it is a plum. The experience of Major General Edward M. ("Fly") Flanagan is typical: "I was a young lieutenant colonel in the nineteen fifties, doing fine, and Westy was working for the general staff. He picked me to be secretary and it broadened my experience . . . introduced me to people I never would have met. I

[1] Army professionals talk about Dawkins as politicians talk about Ted Kennedy. He is one of the few career men with celebrity status. "If you see him," one disillusioned major told me, "tell him to get the hell out of the Army and run for the Senate from Michigan. That's where the action is."

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mean by that the senior generals." (Flanagan is now the commander of the Special Forces, which makes the point that it is fine to go in and out; what a man doesn't want is to be identified as a career SF. I once made the error of identifying Dawkins as a Green Beret, and the general with whom I was talking brought me up short. "Pete Dawkins was never a goddamn green beanie," he growled. "Never!")

Selection for higher rank is made by a promotion board whose members are theoretically selected by the Secretary of the Army and approved by the Chief of Staff. Whatever the theory, it is traditional that the civilian leadership does not interfere in the process (Air Force General Curtis LeMay once said, "As long as I am Chief of Staff I control the futures of these men"). But that changed under the Kennedy Administration. When Cyrus Vance became Secretary of the Army he chose the men to sit on the boards, concentrating particularly on the crucial promotion from colonel to brigadier general. Under the Laird regime, the machinery is back in the hands of the Army. A number of astute civilians who have worked in the Pentagon are skeptical of the system: Paul Warnke, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense, would like to see one interservice board make all promotions, the better to reduce parochialism. By influencing the crucial selections, one influences in time the entire Army. Vance reckoned that he was successful up to a point, looking at the general officer list now and at what it had been in 1961. The criteria for promotion are numerous, but they center on the efficiency report and the personal knowledge one man has of another; this last is composed of a hundred indefinables that would make a wonderful master's thesis for a major who did not care if he ever made lieutenant colonel.

Somewhere at senior major or junior lieutenant colonel (average age: 34.7 years; average length of service: 12 years) the ticketed officer is chosen to attend the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth. C&GS is the first major weeding-out point. Selection depends on the efficiency report ratings; among the most important is whether a man has had a command and how well he did at it. Those on the 5 percent list (every promotion list recommends a certain number of young officers for quick promotion) are certain for selection, and while the selectee can theoretically turn down the assignment, almost no one does; those few who do pick it up the next time around. C&GS teaches doctrine and procedure for corps, army and army group commands; that is, for the ranks of lieutenant general and above. It is information which the major will use twenty years hence if at all. It is almost entirely a nuts and bolts school predicated on what has become known as "the good Leavenworth solution"—that is, an agreed solution to any tactical or strategic eventuality. War is analyzed as a hard science.

At some point, usually after C&GS, a man must serve his time in the Pentagon. For most junior officers it means twelve-hour days, six-day weeks, shuffling paper, signing on and signing off. Endless studies and revisions of studies, all of them conforming to army procedure, and all of them checked up and down the line. Personally it is a hardship, living off the civilian economy on a small salary, in the military communities of Springfield or Vienna in suburban Virginia, worrying about the mortgage.

The Department of Defense is immense, a mountain of paper, a building of six million gross square feet, 435,000 cubic yards of concrete, a working population of 27,000. The system reaches its zenith at the Pentagon, a labyrinth of bureaus and offices, DA, DCSOPS, ACSFOR, CINFO, an organization chart gone berserk, with all the services in there together scrambling for the money, army and air force and marine colonels stuffed into offices beside navy captains, and a parallel civilian structure, its lines winding down from the office of the Secretary of Defense through the service secretaries and the new apparatus, such as systems analysis. There is all of this, plus the connections overseas, to Europe and Korea and the MAAG missions in Latin America and Africa, quite apart from the war, MACV and USARV and CINCPAC, and those lines leading straight into the tank, the war room of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The army officer, particularly if he is a combat man, endures it, lives with it, puts in his time and counts the days, looking at the white-haired senior colonels striding down the corridors, manila envelopes tucked under their arms. The place is a birdcage, the young major decides; the only thing to recommend it is that the Pentagon is where it happens, the place from which the decisions proceed. It's no kind of life for one who likes action. In the Pentagon a man is pecked to death by ducks.

At lieutenant colonel and colonel there is a second elimination point, this one known as selection for the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania (or, less demanding intellectually, but more prestigious, the National War College in Washington, D.C.). At the war college in 1970, about one third of the 184 students were West Point graduates (the percentage is usually 50 percent), and selection is regarded as a virtual certainty that the officer is on his way to a star; only one fifth of the C&GS graduates are selected for the war college, which is theoretically more theoretical than Leavenworth. Its course of instruction involves high

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What they remember, is . . . the bitch wife of General A who roamed the post like the Queen of Sheba.

strategy, civil-military relations, and the workings of the joint staff and senior commands, like SHAPE. It is a touch more reflective than the other "colleges," but not much. To graduate, a man is obliged to write a thesis.

The routes upward from war college are numerous. A man may go to command a brigade in Vietnam, or if he has his star, may become an assistant division commander. Command of a military assistance advisory group used to be bad, but now it is good (and will become better, since Congress is in the process of cutting back military missions abroad). In today's atmosphere, almost anything having to do with "politics" is a valuable credential (there is some dispute on this point; not all army men would agree); the obverse of that, also valuable, is a responsible post in Combat Development Command or Army Material Command. But after the star, an officer's advancement is almost entirely a question of his record, his own abilities as they are perceived by senior officers, and (not least) whom he knows, or who knows him. It is there that the real mysteries begin, and there are very few generalities that are very useful. John J. Tolson III, now a lieutenant general commanding XVIII Airborne Corps at Bragg, thought his career was definitely sidetracked when as a brigadier he was made chief of the MAAG in Ethiopia; he does not think so now. The one constant is the desirability of a combat command, and a distinguished record while in it, including the appropriate badges. "A helluva war record" is a ticket like no other, although alone it will not take a man much beyond bird colonel. But it can compensate for other things. Or it used to.

All of this sounds a bit bloodless, a man proceeding according to a computer print-out. Provoke officers to reminisce about their times in lower grades, and a different picture emerges. It is the continual struggle to subvert the system or, more charitably, to put it to work for you. Hovering over all of it is the efficiency report, a document resembling a high school multiple-choice quiz; a senior officer rates all the men in his command, on attitude, on obedience, on intelligence, on *ability to do the job*. It is meant to be an objective test, but it is not—can't be, since the judgments are human ones. But at the lower grades, unless a man is something of a celebrity, the ER's are the only things a selection board has to go by; if a man wants to get on, he goes along with his superior officer, which means making few waves. What they remember, the successful ones, is how a friend here in DCSPER or there in CONARC got an assignment changed, how General X helped Colonel Y around Regulation Z. What they remember, too, is the difficult son of a bitch at Leavenworth who left for the golf course every day at three thirty and expected you to do all the work and cover for him, or the bitch wife of General A who roamed the post like the Queen of Sheba. "Jesus, they sent around a mimeographed sheet to all the junior wives just before the reception," the major recalled, "and damned if one wife wasn't detailed to follow this broad around with an *ashtray*. I mean like a Nubian slave or something."

They reminisce about the times at Lewis and Benning, and the boredom of the peacetime Army; or sometimes worse, the stateside tour at the beginning of a war. Every few months there is a new colonel's list or a BG list, and over morning coffee, the man and his wife read down it to see who won: my God, *that bastard made it.* And checking over the career to see what it was that had gotten bird for him. Near the bottom of his class at the Academy ("Well, that's no barrier in this Army"), no command, no people's hero badges. Ah, that's it. ADC/COMUSMACTHAI (Aide-de-camp, Commander of U.S. Military Assistance Command, Thailand). General's aide. Someone was looking after him all right, and then the thumb going down the list; all of it rational, if you understand the system. Ninety percent of the guys there had all the requirements, the command, the badges, the good assignments, the mentors; West Point, C&GS, the war college, a tour at DCSOPS, M.A. in business administration from Arizona State, *battalion commander in South Vietnam.* And then, the list runs out, the wife goes to the telephone to congratulate the fortunate wives. Next time around, her husband thinks. But it's tough to put a good face on it. In the American Army everyone learns about everything at the same time. A man could only hope that there wouldn't be a party like the one at Benning a few years ago. Some guy had made colonel and his wife rented a room at the officers' club and rigged up a throne and posted a sign, KING FOR A DAY.

You can get most of that out of your mind in the field, when you are actually fighting a war, but stateside it is what you think about. Promotion. If you screw up, it can take you years to recover and mostly you never do. One man who did said defiantly: "I can look myself in the face in the morning." Screwing up can become its own reward, if you are a certain type of man: Take *me,* they will say, I'm a rebel, never conformed, and I've paid for it. Very seldom is there any bitterness toward the Army, so strong are the institutional ties. Like a college boy rejected by the best fraternity on campus, many of the men who drop behind secretly believe that the Army is probably right. Lieutenant Colonel Edward King, who hated the war in Vietnam and requested retirement after twenty years in the Army

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rather than serve in it, is harshly critical. King, whose record is excellent, sent a memorandum to Stanley Resor, the Secretary of the Army, and said what a number of his colleagues only think: "It is impossible to render honest, beneficial service to the nation or the Army in the atmosphere of fear, repression, injustice, and selfish career promotion and advancement-seeking that flourishes within the command levels of the U.S. Army." King believes that it is morally and professionally repugnant for a man to lead troops in Vietnam simply because it is a valuable credential in DCSPER's dossier. For its part, the Army asked King to undergo a psychiatric examination.

The system seems to wear most men as smooth as a beach pebble. In an institution as complicated as the American Army, nothing is more excellent than sheer competence. The slogans reflect it: *No problems, zero defects.* The man who can make it work without making waves is a prize beyond value. It is a system of such rigid hierarchy that the young rebel must be consciously protected, taken under the wing of a senior man in order to survive. The Army will take its most talented battalion commanders and make them staff men in order to serve the system; it will insist that talented staff men command battalions, because a lieutenant colonel who has not been blooded is like a surgeon who has not operated. Thrust into a job, either at command or at staff, the officer is circumscribed by so many rules and regulations that he is rarely able to display either initiative or innovation. Innovation is not an OK word in the Army. The most thoughtful officers have a common complaint, in its most extreme form the heretical notion (as Dawkins once put it in an article) of "the freedom to fail."

But the Army is not a college classroom, still less a debating society, and those who command must do so with certainty. A grasp of the facts. Between ideas and facts, the wise officer chooses facts, because facts can be weighed and measured. Ideas are splendid, so long as they do not run counter to doctrine . . .

"No, that isn't right," the lieutenant colonel told the instructor at C&GS. The class had just been given a résumé of a battle in the Korean War. The class had been told to work out the right solution, and the lieutenant colonel had worked out the wrong one.

"Yes, it is," the instructor had said.

"No. I was there. I was at that battle. Your solution could not possibly have worked."

"Nevertheless, it is doctrine . . ."

An incalculable irony, then, that the sad science of warfare, the most uncertain and ambiguous science—art, craft, whatever—tends to produce in America the most rigid-minded men. They will set up a scenario at C&GS, this one a mock invasion of Rumania. They will install computers, and work out the war games as close to reality as they can. All the units are there, and both sides have their doctrine. But the instructor admits that he cannot allow for the lucky accident; nor for such factors as morale, brilliance, or unforeseen disaster. How close to the real world is it? the instructor is asked. Smiling: "About 50 percent."

Reflection tends to produce doubt, and doubt is not the hallmark of the successful commander. Neither is irony. Who wants Jonathan Swift out there on point, mixing it up with the Cong?

There is a serious practical point to be made, and it is this: the process, beginning at West Point and proceeding through the efficiency reports to C&GS and the war college and particularly rooted in the requirements of combat, results in the virtual deification of general officers. The root of it is the combat Army, because orders under fire are meant to be obeyed without question and often without comment. The combat atmosphere has been made universal, and the underling—the colonel or lieutenant colonel or major—is frozen out of decision. It is an entirely different psychology from that in American business or the professions, which are also hierarchical in structure. The reason is that a young businessman or lawyer can quit if he strongly disapproves of policy; he can quit and go somewhere else, but an army officer cannot. There is only one U.S. Army, and a man either serves in it or resigns from it. If he resigns, he goes into a new line of work. For the general, it is as if the route upward were so compromising that once there he would be obliged to continue looking over his shoulder, wary about who might be gaining. Surrender a sliver of authority, and you are back at bird or below. Beyond that, the Army invests the system with a sense of infallibility. The system does not go wrong; the Army never lost a war. There is only one word to describe the aura: sanctity.

No wonder that the younger men are frustrated, because the system does not permit them a decisive voice. A colonel relates a conversation with a four-star general: "It was Harold K. Johnson, and I really told him what we were doing wrong in Vietnam. . . ." This is said with an extraordinary pride and sense of heavy moral courage, the military equivalent to banging on the corporation president's desk and demanding a change in company policy. The longer the colonel talked, the plainer it became that the conversation had been muted; the critique had been delivered with discre-

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tion and tact. You do not quarrel with generals or tell them they are wrong. The response to it is either fury or the patronizing smile, the nod: Yes, *Colonel*, now to continue . . .

It produces an isolation of the highest ranks, an isolation both from the rank and file of the Army and the rank and file of society. Respect for authority in the minor things, the saluting and the spit and polish, becomes slavishness in the major things. It is not endemic to all armies, as anyone who has watched the British Army can attest. Two aspects, then: the first an unhealthy climate of caste surrounding general officers, the second the inability of lower-ranking officers to use their most energetic years in productive work. There is a third side to the point, which is that the Army is relentlessly anti-intellectual, as distinguished from being anti-brains. Brains do not lock a man out, imagination does. The system does not yield to it, any more than it does to doubt; ideas are tested not in give and take, but in their conformity to doctrine. And the doctrine, the *what* and *how* of military policy, is decided by these senior men, generals, who have laboriously made their way through the system; many of them are excellent men, intelligent and honorable and skillful, but they have a personal and professional interest in the status quo. Deny the status quo, and you deny your own career.

Much of the army tradition in 1970 seems almost quaint, stemming partly from the Southern military tradition in America, which is reflected now in a certain courtliness of manner among the Southern soldiers. William Westmoreland is one example, although his virtues are popularly associated with the Middle West: rectitude, honor, selflessness. Westmoreland once said in an interview that he never thought (I think he meant schemed) about his career or how to advance in the system: "I just did my job to the best of my ability." When he was a major general, and superintendent of West Point, he refused a third star so he could stay on at the Academy a third year, to "finish what I had started." Westmoreland's virtues are scarcely believable, unless you know Westmoreland. He is representative of much of the best and some of the worst in the army system, not at all the man to direct a war under the confusing conditions of Vietnam, which is possibly a very high compliment to pay an American general. On the other side is George Patton, whose roots were also Southern, who Hemingway claimed never told the truth; the Army is fond of remembering Patton as a knight errant.

The traditions wind back through the army families, "the heads of the families" to use the mafiosi term. They are Woodruffs, Stanleys, Echolses, Raymonds, Shattucks, Bonesteels, Stebbinses, Mileys, Paulses, Hewitts, Armstrongs, Fosters, Donnells, Langs, Millers, Muirs, and Marshalls, and those are only some who date back three generations or more at West Point. Example: Captain Brink Miller, USMA '64, goes back five generations at the Academy. His father, Frank Miller, is presently a major general, and his grandfather retired a major general. His great-great-great grandfather graduated from West Point in 1836.

There are twenty-two sons of generals through the West Point connection alone,[1] and if one should eliminate the Academy, the list would probably double. It appears that the tradition is not being carried forward into the present generation. Of those generals listed, only three (Bonesteel, Carter, and Boye) have sons at West Point. At any event, probably only journalism and law, and possibly medicine, parallel the successful father-son syndrome in the American military. There is no equivalent in the U.S. government.

If one is looking for support of conspiracy theories, one can find them among the heads of the families, relentlessly white, indomitably middle-class, thoroughly traditional. The military dons set the tone and style of the institution, for the insiders as well as the outsiders. But the Army has grown too big for them to dominate it; too big and too rich and too significant, and so the elite, so-called, is a much more complicated matter than the fact that a man comes from a four-generation military family. It is obvious that there is something of a West Point conspiracy, elements of preference and privilege, all of it proceeding logically, more or less according to Karl Marx. Much more mysterious, and therefore interesting because they defy logic, are associations within the Army itself. These are mostly associations having to do with warfare. The best example is the airborne club.

A very considerable mystique surrounds the para-

[1] In today's Army, General Charles H. Bonesteel, General George S. Brown, Lieutenant General Marshall Carter, Lieutenant General Lucius D. Clay, Jr., Major General Frederick W. Boye, Jr., Major General Robert W. Strong, Major General John T. Honeycutt, Major General Alexander D. Surles, Major General Fillmore J. Mearns, Major General Charles W. Ryder, Jr., Major General William E. Shedd III, Major General Darrie H. Richards, Brigadier General George S. Patton III, Brigadier General James S. Timothy, Brigadier General Frank Clay, Brigadier General Lawrence V. Greene, Brigadier General Michael Greene, Brigadier General Willis Crittenberger, Brigadier General Robert C. Marshall, Brigadier General Geoffrey Cheadle, Brigadier General Sam Walker, and Brigadier General Claude M. McQuarrie, Jr., are all West Point sons of West Point generals.

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The airborne club–you can call it a cult–began in the quiet years before World War II.

trooper, who is a soldier trained to jump out of airplanes. The airborne club—you can call it a cult—began in the quiet years before World War II. General James Gavin, the most celebrated of the American paratroopers (he always jumped first), tells the story this way: "I graduated from West Point in '29, and rode horses a lot in the nineteen thirties. A small group of cadets were invited to take equitation, and I thought then that there was no future in horses but, what the hell, it was romantic. I rode horses a lot in the nineteen thirties. You've got to understand that the infantry was stuck in the mud, and the cav—well, in the cav you had to make snap decisions. The cav was the one thing that was venturesome, and when the airborne came along, that was that. The paras were all former cav men. The others had potbellies. The paras had the challenge, and it was just like jumping horses. You come to a jump and that horse would be there, tense, and you'd ease him over the rail. Hell, you'd just ride him in. Well, the paratroopers were like that and I told the young officers of the 82nd Airborne that they were the future leadership of the Army. But it was a normal thing, nothing surprising. The paratroops were physically demanding, intellectually challenging."

No one, then or now, provoked the aura of the romantic leader more than Taylor, Gavin, McAuliffe, and Ridgeway did. The historian and journalist S.L.A. Marshall wrote about the heroics in a book called *Night Drop*, an account of the airborne assault behind the lines on D-Day. Here is Marshall's description of Ridgeway:

> The reaction of Big Matt Ridgeway to Ste. Mere's noontime tranquillity, growing out of the German recoil, could be only one way. As nature abhors a vacuum, Ridgeway loathes inaction in the face of a possible offensive opportunity. His generalship has no room for the housemaidenly rule that there must always be a pause to tidy up the field; he keeps going. Hard on soldiers? To the contrary, his perpetual drive, his habitual boring forward to the zone of personally aimed fire, his inquiring mind, and his persistent question to any subordinate, "Do you know anything that will help me right now?" are among the virtues that endear him to people on the foxhole line. Americans detest wasteful generalship and instinctively recognize it. But they need to know they are commanded by a Man—this above all!

To dig back into the records of the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions in World War II is to find an astonishing number of young majors and colonels who in the nineteen fifties and nineteen sixties rose to general officer, and collectively ran the Army. The leaders set the tone and style. Maxwell Taylor, commander of the 101st Airborne Division, became superintendent of West Point directly after the war and rose to be Chief of Staff in the nineteen fifties, and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and personal adviser to two Presidents in the nineteen sixties. Ridgeway, airborne corps commander in World War II, ran the war in Korea, and after it became Chief of Staff (he preceded Taylor). Gavin, the commanding general of the 82nd Airborne Division in World War II, rose to lieutenant general and in the mid-nineteen fifties occupied the central position of chief of the Army's research and development.

The junior men, operating under the aegis of their seniors, fared just as well. Four of Taylor's protégés in the wartime 101st were Ewell, Cassidy, Michaelis, and Kinnard. Julian Ewell, successively a battalion and regimental commander of the 101st, is now at three stars and commanding a corps in South Vietnam; Patrick Cassidy, a battalion commander and regimental executive officer in the 101st, is now a lieutenant general and chairman of the board of engineers for rivers and harbors; John H. Michaelis, a battalion and regimental commander with the 101st, is now a four-star general commanding the 8th U.S. Army in Korea; Harry Kinnard, as a lieutenant colonel the G-3 (operations) of Taylor's division, rose to three stars before he retired in 1969. Similarly, Gavin's 82nd Airborne. John Norton, the G-3 (operations) of the 82nd, is now a major general and presently deputy commander of Project MASSTER, a quiet but very high priority army operation at Fort Hood. Reuben H. Tucker, commander of the 504th regiment of the 82nd Airborne, rose to major general and among other assignments was the chief of the MAAG mission in Laos. Osmund Leahy, an 82nd battalion commander, is now a major general and commander of the Institute of Land Combat. Melvin Zais, who joined Gavin just after the war, is now a lieutenant general commanding XXIV Corps in Vietnam.

In the nineteen fifties, Ridgeway, Taylor, and Gavin were all at the height of their influence. Airborne men were strategically placed in the army bureaucracy: Francis Farrell was G-3 (logistics), Kinnard was running the Airborne Board, and a brigadier named William Westmoreland was the deputy G-1 (personnel) for the Army. Westmoreland was something of a protégé of both Taylor's and Gavin's (unusual, since Taylor and Gavin were rivals). Later, in the late nineteen fifties and nineteen sixties, a second group would center on Kinnard, who in Vietnam was the commander of the 1st Cavalry Division (Air Mobile). They were generals Beatty, Roberts, Brown, and Moore. Roberts is currently the commander of the 1st Cav, and Moore, as a colonel, was one of Kinnard's most energetic brigade comman-

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ders. Of them all, Westmoreland was recognized as the Chief of Staff of the future.

Gavin recalls that he first met Westmoreland as a captain. "One trooper would say to another, 'That guy is going to be Chief of Staff,'" Gavin said, and then smiled. "Well, they used to say that about me, too." After the war, Westmoreland became a staff officer of Gavin's 82nd. He went on to the army staff, and from there to the coveted command of the 101st Airborne Division in 1958, superintendent of West Point in 1960, COMUSMACV in 1964, and Army Chief of Staff in 1968. It is perhaps a bit much to add that the current Vice Chief of Staff, Bruce Palmer, Jr., was assistant commander of the 82nd Airborne in 1961. And perhaps more than a bit much to say that with the exception of only three men—General Forsythe, Lieutenant General Cassidy, and Lieutenant General Zais—all of the above-mentioned members of the airborne club are West Point graduates.

Cyrus Vance, the New York lawyer who was Secretary of the Army in the early nineteen sixties, and an excellent witness on these matters, remembers that the paratroopers quickly came to the notice of the Kennedy Administration. "People in the airborne had style, zeal, and motivation. They knew it, and knew where they wanted to go. They were strong, highly motivated, and walked into a power vacuum in 1960. The Army needed people to give it a thrust, and it was a damn good thing that we had the airborne types there. The danger, of course, was that it would get out of hand." The irony is that the airborne concept had only barely proven itself in World War II. The 82nd's jump behind the lines at Normandy was a near disaster, and the operation at Sicily scarcely better. Jumping out of airplanes, as a critic later put it, was romantic as hell, but also dangerous and wasteful of lives; what it did was put a very high premium on bravery of a certain kind. Willard Pearson is not simply engaging in sentiment when he says that paratroopers are the best men to command. But it has nothing to do with the fact that they jump out of airplanes. It is that all paratroopers are volunteers, and the training is exceedingly rigorous. The units are tougher, and the commanders magnetic.

The Kennedys were attracted to Maxwell Taylor largely on the basis of dash. A former official of the Administration gave this account:

"Well, he was a good soldier, and the idea was that he would come to the White House to sort of interpret the military to Kennedy."

"How would he do that?"

"He spoke the language. He, ah, had a hell of a distinguished record."

"Right, but what commended Taylor to Kennedy?"

Glumly: "The President liked him. He was a dashing, handsome guy, and the President liked him. Max Taylor is a very, very talented man. A bit rigid perhaps . . . well, rigid as hell. But he's an excellent soldier."

"And?"

Smiling: "It was personal, strictly personal. Kennedy liked to talk to him, that's all. They enjoyed each other's company."

Ditto the airborne: Personal, strictly personal. In 1969, the proud 101st Airborne Division became the 101st Airborne Division (Air Mobile). Helicopters replaced parachutes, and now generals are learning to fly.

"My generation," Major General Jack Deane was saying, "my generation grew up in a period of pressure. We pressed beyond ourselves. I was commanding a battalion at age twenty-seven. We made up for the lack of experience with work. I didn't have time to play catch with my sons or go on camping trips." Deane, now the commander of the 82nd Airborne Division, looked straight across the desk, as if to verify there would be no misinterpretation. "Anyway, now you've got unisex and the boys wearing their hair like girls. But out there, in Vietnam, that same boy is charging with the rest of them. He is so great, so great it makes tears come to your eyes."

Deane is small of stature and looks Irish. Now he smiled and said that his daughter had just married. They held the wedding reception at Bragg, and Deane arranged for the Airborne Chorus to serenade the guests. "I didn't want them to sing, goddamnit, 'Porgy and Bess' or 'Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair.' Instead, I got them to sing 'This Is My Country,' 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and 'America the Beautiful.' Well, we had seventy or eighty people there, people in their seventies all the way down to the late teens or so. I have never seen the chorus so well received. Never. The first part of it, the audience was all choked up. I saw tears streaming down people's faces."

Patriotism, he said. "It's *there* all right, the problem is to bring it out." Then he began to talk about the leak (I would call it a hemorrhage) of talented officers from the Army. He said that pay was part of the problem, although the worst of it was that the army officer wasn't respected; not like he used to be, not like the old days. What the hell, Deane said, he felt it and he was a major general. But the money was part of it, too. "I like to give a little money to my kids' colleges, and give them a little money from time to time. Get a car or . . . like that. I like to go to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands

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myself. It gives me a lot of pleasure." Deane paused for a moment. We had been talking in his office, and he excused himself because he had to perform a promotion ceremony. He had to pin captain's bars on his aide.

The new captain and his wife and her mother came into the office, smiling self-consciously. A photographer from the Public Information Office was there, and waited a bit to one side while Deane got the captain's bars out and ready. He looked around the room and talked for a minute about his aide, who he said was a fine young officer who had earned his promotion. On an impulse, Deane handed the bars to the captain's wife, a very pretty dark-haired girl in a miniskirt. She looked young enough to be in high school, and she approached her husband slowly and shyly. He was tall and blond and standing at attention in front of Deane's desk, nervous and looking dead ahead as his wife reached up to pin the silver bars on his epaulets. She had trouble getting them in place. Everyone in the room was smiling, the general, the girl, the girl's mother. The camera was clicking, and when the bars were finally fixed, the girl stood on tiptoe to kiss her husband. There was an awkward moment after that, as they prepared to leave. Then there were handshakes all around, and the general had to clear his throat before proceeding with the interview.

One is surrounded by it. Reveille in the morning, and taps in the evening, the words dimly remembered.

Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day,
Cometh night;
And a star,
Leadeth all
To their rest.

. . . the sound of aircraft overhead, sentences punctuated with *sir*. A man's medals are reminders of where he has been, and what he has seen (the Purple Heart, the colonel had said, "you can't fake *that* one"), his career laid out on his chest, and his rank in life signaled by bars or leaves or eagles or stars. And the post itself, not IBM or General Motors or any civilian town, but a military post; military police and olive drab automobiles and orderlies, and the long row of brick houses, each identical to the other, except for the CG's house, which has a tiny wing on it, a sunporch. Friends, one known first at the Pentagon, another at Leavenworth, a third overseas somewhere. Chapel on Sundays, a nondenominational creed so relentlessly military that the National Council of Churches once complained that the services were establishing a separate religion. There, on the parade ground now, recruits drilling, *hut, hoo, he, hoa*. All of it very tight, close, run by common rules and principles, and everyone subscribes. The Army. Love it or leave it.

Fort Bragg in late winter is a bleak place, but coming slowly into spring, a North Carolina promise. In a helicopter with Fly Flanagan that afternoon, one watched the land roll away to the west, dark green with wide marked places which were the drop zones for helicopter trainees. That was HALO.

"HALO?"

"High altitude, low opening," General Flanagan said.

The drop zones were all named for World War II maneuvers of the 82nd Airborne: Ste. Mère Eglise, Sicily, the others. The chopachopachopachopa of the helicopter and the smell of electricity and fuel were heavily reminiscent of Vietnam, the land below resembling III Corps, Tayninh Province west of Saigon. Flanagan was flying to Camp Mackall, to inspect the Special Forces training camp. Eat a few rattlesnakes, someone had joked, slit a few throats. The helicopter was making a wide turn, and Flanagan was looking down at the camp. We had been talking about generals, and he shook his head slowly. He said that a hell of a lot of generals' sons had been killed in Vietnam. It was really terrible, he said, and rattled off five or six names. He said that he thought what happened was that a boy tried to emulate his old man, the World War II hero with stars on his shoulders and maybe a DSC or a silver star and v-buttons, and war stories deep in his memory. He hesitated there and spoke briefly about family separations, the long periods in the field without family, and then admitted that he had not been able to spend as much time with his own sons as he had wished. But you went where the Army told you to go, and went without delay, and sometimes the other things had to go by the boards. But it was a hell of a shame. I had learned that a number of generals' sons had gone the other way, rejected all of it, everything their fathers stood for. I mentioned a few names to Flanagan and he nodded; the son of one man dropped out in Vermont somewhere, another leading antiwar demonstrations on the coast, a third an embittered enlisted man, now in Vietnam and promising to join a commune later.

Flanagan shook his head glumly. The Army gave you something, he said. But took something away, too. □

To be concluded in the November ATLANTIC

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THE INVISIBLE NATION

A Story by Jon Swan

We could choose whether we wanted the walls painted bright yellow or sky blue. I wanted it bright in there so it would look like the sun was shining even when it wasn't. There were only three votes for bright yellow. The rest of the class was for sky blue. That was the same day they said there was a new principal. We were glad to hear there was a new principal, but they shouldn't have asked us about what color we wanted the walls if they knew they weren't going to paint them. Instead, they said the money would go into buying playground equipment, something every child could use and enjoy, and an outdoor drinking fountain since we didn't have one. The walls in our room are yellow, but not bright yellow. They're closer to brown. The ceiling is full of long cracks. Flakes fall when there's a fire drill or when the whole school has to get down on the floor under their desks. When the drill's over you'd think it had snowed and the snow had got dirty on the way down.

* * *

I wish that instead of getting a new jungle gym and a fountain they had got a new art teacher. I can't draw very well, but I love drawing horses, so sometimes I put a horse in a house looking out a window. She says that I'm old enough to know better, and what I don't say is that if I'm old enough to know better maybe I do. People don't know what to do at home. They're always telling you to be quiet or to pick up, or watching TV, but horses would have fun in a house. If they got bored they could kick down the walls and in one jump be out in the country. So now I put people in my houses, but she doesn't like them very much either. She says they look ugly. What I don't say is that my people are her.

* * *

We got in the bus today and there was a new driver. He didn't know where to let us off and we didn't tell him either, so we drove for hours and hours, up the long hill and around all the back roads. He kept asking if we lived here or there, and we all just shook our heads and went on singing, and by then it was night and his lights didn't work. So he got out, and said he was going to walk to the nearest house and phone. Then he shut the door from the outside, and locked it so we couldn't get out, and walked off. As soon as he was gone we opened the windows and climbed out. We played hide and seek until we couldn't see each other anymore. We were way out in the country where nobody had ever been before. We turned the bus into a house. We hunted, and the girls cooked. We spent the whole day out hunting. When we came back our clothes were all torn, so the girls made us clothes out of deerskins. I was the only one who knew how to make a fire. I wasn't the chief though. When I said I knew how to make a fire, I said I would make it on one condition, that we would never have a chief, or if we did, then just for a day. A chief doesn't have to listen to anybody if he doesn't want to, I said, and that's why people want to be chief. When our old principal used to talk to me he never listened to a word I said, or else he would tell me what I meant when I said something, and he was always wrong. That wasn't what I meant, but you can't talk to people when you know they've got a ruler in the top drawer. Even if he doesn't even take it out you get so scared you say the wrong thing every time. Which is why I didn't want us to have any chief. When I explained this everybody agreed. I gave my speech at night, around our campfire. We didn't stand up when we spoke. Sometimes you couldn't tell where the voice was coming from. I used to wish the fire would speak. It did once, all about colors and how they felt and where flames are trying to go when they fly up, and that fire was our friend, our best friend on earth together with water, and that most people didn't know this until the minute they died, when they turned into fire and water and dirt. We all sat around the fire, listening to the fire telling its story, and now maybe you wonder if any of this is true, and it isn't. I was just telling a story too, about the day our bus got lost. It never got lost. We always get let out at the right place, and when a bus stops all the cars behind it have to stop too.

* * *

When I asked the teacher what indivisible meant, she said it was something you couldn't divide. Then she said it meant one, but what I didn't say was you can divide one too, and that she had taught us how herself.

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I used to think it meant invisible, like God, which comes right after that, and that we lived in an invisible nation under Him. My mother says you can see God when you're dead though. When she turned out the light I thought it would be funny if He couldn't see us when we're alive either. I would like to be invisible sometimes, even if only to God. In geography class, when the teacher starts talking about some faraway place like India, sometimes I shut my eyes, and feel myself getting smaller and smaller until I'm not in the room anymore but over in some city she's talking about, and as long as I keep my eyes shut and can see the shops and the people and the holy monkeys and the people lying in the streets, I feel I'm invisible to everybody in class because I'm not there. As soon as she starts talking about crops and climate though, there I am right back in that crummy room. Instead of buying us a new jungle gym they should let us all go over to India. We would learn more that way. I would keep my eyes wide open! Yesterday I shut my eyes too long and fell asleep. I guess the bell rang before the teacher noticed because nobody called my name or pulled my hair. When I opened my eyes the walls looked red. Everybody looked red, including our teacher.

* * *

Three of us have races around the building sometimes. One stands by the back door and one runs around the building one way and the other the other way. You're really only supposed to play out on the playground behind the school, but that only makes us run faster so nobody will see us. A ramp goes up each side, and there aren't many windows on the sides, so you don't need to worry too much about anybody seeing you there. It's around the front where you really have to run. There are lots of windows and only a few bushes and then the front stairs. You can usually tell who's going to win by where you meet in front. If you've already passed the stairs and he's only made it to the flagpole, you can be pretty sure you're going to win. But you can't slow down because anything can happen. The janitor can come out the side door, or one of the teachers may be standing out there, like the one who was crying once when I ran past. Then you have to slow down and pretend you're looking for something. Like you lost your lunch money or a milk ticket or something. But nobody came out, and I was running hard, and when I came around the back I knocked a girl over and she fell down and started crying. Some teachers came running over, including our gym instructor, who looked at the girl and then started shaking my shoulders and asking me questions. I didn't even know the girl's name. One of the teachers led her away. The gym instructor walked away too, but the bigger boys, who'd been throwing a football with him, stayed behind. They put their arms around my shoulders like we were all pals and led me over to the drinking fountain. They said, how could I do such a thing? I said I didn't mean to and that I didn't even know the girl's name. Then they made a circle around me so nobody could see, and then three of them picked me up and laid me down with my back against the sharp point in the middle of the drinking fountain. Then the one who was holding my arms pushed down and the other two pulled my legs down. It felt like the point was digging a hole right into my backbone. They said if I yelled they'd do it even harder. But finally I couldn't help it. I screamed. They all started laughing very loud as if it was all a joke and let me down and walked away. My back hurt. I tried not to cry. My shirt was all wet in back and so were my pants, but when I touched myself my hand wasn't red. It was only water. Actually, this didn't happen to me at recess. They did it to me one night when my father and I went to a basketball game. They caught me out in the hall on my way back from the boy's room. They chased me all the way down the hall and out into the playground, and that's when they did it. But I could never figure out why, because they all went to high school and I'd never seen them before, and maybe if I hadn't started running they never would have chased me and hurt my back like that. When I tell the story I make it happen right after I knocked that girl down, because then it makes sense.

* * *

After that, I started picking worms up off the driveway after a rain. I throw them back onto the grass. I know they don't have backbones and that you can even cut them up and parts of them will live, but they look helpless lying there on the asphalt or on the sidewalks downtown, and it only takes a second to bend over and pick them up and toss them back onto the grass. I thought my father would laugh at me but he didn't. He says they help air out the earth, which needs to breathe too, and that when they die they make the earth richer. I'd never thought of the earth breathing. It must be asleep. I like to think of it dreaming about those cities I go to when I shut my eyes in geography. Except, where would they be if it ever woke up? In spring, all the country roads break up. They call what happens frost heaves. Some are so deep the driver has to stop and shift to get across, but when he's in a hurry and goes over fast, we all bounce until our heads practically bang against the top. You can tell something's alive down there. If it can break an asphalt road apart when it's sound asleep, think of what it could do if it ever woke up! I wish it would. We have the news on when we eat at six.

* * *

Riddle: What has three feet and can't walk?

(A yardstick.)

Riddle: What light has three lights and only one works at a time?

(A traffic light.)

Riddle: If you were in a cave and a big boulder that was too heavy for you to move fell over the only way out, how would you get out?

(Be a big bore and get out that way.)

I read the first one in a book. My friend made up the second one. And I made up the last one in class when I was staring up at the ceiling. With

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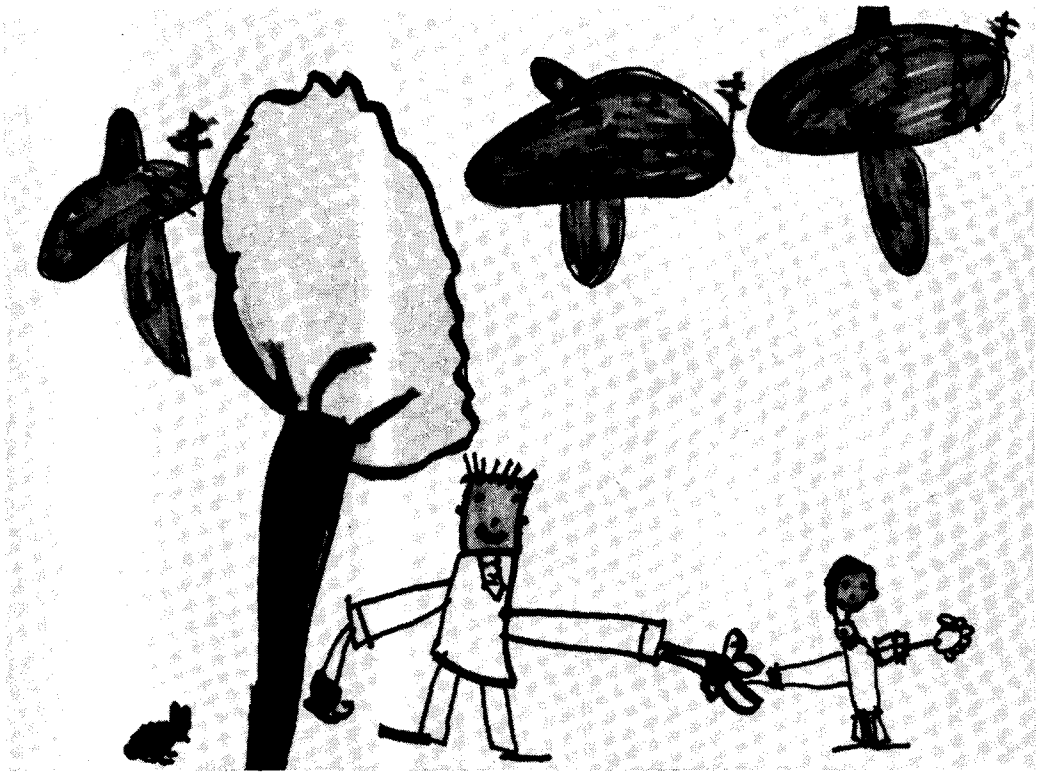

all those cracks it looked like a cave that could cave in any minute. Sometimes, when a jet goes over low enough, like they did on makeup day, big chunks fall out. We were all out on the playground when they went over. It was on a Saturday. We were making up for all those days we lost because of the snow that was so deep the regular snowplows couldn't handle it and they had to use bulldozers. My father and I were walking down the road to pick up some eggs and milk at a neighbor's farm when suddenly we heard a tremendous noise, but we couldn't see where it was coming from. Then we saw a whole mountain of snow coming at us down just below the curve. You couldn't see the bulldozer. All you could see was this big wall of snow moving along very slowly. We had been snowed in for five days. When the bulldozer got close we had to get way off to the side, practically in the woods. We saw a hole in the snow. My father said rabbits lived in there in a little cave they dig and that this was only one tunnel. Then the bulldozer went by and it was easy to walk and when we came back with the milk and eggs the whole road up to our driveway was plowed out. My father said, well that's the end of that road! The bulldozer had scraped up rocks and cut some right in two. Some of the banks, on the sides, were ten feet tall. I made lots of angels. My father wrote words in the snow with a stick. He said that when the snow melted the words would sink into the ground, or run off to the sea, or go up into the clouds, since we were made out of dirt and water and air, and so were our words, but our best words turn into fire. Sometimes I start a story like that and he goes on with it, or he starts one and I go on with it, but on the way down he didn't want to talk. He said snow made him want to be quiet. It was when we heard the bulldozer that he started talking, and we made up those stories about what the rabbits would do if they couldn't get out and about angels and words.

Anyway, on that makeup day we were all out on the playground when three jets came over. I've never heard anything like it. The bulldozer wasn't half as loud. They came over so low it looked like they were going to hit the trees and crash in the playground. I was swinging. It looked like my feet were going to hit the bottom of the middle jet. I got off the swing fast. You saw them right overhead, and then the noise came. They came over three times. Everybody looked scared. I thought it was pretty dumb of the teachers to just stand there. You're supposed to run for shelter, or lie flat on the ground, or hide behind something like they do on TV. We all talked about it back in class. My teacher said there was no reason to hide or take shelter because they were our own airplanes and were just practicing. I said we should have practiced too. Practiced what? she said. Practiced hiding. She said there was no reason for that, that there was no reason to be frightened except for the noise, and that anyway, they hadn't meant to scare us. They probably hadn't even seen us they were going so fast. Then she told us to put our heads down on our desks and rest for three minutes, and she put on a record, and we all rested. When I woke up I looked at the flakes on my desk, and this time when I opened my eyes the flakes looked white as snow, and the walls looked white, and my teacher's face was white as chalk, and I thought, I told her we should have hidden, because now we were all dead. □

Mr. Swan's poems have appeared in a number of magazines and his plays performed in Seattle and off-Broadway.

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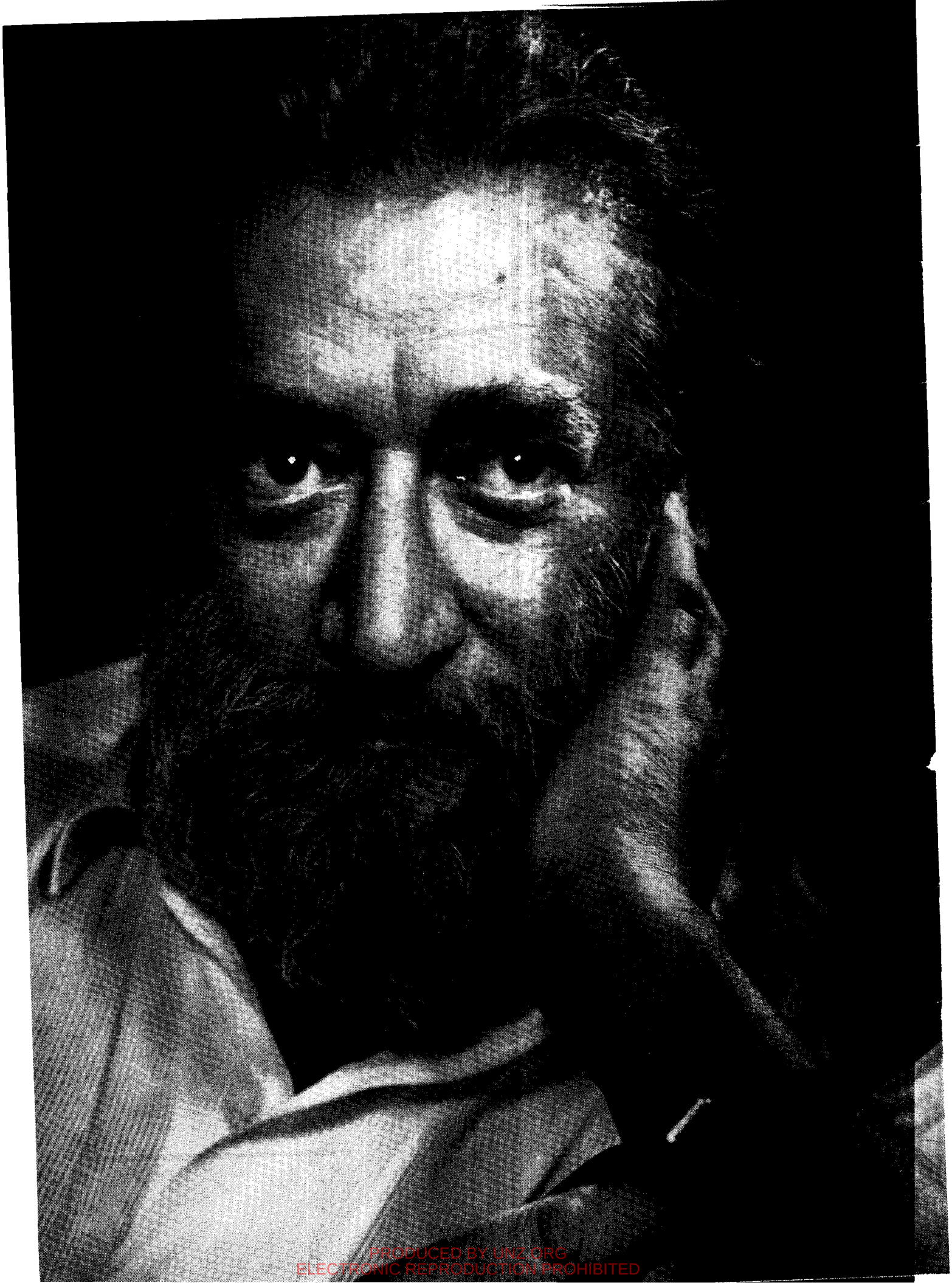

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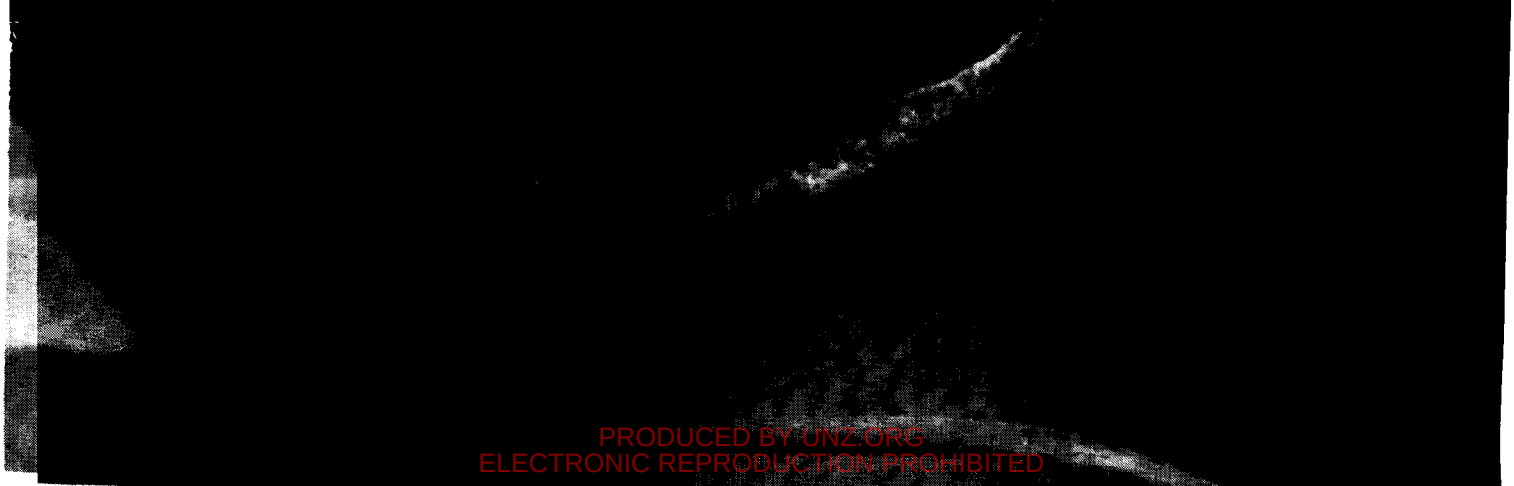

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FALSE GOD

by Robert Jay Lifton

Think of the bomb as a deity—"an all-powerful force, capable of both apocalyptic destruction and unlimited creation"—and everything's all right.

Isn't it?

One cannot really think seriously about Hiroshima without raising questions about nuclear weapons in general, and their influence upon that ultimate boundary between death and life. I approach the problem not in terms of the specific physical destructive power of these weapons, but of our psychological—in the broadest sense, symbolic—responses to them. For man's mental processes are such that he never notes or records a fact, a thing, or an event in a totally passive way. Rather he inwardly re-creates, gives inner form to, every fact, thing, or event that impresses itself upon him. This inner re-creation, his bringing something to whatever he observes or feels, is what makes man a symbolizing creature, and a formative one as well. So when I speak of his symbolic and formative responses to nuclear weapons, I am really speaking of the kind of imprint these weapons make upon his mind. And with weapons whose capacity to kill is so great as to approach infinity, only the naïve and the deluded could claim that this imprint does not, in some important way, alter the general boundaries of death and life.

Unfortunately, the impact of the weapons themselves can also foster precisely such naïveté and delusion in the most dangerous ways, as I shall in a moment suggest. But I want first to say something about man's general approach to the fact of his own death, and about a theory of symbolic immortality I have attempted to develop. For I would claim that man requires a *sense* of immortality in the face of inevitable biological death. This sense of immortality need not be merely a denial of the fact of his death, though man is certainly prone to such a denial. It also represents a compelling, universal urge to maintain an inner sense of continuity, over time and space, with the various elements of life. This sense of immortality is man's way of experiencing his connection with all of human history. We can speak of it in relationship to five general modes.

First, the biological mode of immortality, the sense of living on through, but in an emotional sense, *with* or even *in* one's sons and daughters and their sons and daughters, by imagining an endless chain of biological attachment. This mode has found its classical expression in East Asian culture, especially in the traditional Chinese family system, but is of enormous importance in all cultures, and may well be the most universally significant of man's modes of immortality. Nor does it ever remain purely biological, but in varying degrees extends itself into social dimensions, into the sense of surviving through one's tribe, organization, people, nation, or even species, that is, living on in any or all of these.

The second mode is the theological, as expressed both in ideas put forth by various religions concerning a life after death, and in the more general theological principle of the spiritual conquest of death. One finds expressions of the theological mode in the concepts developed by religions and cultures to suggest the acquisition of a more-than-natural power over death—in the Christian principle of grace, the Japanese idea of *kami*, and the Roman concept of numen.

A third mode is that achieved through man's works, whether through specific creative products or broader human impact, through writings, art, thought, institutions, inventions, or lasting influences of any kind upon other human beings. Thus artists, scientists, revolutionaries, social benefactors, and humble purveyors of kindness can all share in a sense of being outlived by what they have done or created.

The fourth mode is that achieved by being survived by nature itself, the sense that one will live on in natural elements, limitless in space and time.

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One finds vivid expressions of this mode in Japanese feelings about nature, partly originating in the animism of Shinto tradition, but also in various expressions of the European Romantic movement, including the American cult of the "great outdoors."

A fifth mode of immortality, somewhat different from the others, depends entirely upon a psychic state, one so intense that time and death disappear. It may therefore be termed the mode of experiential transcendence, and includes various forms of ecstasy and rapture associated both with the Dionysian principle of excess and with the mystical sense of oneness with the universe that Freud referred to as the "oceanic feeling."

What I am suggesting, then, is that the symbolic modes of immortality are not merely problems one ponders when dying. They are constantly perceived inner standards, though often indirect and outside awareness, by which we evaluate our lives, by which we maintain feelings of connection, significance, and movement so necessary to everyday psychological existence. And if we return our attention to nuclear weapons, we can now begin to see the threats they pose to our psychological life quite independent of their use. Their very existence in the world is enough.

For if we anticipate the possibility of nuclear weapons being used—and I believe everyone from about the age of six or seven in some measure does—we are faced with the prospect of being severed from virtually all of our symbolic paths to immortality. Thus in the postnuclear world (if we can call it that) we can imagine no biological posterity. Without entering into the debate about whether a general nuclear war would eliminate *all* human life on earth or only a considerable segment of it, such is our imagery of total biological destruction that we can no longer count upon living on through (or in) family, nation, or even species. It is even quite possible that some of our present fascination with outer space, the moon and the planets, has to do with our present doubts about biological immortality on earth—and with the consequent urge to discover the existence of new life, or the means of revitalizing an old life, elsewhere.

Theological immortality is also threatened. The entire modern secular historical experience had thrown it into great confusion, of course, prior to the existence of nuclear weapons. But these weapons have, for many reasons, intensified the theological crisis. In Hiroshima, for instance, people were unable to find an adequate explanation or formulation for their atomic bomb experience in the Buddhism, Shintoism, or in some cases Christianity, they had known. Nor, for the most part, even in the new religions which blossomed all through Japan after the war, and which many of the Hiroshima people embraced. None of these various forms of religious symbolism seemed adequate to the magnitude of the disaster itself.

As for the rest of us and our nuclear weapons, it is quite possible that belief in a spiritual existence beyond death cannot be effectively maintained in association with an imagined world in which there are none, or virtually none, among the biologically living. That is, one may require an assurance of the continuation of ordinary natural life in order to be able to believe in a supernatural kind. On the other

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hand, the weapons bring a particular insistence, even desperation, to forms of religious practice sometimes referred to as demythologizing or "death-of-God theology," especially where these direct themselves to immediate social and ethical issues, including those of war and peace and nuclear weapons.

Immortality through man's works, the third mode, becomes even more dubious. Following nuclear apocalypse, who can be certain of the survival of creative products, or individual kindnesses? And I think that the threat to man's works contributes to various forms of revolutionary impulse: the attempt on the part of the young both to renew these works and to alter the world in which they are so threatened, and the attempt of the old to preserve and purify what they have created—as, for instance, Mao Tse-tung's quest for revolutionary immortality.

Nature, the fourth mode, is much more difficult to destroy, and the revived interest in man's natural environment may be more than merely an overdue reaction to our long-standing tendency to abuse it. It may, in fact, be a form of clinging to those natural forces which preceded man, and which he has always counted upon to outlast him. We might, in fact, anticipate various forms of natural theologies as a consequence of the nuclear age. But given the power of nuclear weapons, and other weapons too, including biological ones, even nature is threatened.

In Hiroshima, for example, the rumor which spread throughout the city immediately after the bomb fell—the belief that trees, flowers, and grass would never again grow there—was an expression of an ultimate form of desolation which not only encompassed human death but went beyond it. Such is the power of imagery concerning the destruction of nature, and of its being lost to man.

This leaves only the fifth mode, that of experiential transcendence, which we may now see to take on a new significance. For with all the other modes so threatened, men are likely to resort to precisely this kind of effort to transcend history itself—that is, to find a timeless, "deathless" dimension. Such things as the drug revolution among the young, and their general stress upon intense experience, or upon what could be called experiential radicalism —whether in politics, art, or life-style—all these may well be quests for new forms of experiential transcendence, quests that are greatly intensified by the other symbolic impairments brought about by nuclear weapons.

Thus, nuclear weapons alter and blur the boundaries of our psychological lives, of our symbolic space, in ways crucial to our thought, feelings, and actions.

Robert Jay Lifton is a psychiatrist and professor of medicine at Yale. This essay will appear in his new book, *Boundaries: Psychological Man in Revolution,* to be published this fall.

The most extreme state of contemporary deformation is a pattern which may best be called "nuclearism." By this term I mean to suggest the passionate embrace of nuclear weapons as a solution to our anxieties (especially our anxieties concerning the weapons themselves), and as a means of restoring a lost sense of immortality. That is, one turns to the weapons, and to their power, as a means of restoring boundaries. Nuclearism, then, is a secular religion, a total ideology in which grace, the mastery of death, is achieved by means of a new technological deity. This deity is seen as an all-powerful force, capable of both apocalyptic destruction and unlimited creation, and the nuclear believer, or nuclearist, allies himself to that force and feels thereby compelled to expound the virtues of his god.

One's commitment to nuclearism, as in the case of any religion or sacralized idea-system, is likely to begin with some form of conversion experience: with an immersion in death anxiety, followed by a sense of rebirth and new world view. This was precisely what happened to many who witnessed the first atomic explosions. If one reads accounts of reactions to the Alamogordo test of July, 1945, one encounters such exclamations and images as "The sun can't hold a candle to it"; or, better known, "I am become death, the shatterer of worlds"; or, "This was the nearest to Doomsday one can possibly imagine."

Now I am not suggesting that each of the scientists I have quoted became a convert to nuclearism, but rather that their apocalyptic exposure had elements of an end-of-the-world experience, and left a profound imprint of a symbolic death immersion. This imprint affected not only their inner lives from then on, but in many cases their choices, actions, and social commitments as well. A significant number of them chose to bear nuclear witness to what they had experienced, to warn the world about the new dangers so vividly revealed to them in the first detonations of the weapons they themselves had done so much to create. Others, of course, simply went about their professional work as if nothing had happened, though this required that they numb themselves to what they had witnessed in ways I shall try to make clear in a moment. And a few remained entranced by—bound to—the force, and took the path of nuclearism.

These problems have hardly been limited to scientists. One gets a sense of the apocalyptic tone of the more general American response to the early press reports following President Truman's announcement that an atomic bomb had been used on Hiroshima. An article in the New York *Herald-Tribune* described the new force as "weird, incredible and somehow disturbing" and went on to say that "one forgets the effect on Japan or on the course of the war, as one senses the foundations of one's own universe trembling." Again, this is lan-

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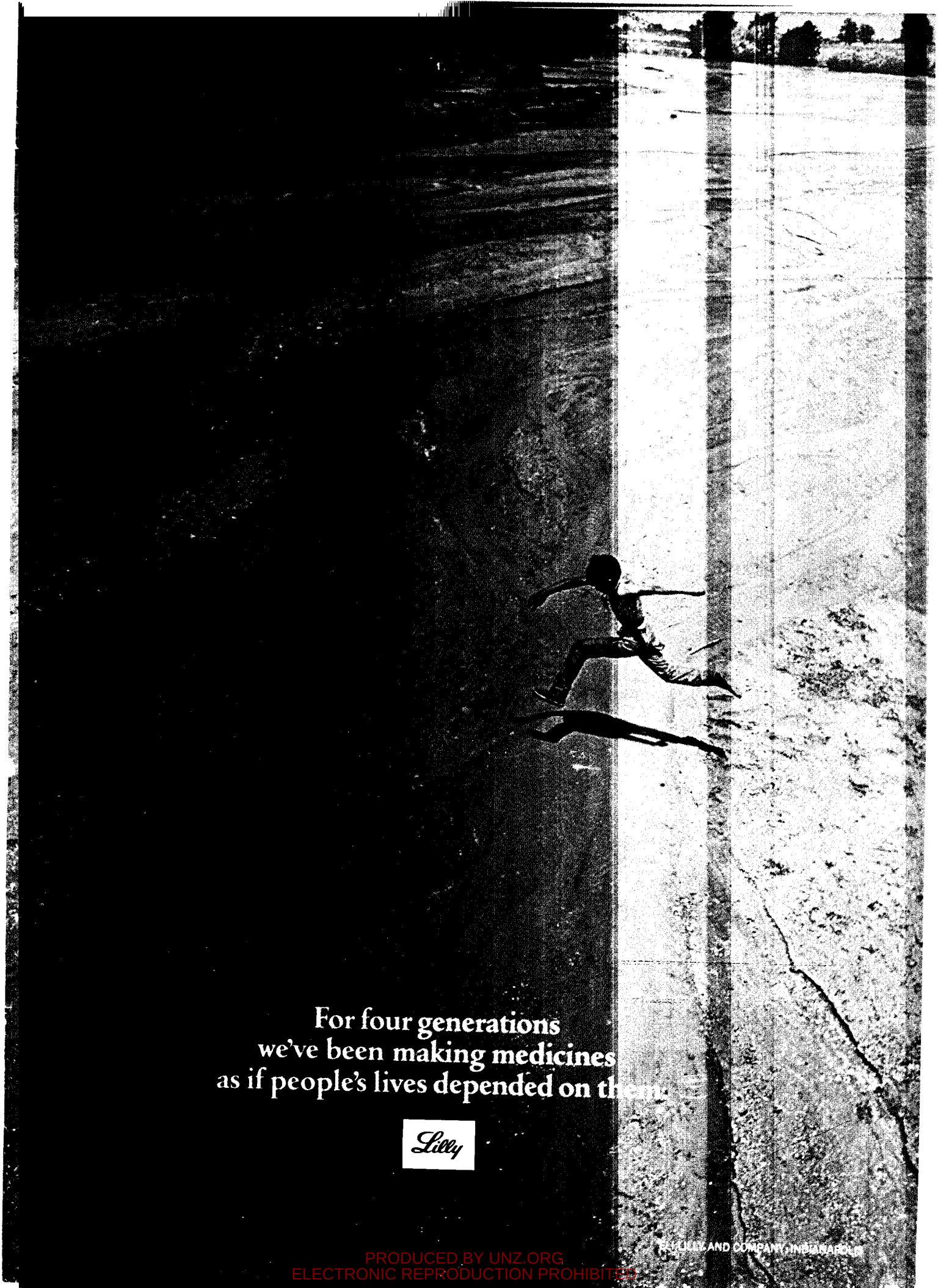

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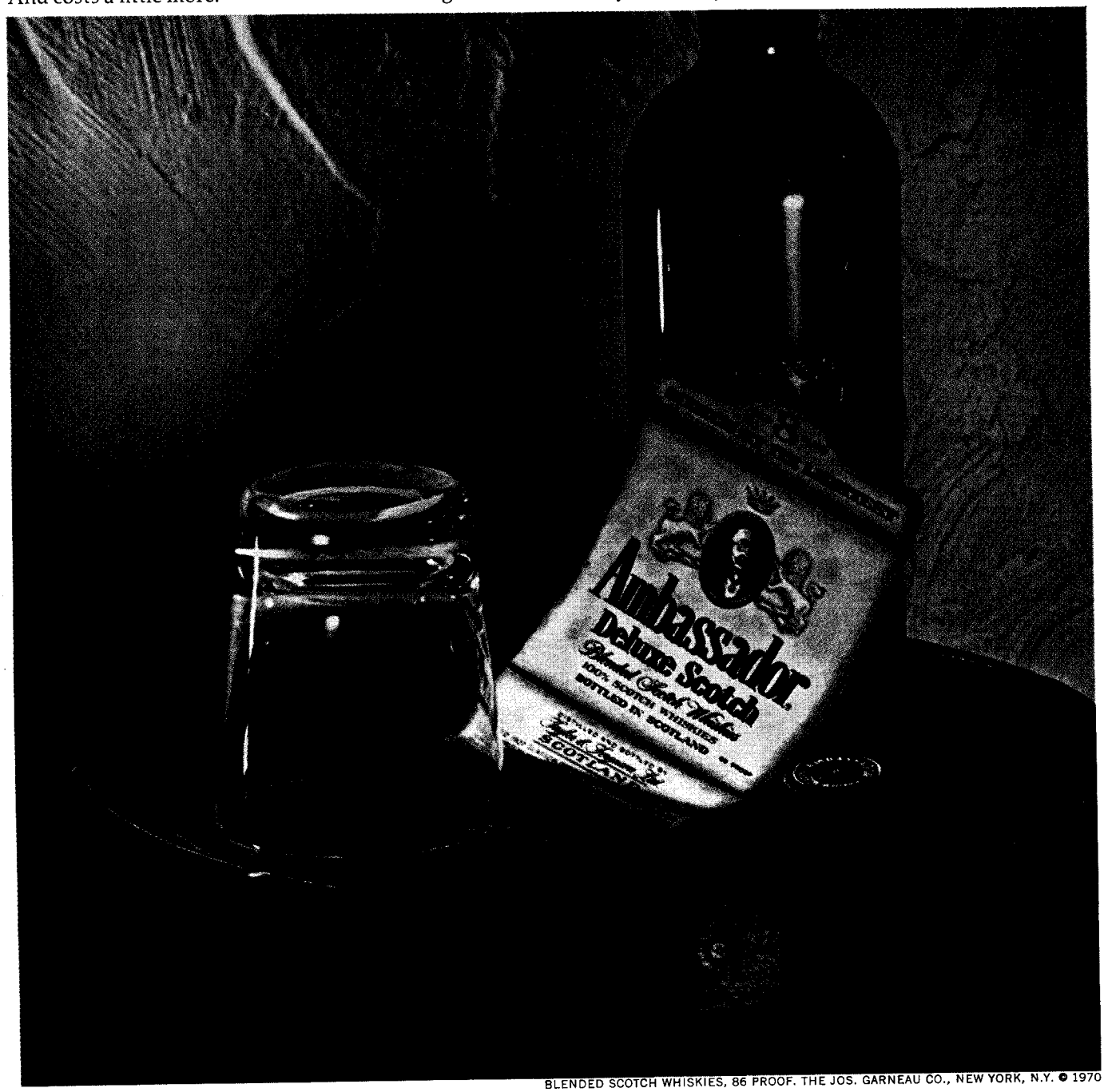

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guage very close to that which William James described as characteristic of religious conversion. Similarly, a witness of the earlier Alamogordo test explosion used terms such as "mighty thunder" and "great silence," and went on to say: "On that moment hung eternity. Time stood still. . . . One felt as though he had been privileged to witness the birth of the world." This is language suggesting a "conversion in the desert," once more the language of religious experience.

The same man, a science writer, used a similar tone nine years later, in describing America's first airborne hydrogen-bomb explosion, which took place in the northern Pacific in May, 1956. He spoke of "a gigantic pillar of fire," of a "cloud [which] rose and spread into the boiling mushroom at its top," and of a "sky . . . tinged by the rising sun to the east of it." He was, he said, "momentarily staggered by the thought of what the fireball and mushroom . . . would do to any of the world's great cities," but soon had "a second, more reassuring thought" which became "uppermost" in his mind, and which grew "ever more reassuring" over the years that followed. That thought was: "This great iridescent cloud and its mushroom top . . . is actually a protective umbrella, which will forever shield mankind everywhere against the threat of annihilation in any atomic war." He went on to describe "this rising supersun" as "the symbol of the dawn of a new era in which any sizable war had become impossible"—impossible because "This world-covering protective umbrella . . . will continue shielding us everywhere, until the time comes, as come it must, when mankind will be able to beat atomic swords into plough-shares, harnessing the vast power of the hydrogen in the world's oceans to bring an era of prosperity such as the world has never even dared dream about." And his conclusion: "To those who would have us stop our tests in the Pacific, I would therefore say, 'These tests, and others of improved models to come, serve as an effective substitute for war. History will record, I am sure, that World War III was fought and won on the Pacific proving ground in the Marshall Islands without the loss of a single life and without the slightest damage to any inhabited locality anywhere in the world.'"

What I want to stress here is the sequence of nuclear imagery from total annihilation to equally total, and comforting, protection. The deity is awesome, dreadful in its apocalyptic potential, but it is also the savior of mankind. The arbiter of immortality must of course be both.

Now, this same writer became a defender of the hydrogen bomb, and an enthusiast for "humanizing the hydrogen bomb" by eliminating from it much of the deadly irradiation. He welcomed the "clean bomb" as a much more humane weapon—although it later developed that the "clean bomb" was not so "clean" after all. But significantly enough, when a third generation of nuclear weaponry, the neutron bomb, came along (if we consider the atomic bomb as the first generation, and the hydrogen bomb as the second generation), this same writer opposed it. He viewed the neutron bomb as a highly immoral weapon, as "a poison gas abhorrent to civilized humanity, a monster that rather than kill would, in the current nuclear jargon, juice its victims." And he condemned the entire effort—unsuccessful, as it turned out—to produce this new bomb.

Here we encounter what might be called "nuclear backsliding." That is, the nuclearist reaches a point beyond which he feels himself unable to go, beyond which he cannot inwardly sustain the moral structure of nuclearism. For him to go further with the rationalization of loathsome possibilities would threaten his entire ideological commitment to the weapons. One can speak of a kind of nuclear Kronstadt, using the analogy of an event (the bloody suppression by the Soviet regime of a sailors' rebellion in 1921) that has come to symbolize the defection of the true believer from his cause. The extension of nuclearism becomes too grotesque, more than one can stomach, too laden with death guilt.

What I have been calling nuclearism, then, involves a search for grace and glory in which technical-scientific transcendence, apocalyptic destruction, national power, personal salvation, and committed individual identity—all these—become bound up psychologically with the bomb. The weapon itself comes to usurp all of the pathways to symbolic immortality. Nuclearism can be particularly marked in scientists, politicians, and military men most closely involved with weaponry, but it is by no means confined to them. Rather, it is a general twentieth-century disease of power, a form of totalism of thought and consequences particularly tempting to contemporary man, both because of its technological idiom and its provision of a mode of symbolic immortality at a time when one is so desperately sought.

To some extent, anyone who inhabits a world in which nuclear weapons exist is himself enmeshed in nuclearism. That is why the general problem of coping with it is so great. Its malignant potential is unlimited. For nuclearism threatens not only the boundaries between man and his tools, but those between creativity and destruction, between communal development and communal annihilation, between species life and species death.

I want to speak of a last deformation of a somewhat different kind, not as extreme perhaps but even more widespread, that which I call "psychic numbing." In Hiroshima, a defense mechanism called forth by people exposed to the horrors of the bomb was simply to cease to feel—that is, to become psychologically desensitized. Virtually every survivor I spoke to told of some such psychological

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state at the time the bomb fell. They described being fully aware of what was going on around them, knowing that people were dying in horrible ways, but of simply losing their emotional involvement in it all. They used such phrases as "paralysis of the mind," or "I simply became insensitive to human death," and many others of an analogous kind.

This form of psychic closing-off (a term for the acute process) or psychic numbing was necessary to Hiroshima survivors, as it is for anyone exposed to extreme catastrophe. It is a protection against overwhelming and unacceptable stimuli, and it is associated with an inner imagery that goes something like this: "If I feel nothing, then death is not taking place," or "If I feel nothing, I cannot be threatened by the death all around me," or, "If I feel nothing, then I am not responsible for you or your death."

The difficulty was that the numbing process did not necessarily end when the danger was over. Survivors could undergo what is sometimes called "miscarried repair." They could continue to feel relatively numbed over weeks, months, even years of their lives subsequent to the catastrophe, as psychic numbing gave way to longer-range symptoms of despair and depression, or various forms of withdrawal and a generally constricted life pattern.

A degree of psychic numbing is necessary for anyone who deals professionally with death. Certainly a surgeon must undergo what I would call selective and partial numbing in order not to feel the full consequences of success or failure in the technical task he has to perform. One can draw analogies with rescue workers of various kinds, and with physicians in general. And in other forms of disaster, psychic numbing has been widespread, in, for instance, the apathy so often observed in victims. The paradox in all of these situations lies in the way in which the same process can serve as beneficial protection or harmful "deadening," depending upon its appropriateness and degree.

But I want to stress here the way in which psychic numbing is called into play in relationship to the making, testing, and anticipated use of nuclear weapons. Indeed, so pervasive has psychic numbing become, much of it in relationship to these weapons, that rather than the age of anxiety we could well speak of an Age of Numbing. To put the matter simply, one cannot afford to imagine what really happens at the other end of the weapon.

Concerning the atomic bomb, for instance, one could find evidence of psychic numbing in the scientists who created it and the way in which they looked upon what they were doing; in the behavior of the political leaders who made the decision to drop it, or at least failed to decide not to drop it; and in the pilots and crewmen who carried it to, and released it over, its target. When I say this, I am not name-calling, but attempting to illustrate a general phenomenon. In any case, I would stress the widespread, indeed universal, nuclear numbing affecting us today.

The nuclear-induced psychic numbing that I am talking about is more than a defense mechanism. It really amounts to a reorientation of the entire self, with a muting of overall response to the nuclear environment. It is another form of impairment to the symbolizing process, especially to that aspect of it which ordinarily harmonizes cognitive and emotional elements—what one knows and what one feels. Thus we can now speak of knowledge without feeling. We can also speak of a profound symbolic gap characteristic of our age, a gap between the capacity for technological violence on the one hand, and our much more limited capacity for moral imagination on the other.

Now these three deformations I have discussed—impaired symbolic immortality, nuclearism, and psychic numbing—all include a breakdown of boundaries. These boundaries are largely symbolic ones, but they are crucial to our existence—to the decisions we make and the way that we live. Their breakdown has greatly contributed to a kind of cosmic distress.

It is not the sort of distress that can be overcome by any specific action or set of laws. I raise these issues in a spirit of psychological and historical confrontation. They are unpalatable matters, but I believe that recognizing them is at least a first step toward ordering them, or rather, reordering ourselves in relationship to them. And further efforts at deepening our psychohistorical insight could in turn help us to create new kinds of political, institutional, and legal structures appropriate to our unprecedented situation. We must desacralize the nuclear deity, for we can rid ourselves of it only by relegating it to the destructive material entity that it is. We can then re-establish necessary boundaries between man and his destructive tools, reclaim the psychic territory usurped by these weapons, and in the process reclaim ourselves. □

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A story by Flannery O'Connor

THE BARBER

When Flannery O'Connor wrote this story, she was no more than twenty-two and a student at the Writers' Workshop of the University of Iowa. In 1947 she received her Master of Fine Arts degree there after presenting, in place of a thesis, six stories, including "The Barber." Of the six, one had been published in 1946 and two others were published in 1948, but none was included by the author in her collections, *A Good Man is Hard to Find* (1955) and *Everything That Rises Must Converge* (1965). "The Barber" has never been published. As Miss O'Connor's literary executor (she died in 1964), I have consented to this publication with a note making clear, as the foregoing facts do, the earliness of the story and its apparent standing in the estimation of the author. —Robert Fitzgerald

It is trying on liberals in Dilton. After the Democratic White Primary, Rayber changed his barber. Three weeks before it, while he was shaving him, the barber asked, "Who you gonna vote for?"

"Darmon," Rayber said.

"You a nigger-lover?"

Rayber started in the chair. He had not expected to be approached so brutally. "No," he said. If he had not been taken off-balance, he would have said, "I am neither a Negro- nor a white-lover." He had said that before to Jacobs, the philosophy man, and, to show you how trying it is for liberals in Dilton, Jacobs—a man of his education—had muttered, "That's a poor way to be."

"Why?" Rayber had asked bluntly. He knew he could argue Jacobs down.

Jacobs had said, "Skip it." He had a class. His classes frequently occurred, Rayber noticed, when Rayber was about to get him in an argument.

"I am neither a Negro- nor a white-lover," Rayber would have said to the barber.

The barber drew a clean path through the lather and then pointed the razor at Rayber. "I'm tellin' you," he said, "there ain't but two sides now, white and black. Anybody can see that from this campaign. You know what Hawk said? Said a hunnert and fifty years ago, they was runnin' each other down eatin' each other—throwin' jewel rocks at birds, skinnin' horses with their teeth. A nigger come in a white barbershop in Atlanta and says, 'Gimme a haircut.' They throwed him out but it just goes to show you. Why listen, three black hyenas over in Mulford last month shot a white man and took half of what was in his house and you know where they are now? Settin' in their county jail eatin' like the President of the United States—they might get dirty in the chain gang; or some damn nigger-lover might come by and be heartbroke to see 'em pickin' rock. Why, lemme tell you this—ain't nothin' gonna be good again until we get rid of them Mother Hubbards and get us a man can put these niggers in their places. Shuh."

"You hear that, George?" he shouted to the colored boy wiping up the floor around the basins.

"Sho do," George said.

It was time for Rayber to say something, but nothing appropriate would come. He wanted to say something that George would understand. He was startled that George had been brought into the conversation. He remembered Jacobs telling about lecturing at a Negro college for a week. They couldn't say Negro—nigger—colored—black. Jacobs said he had come home every night and shouted,

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"NIGGER NIGGER NIGGER" out the back window. Rayber wondered what George's leanings were. He was a trim-looking boy.

"If a nigger come in my shop with any of that haircut sass, he'd get it cut all right." The barber made a noise between his teeth. "You a Mother Hubbard?" he asked.

"I'm voting for Darmon, if that's what you mean," Rayber said.

"You ever heard Hawkson talk?"

"I've had that pleasure," Rayber said.

"You heard his last one?"

"No, I understand his remarks don't alter from speech to speech," Rayber said curtly.

"Yeah?" the barber said. "Well, this last speech was a killeroo! Ol' Hawk let them Mother Hubbards have it."

"A good many people," Rayber said, "consider Hawkson a demagogue." He wondered if George knew what demagogue meant. Should have said, "lying politician."

"Demagogue!" The barber slapped his knee and whooped. "That's what Hawk said!" he howled. "Ain't that a shot! 'Folks,' he says, 'them Mother Hubbards says I'm a demagogue.' Then he rears back and says sort of softlike, 'Am I a demagogue, you people?' And they yells, 'Naw, Hawk, you ain't no demagogue!' And he comes forward shouting, 'Oh yeah I am, I'm the best damn demagogue in this state!' And you should hear them people roar! Whew!"

"Quite a show," Rayber said, "but what is it but a . . ."

"Mother Hubbard," the barber muttered. "You been taken in by 'em all right. Lemme tell you somethin' . . ." He reviewed Hawkson's Fourth of July speech. It had been another killeroo, ending with poetry. Who was Darmon? Hawk wanted to know. Yeah, who was Darmon? the crowd had roared. Why, didn't they know? Why, he was Little Boy Blue, blowin' his horn. Yeah. Babies in the meadow and niggers in the corn. Man! Rayber should have heard that one. No Mother Hubbard could have stood up under it.

Rayber thought that if the barber would read a few . . .

Listen, he didn't have to read nothin'. All he had to do was think. That was the trouble with people these days—they didn't think, they didn't use their horse sense. Why wasn't Rayber thinkin'? Where was his horse sense?

Why am I straining myself? Rayber thought irritably.

"Nossir!" the barber said. "Big words don't do nobody no good. They don't take the place of thinkin'."

"Thinking!" Rayber shouted. "You call yourself thinking?"

"Listen," the barber said, "do you know what Hawk told them people at Tilford?" At Tilford Hawk had told them that he liked niggers fine in their place and if they didn't stay in that place, he had a place to put 'em. "How about that?"

Rayber wanted to know what that had to do with thinking.

The barber thought it was plain as a pig on a sofa what that had to do with thinking. He thought a good many other things too, which he told Rayber. He said Rayber should have heard the Hawkson speeches at Mullin's Oak, Bedford, and Chickerville.

Rayber settled down in his chair again and reminded the barber that he had come in for a shave.

The barber started back shaving him. He said Rayber should have heard the one at Spartasville. "There wasn't a Mother Hubbard left standin', and all the Boy Blues got their horns broke. Hawk said," he said, "that the time had come when you had to sit on the lid with . . ."

"I have an appointment," Rayber said. "I'm in a hurry." Why should he stay and listen to that tripe?

As much rot as it was, the whole asinine conversation stuck with him the rest of the day and went through his mind in persistent detail after he was in bed that night. To his disgust, he found that he was going through it, putting in what he would have said if he'd had an opportunity to prepare himself. He wondered how Jacobs would have handled it. Jacobs had a way about him that made people think he knew more than Rayber thought he knew. It was not a bad trick in his profession. Rayber often amused himself analyzing it. Jacobs would have handled the barber calmly enough. Rayber started through the conversation again, thinking how Jacobs would have done it. He ended doing it himself.

The next time he went to the barber's, he had forgotten about the argument. The barber seemed to have forgotten it too. He disposed of the weather and stopped talking. Rayber was wondering what was going to be for supper. Oh. It was Tuesday. On Tuesday his wife had canned meat. Took canned meat and baked it with cheese, slice of meat and a slice of cheese, turned out striped—why do we have to have this stuff every Tuesday?—if you don't like it you don't have to—

"You still a Mother Hubbard?"

Rayber's head jerked. "What?"

"You still for Darmon?"

"Yes," Rayber said, and his brain darted to its store of preparations.

"Well, look-a-here, you teachers, you know, looks like, well . . ." He was confused. Rayber could see that he was not so sure of himself as he'd been the last time. He probably thought he had a new point to stress. "Looks like you fellows would vote for Hawk on account of you know what he said about teachers' salaries. Seems like you would now. Why not? Don't you want more money?"

"More money!" Rayber laughed. "Don't you

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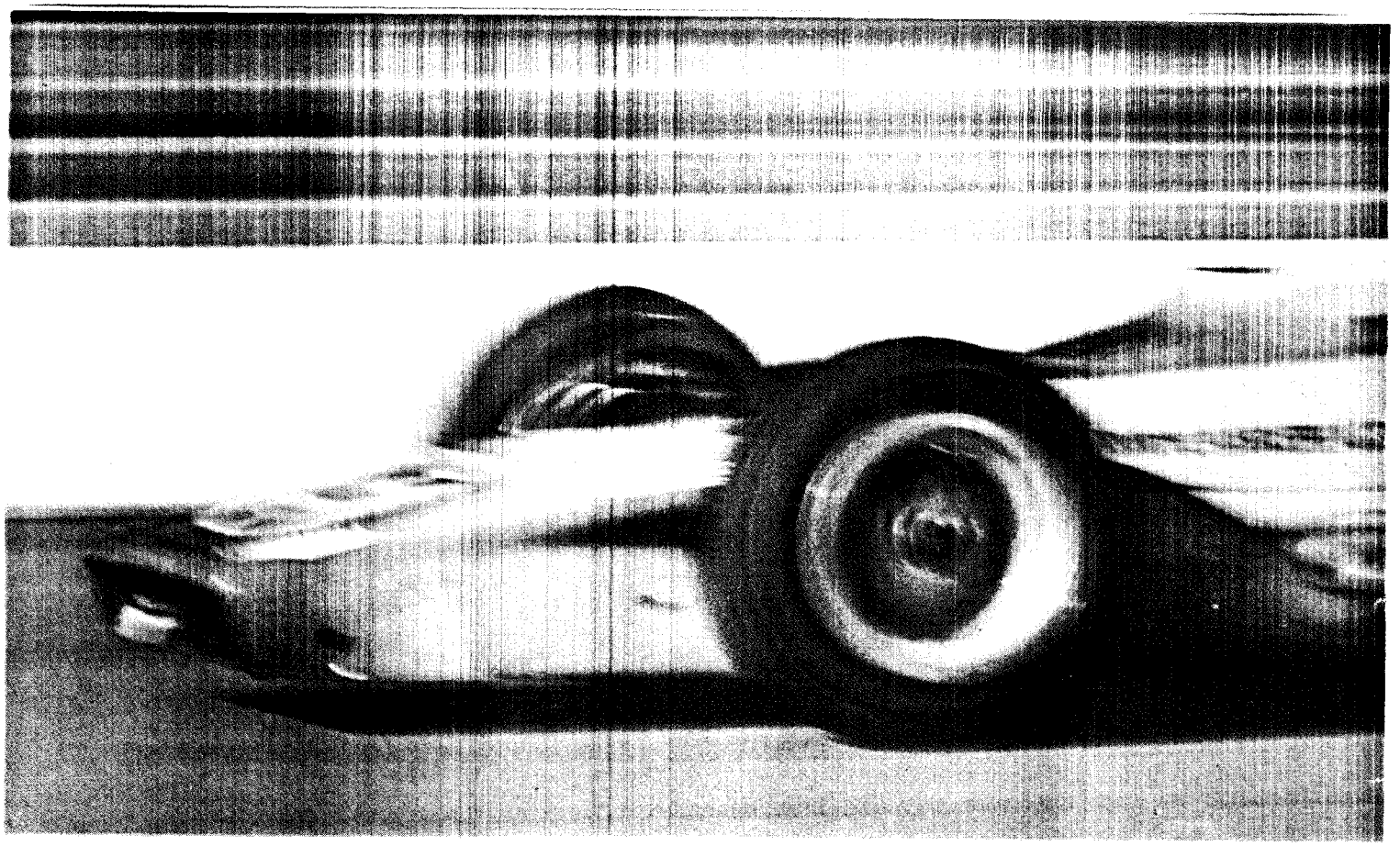
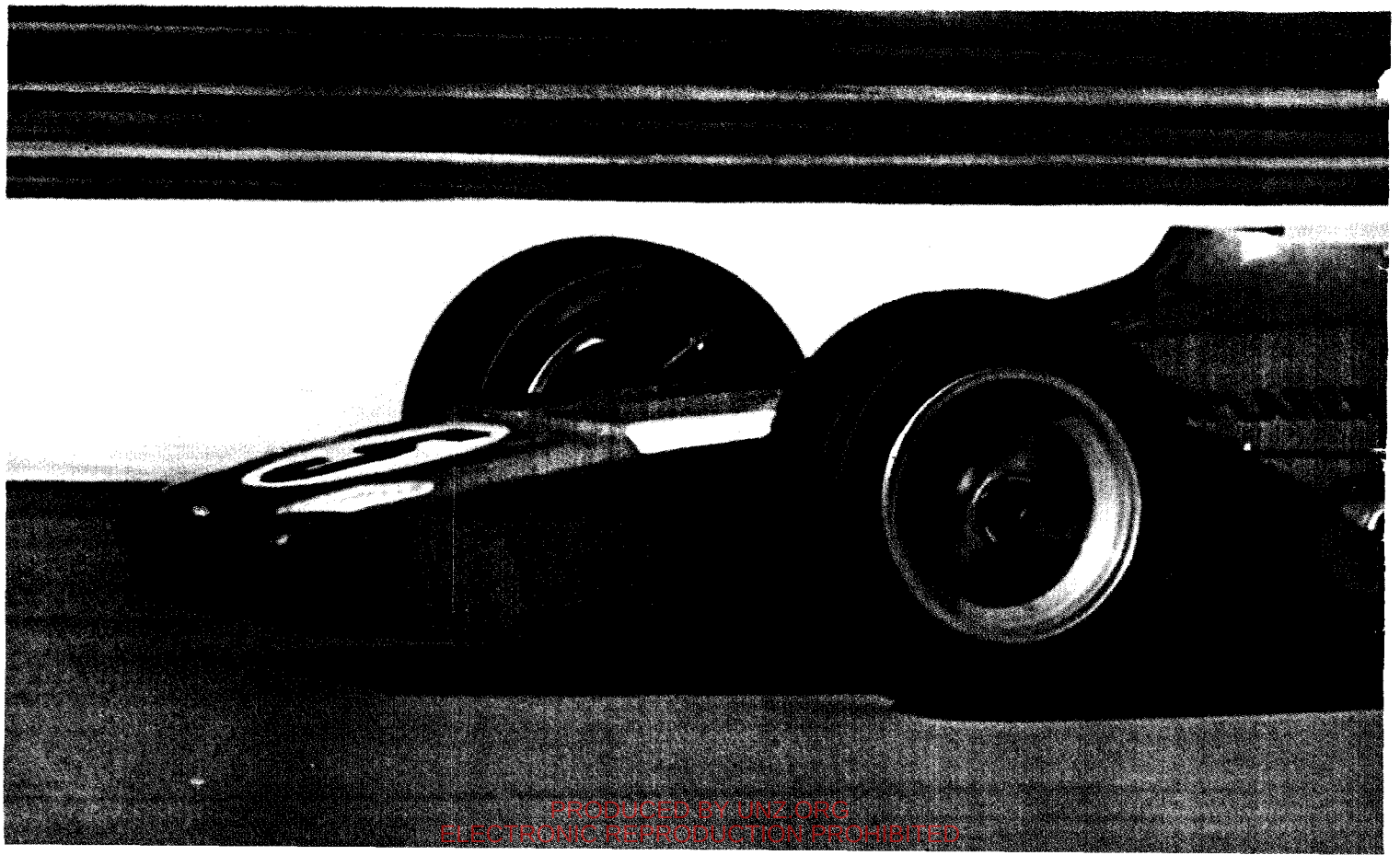


If it's worth a second glance it should be in magazines.



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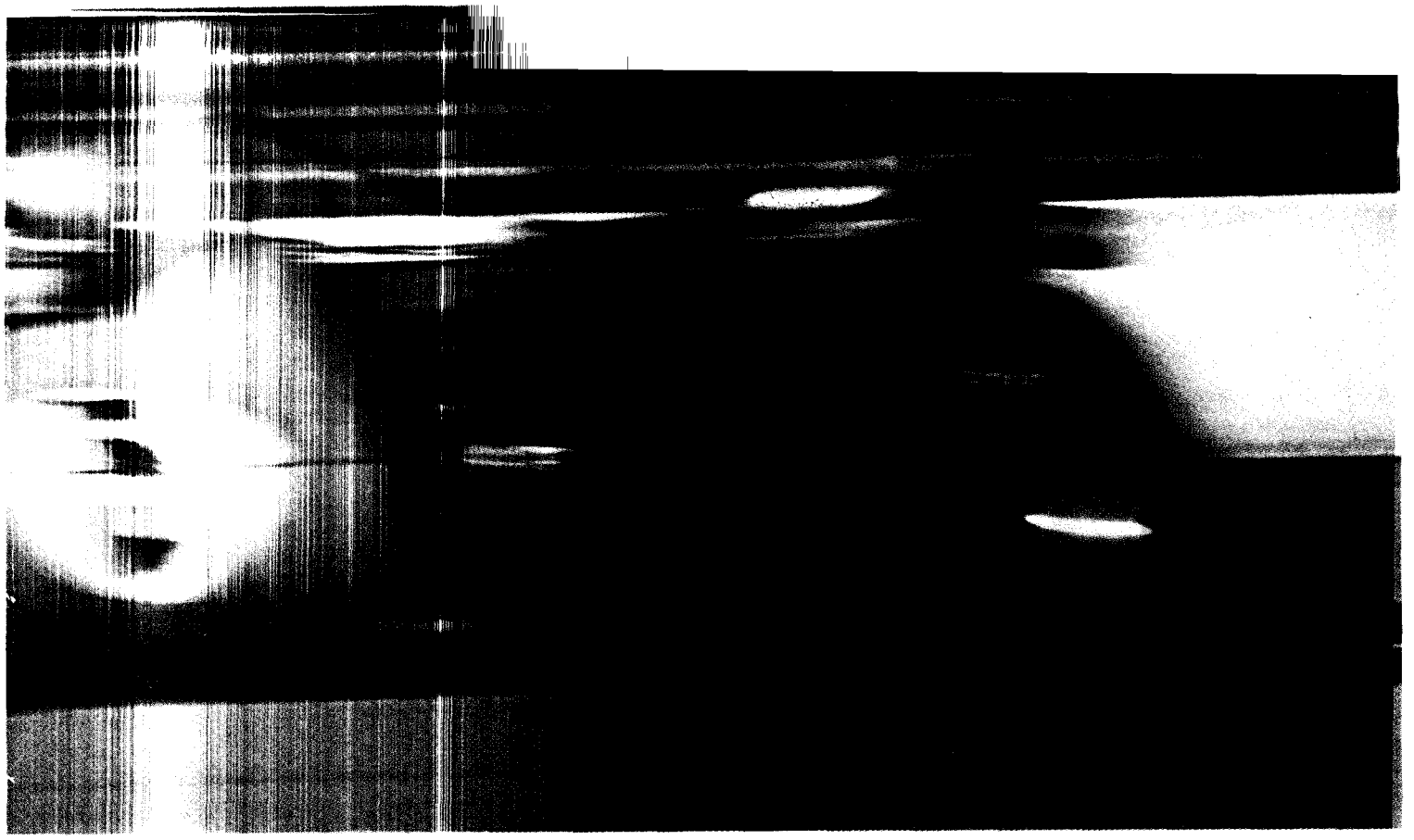

The movie is like real life. It comes and it goes in the flicker an eye.

The tro s, there are a lot of things you can't absorb in ckering of an eye. A race car ghosting past at 20(is one obvious example.

Ditto, th uty of a piece of art . . . the coverage of a great even the detail of a new product.

For thoughtful understanding, you need a second glance. And for that, you need magazines with their second-glance strengths. (Ask Zenith, ask Eastman Kodak, ask T.W.A. & I.B.M. ask if *that* isn't true.)

Magazines freeze the world. Magazines are where a split second lasts as long as you want.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY • BOSTON, MASS.

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know that with a rotten governor I'd lose more money than he'd give me?" He realized that he was finally on the barber's level. "Why, he dislikes too many different kinds of people," he said. "He'd cost me twice as much as Darmon."

"So what if he would?" the barber said. "I ain't one to pinch money when it does some good. I'll pay for quality any day."

"That's not what I meant!" Rayber began. "That's not . . ."

"That raise Hawk's promised don't apply to teachers like him anyway," somebody said from the back of the room. A fat man with an air of executive assurance came over near Rayber. "He's a college teacher, ain't he?"

"Yeah," the barber said, "that's right. He wouldn't get Hawk's raise; but say, he wouldn't get one if Darmon was elected neither."

"Ahh, he'd get something. All the schools are supporting Darmon. They stand to get their cut; free textbooks or new desks or something. That's the rules of the game."

"Better schools," Rayber sputtered, "benefit everybody."

"Seems like I been hearin' that a long time," the barber said.

"You see," the man explained, "you can't put nothing over on the schools. That's the way they throw it off—benefits everybody."

The barber laughed.

"If you ever thought . . ." Rayber began.

"Maybe there'd be a new desk at the head of the room for you," the man chortled. "How about that, Joe?" He nudged the barber.

Rayber wanted to lift his foot under the man's chin. "You ever heard about reasoning?" he muttered.

"Listen," the man said, "you can talk all you want. What you don't realize is, we've got an issue here. How'd you like a couple of black faces looking at you from the back of your classroom?"

Rayber had a blind moment when he felt as if something that wasn't there were bashing him to the ground. George came in and began washing basins. "Willing to teach any person willing to learn—black or white," Rayber said. He wondered if George had looked up.

"All right," the barber agreed, "but not mixed up together, huh? How'd you like to go to a white school, George?" he shouted.

"Wouldn't like that," George said. "We needs sommo powders. These here the las' in this box." He dusted them out into the basin.

"Go get some, then," the barber said.

"The time has come," the executive went on, "just like Hawkson said, when we got to sit on the lid with both feet and a mule." He went on to review Hawkson's Fourth of July speech.

Rayber would like to have pushed him into the basin. The day was hot and full enough of flies without having to spend it listening to a fat fool. He could see the courthouse square, blue-green cool, through the tinted glass window. He wished to hell the barber would hurry. He fixed his attention on the square outside, feeling himself there where, he could tell from the trees, the air was moving slightly. A group of men sauntered up the courthouse walk. Rayber looked more closely and thought he recognized Jacobs. But Jacobs had a late-afternoon class. It was Jacobs, though. Or was it? If it was, who was he talking to? Blakeley? Or was that Blakeley? He squinted. Three colored boys in zoot suits strolled by on the sidewalk. One dropped down on the pavement so that only his head was visible to Rayber, and the other two lounged over him, leaning against the barbershop window and making a hole in the view. Why the hell can't they park somewhere else? Rayber thought fiercely. "Hurry up," he said to the barber, "I have an appointment."

"What's your hurry?" the fat man said. "You better stay and stick up for Boy Blue."

"You know you never told us why you're gonna vote for him," the barber chuckled, taking the cloth from around Rayber's neck.

"Yeah," the fat man said, "see can you tell us without sayin' goodgovermint."

"I have an appointment," Rayber said. "I can't stay."

"You just know Darmon is so sorry you won't be able to say a good word for him," the fat man howled.

"Listen," Rayber said, "I'll be back in here next week, and I'll give you as many reasons for voting for Darmon as you want—better reasons than you've given me for voting for Hawkson."

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"I'd like to see you do that," the barber said. "Because I'm telling you, it can't be done."

"All right, we'll see," Rayber said.

"Remember," the fat man carped, "you ain't gonna say goodgovermint."

"I won't say anything you can't understand," Rayber muttered, and then felt foolish for showing his irritation. The fat man and the barber were grinning. "I'll see you Tuesday," Rayber said and left. He was disgusted with himself for saying he would give them reasons. Reasons would have to be worked out—systematically. He couldn't open his head in a second like they did. He wished to hell he could. He wished to hell "Mother Hubbard" weren't so accurate. He wished to hell Darmon spit tobacco juice. The reasons would have to be worked out—time and trouble. What was the matter with him? Why not work them out? He could make everything in that shop squirm if he put his mind to it.

By the time he got home, he had the beginnings of an outline for an argument. It would be filled in with no waste words, no big words—no easy job, he could see. He got right to work on it. He worked on it until suppertime and had four sentences, all crossed out. He got up once in the middle of the meal to go to his desk and change one. After supper he crossed the correction out.

"What is the matter with you?" his wife wanted to know.

"Not a thing," Rayber said, "not a thing. I just have to work."

"I'm not stopping you," she said.

When she went out, he kicked the board loose on the bottom of the desk. By eleven o'clock he had one page. The next morning it came easier, and he finished it by noon. He thought it was blunt enough. It began, "For two reasons, men elect other men to power," and it ended, "Men who use ideas without measuring them are walking on wind." He thought the last sentence was pretty effective. He thought the whole thing was effective enough.

In the afternoon he took it around to Jacobs' office. Blakeley was there, but he left. Rayber read the paper to Jacobs.

"Well," Jacobs said, "so what? What do you call yourself doing?" He had been jotting figures down on a record sheet all the time Rayber was reading.

Rayber wondered if he was busy. "Defending myself against barbers," he said. "You ever tried to argue with a barber?"

"I never argue," Jacobs said.

"That's because you don't know this kind of ignorance," Rayber explained. "You've never experienced it."

Jacobs snorted. "Oh, yes, I have," he said.

"What happened?"

"I never argue."

"But you know you're right," Rayber persisted.

"I never argue."

"Well, I'm going to argue," Rayber said. "I'm going to say the right thing as fast as they can say the wrong. It'll be a question of speed. Understand," he went on, "this is no mission of conversion; I'm defending myself."

"I understand that," Jacobs said. "I hope you're able to do it."

"I've already done it! You read the paper. There it is." Rayber wondered if Jacobs was dense or preoccupied.

"OK, then leave it there. Don't spoil your complexion arguing with barbers."

"It's got to be done," Rayber said.

Jacobs shrugged.

Rayber had counted on discussing it with him at length. "Well, I'll see you," he said.

"OK," Jacobs said.

Rayber wondered why he had ever read the paper to him in the first place.

Before he left for the barber's Tuesday afternoon, Rayber was nervous, and he thought that by way of practice, he'd try the paper out on his wife. He didn't know but what she was for Hawkson herself. Whenever he mentioned the election, she made it a point to say, "Just because you teach doesn't mean you know everything." Did he ever say he knew anything at all? Maybe he wouldn't call her. But he wanted to hear how the thing was actually going to sound said casually. It wasn't long; wouldn't take up much of her time. She would probably dislike being called. Still, she might possibly be affected by what he said. Possibly. He called her.

She said all right, but he'd just have to wait until she got through what she was doing; it looked like every time she got her hands in something, she had to leave and go do something else.

He said he didn't have all day to wait—it was only forty-five minutes until the shop closed—and would she please hurry up?

She came in wiping her hands and said all right; all right, she was there, wasn't she? Go ahead.

He began saying it very easily and casually, looking over her head. The sound of his voice playing over the words was not bad. He wondered if it was the words themselves or his tones that made them sound the way they did. He paused in the middle of a sentence and glanced at his wife to see if her face would give him any clue. Her head was turned slightly toward the table by her chair where an open magazine was lying. As he paused, she got up. "That was very nice," she said, and went back to the kitchen. Rayber left for the barber's.

He walked slowly, thinking what he was going to say in the shop and now and then stopping to look absently at a store window. Block's Feed Company had a display of automatic chicken-killers: "So Timid Persons Can Kill Their Own Fowl," the sign over them read. Rayber wondered if many timid

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persons used them. As he neared the barber's, he could see obliquely through the door that the man with the executive assurance was sitting in the corner reading a newspaper. Rayber went in and hung up his hat.

"Howdy," the barber said, "ain't this the hottest day in the year, though!"

"It's hot enough," Rayber said.

"Hunting season soon be over," the barber commented.

All right, Rayber wanted to say, let's get this thing going. He thought he would work into his argument from their remarks. The fat man hadn't noticed him.

"You should have seen the covey this dog of mine flushed the other day," the barber went on as Rayber got in the chair. "The birds spread once and we got four, and they spread again and we got two. That ain't bad."

"Never hunted quail," Rayber said hoarsely.

"There ain't nothing like taking a nigger and a hound dog and a gun and going after quail," the barber said. "You missed a lot out of life if you ain't had that."

Rayber cleared his throat, and the barber went on working. The fat man in the corner turned a page. What do they think I came in here for? Rayber thought. They couldn't have forgotten. He waited, hearing the noises flies make and the mumble of the men talking in the back. The fat man turned another page. Rayber could hear George's broom slowly stroking the floor somewhere in the shop, then stop, then scrape, then—"You, er, still a Hawkson man?" Rayber asked the barber.

"Yeah!" the barber laughed. "Yeah! You know I had forgot. You was gonna tell us why you are voting for Darmon. Hey, Roy!" he yelled to the fat man, "come over here. We gonna hear why we should vote for Boy Blue."

Roy grunted and turned another page. "Be there when I finish this piece," he mumbled.

"What you got there, Joe," one of the men in the back called. "One of them goodgovermint boys?"

"Yeah," the barber said. "He's gonna make a speech."

"I've heard too many of that kind already," the man said.

"You ain't heard one by Rayber," the barber said. "Rayber's all right. He don't know how to vote, but he's all right."

Rayber reddened. Two of the men strolled up. "This is no speech," Rayber said. "I only want to discuss it with you—sanely."

"Come on over here, Roy," the barber yelled.

"What are you trying to make of this?" Rayber muttered; then he said suddenly, "If you're calling everybody else, why don't you call your boy, George. You afraid to have him listen?"

The barber looked at Rayber for a second without saying anything.

Rayber felt as if he had made himself too much at home.

"He can hear," the barber said. "He can hear back where he is."

"I just thought he might be interested," Rayber said.

"He can hear," the barber repeated. "He can hear what he hears, and he can hear two times that much. He can hear what you don't say as well as what you do."

Roy came over folding his newspaper. "Howdy, boy," he said, putting his hand on Rayber's head, "let's get on with this speech."

Rayber felt as if he were fighting his way out of a net. They were over him with their red faces grinning. He heard the words drag out: "Well, the way I see it, men elect . . ." He felt them pull out of his mouth like freight cars, jangling, backing up on each other, grating to a halt, sliding, clinching back, jarring, and then suddenly stopping as roughly as they had begun. It was over. Rayber was jarred that it was over so soon. For a second, as if they were expecting him to go on, no one said anything.

Then, "How many yawl gonna vote for Boy Blue!" the barber yelled.

Some of the men turned around and snickered. One doubled over.

"Me," Roy said. "I'm gonna run right down there now so I'll be first to vote for Boy Blue tomorrow morning."

"Listen!" Rayber shouted, "I'm not trying . . ."

"George," the barber yelled, "you heard that speech?"

"Yessir," George said.

"Who you gonna vote for, George?"

"I'm not trying to . . ." Rayber yelled.

"I don't know is they gonna let me vote," George said. "Do, I gonna vote for Mr. Hawkson."

"Listen!" Rayber yelled. "Do you think I'm trying to change your fat minds? What do you think I am?" He jerked the barber around by the shoulder. "Do you think I'd tamper with your damn-fool ignorance?"

The barber shook Rayber's grip off his shoulder. "Don't get excited," he said, "we all thought it was a fine speech. That's what I been saying all along—you got to think, you got to . . ." He lurched backward when Rayber hit him, and landed sitting on the footrest of the next chair. "Thought it was fine," he finished, looking steadily at Rayber's white, half-lathered face glaring down at him. "It's what I been saying all along."

The blood began pounding up Rayber's neck just under his skin. He turned and pushed quickly through the men around him to the door. Outside, the sun was suspending everything in a pool of heat and before he had turned the first corner, almost running, lather began to drip inside his collar and down the barber's bib, dangling to his knees. □

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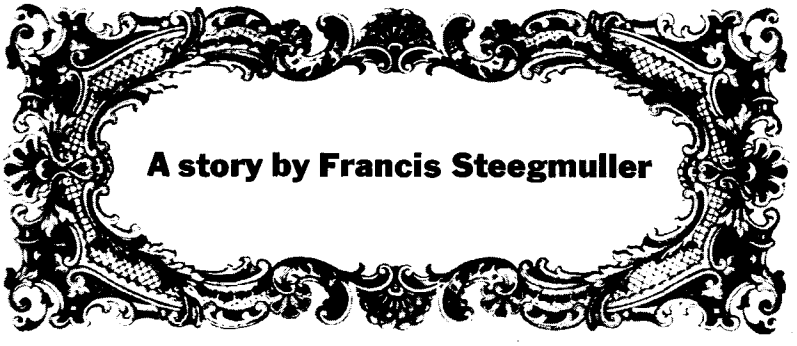
The question of whether old Mrs. Ames's picture was really a Géricault or not didn't come up—or at least she hadn't realized that it had come up—until she had owned it for many years: until, in fact, she tried to sell it.

She had bought it as a Géricault, certainly, and with the approval, even on the suggestion, of Alan Dantziger, the expert with the long mustaches, who had guided many of Mrs. Ames's generation of New Yorkers in their viewings of modern art in the days before the Museum of Modern Art had appeared on the scene and disrupted things. "Modern art" in those pre-MOMA days went way back: Mrs. Ames and her friends had been accustomed to call "modern" any art, especially any French art, produced after—well, say after Waterloo. Géricault, Ingres, Delacroix—they were all "modern," until the Museum came along. Or rather, until the Museum developed. To think that one of the first exhibitions of the MOMA, when its premises were still just a few rooms in the Heckscher Building, consisted of a joint show of Corot and Daumier. Mrs. Ames well remembered that winter—how at dinner parties there was invariably talk about those two artists, with people classifying themselves and each other as either "Corotiens" or "Daumiéristes." The first category was "soft," supposedly; the second "hard." Mrs. Ames had boldly—not entirely sincerely, perhaps—proclaimed herself a "Daumiériste" and had been affectionately laughed at for doing so by her husband (now, eons later, long since gone). Daumier's oils had until then been practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic, and the early Corots, the models and the Italian landscapes, were a revelation to New Yorkers familiar only with the master's nymphs and wispy willows. Corot and Daumier! Who talked about them at New York dinner tables now?

Géricault's style was different—more Romantic, Delacroix-like. There were few of his pictures in New York; only at Alan Dantziger's had Mrs. Ames met up with any, and she had been enthusiastic at once. Alan Dantziger owned two Géricaults, two groups of Arab horses, chestnuts, blacks, and bays, so painted as to be much more than mere horses—rather, "a fascinating vision of forms and colors that had certainly been vouchsafed the painter by the sight of horses, but which remained uncannily independent of them when conveyed in paint: the miracle was the preservation of the vision with the horses nonetheless remaining horses and quite realistic ones at that." That was the way Alan Dantziger was apt to talk about painting to Mrs. Ames and the other ladies whom he shepherded each week during the winter to museums and private collections, including his own, or who would gather with him for an informal little "class," over tea, at one or another of the ladies' homes. "Géricault didn't always sign his pictures, by any means," he went on to say. "But one learns to recognize him. Here, and here, and here, for instance," he said, pointing to an ear, or a fetlock, or a bit of dappling, "are touches that only Géricault would have made—touches that serve to identify him unmistakably. Details like that reveal what the French call the *griffe* of the master." "The *griffe* of the master" was a phrase much used by Alan Dantziger.

To Mrs. Ames, who told him after the next meet-



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ing that she would like to have a Géricault of her own, he said: "I know where there's a small one that may be for sale. An old white horse—a wraith, almost a ghost, but a gleaming ghost, very strange and ethereal. It's in Paris, with my old friend Devaux, in his salesroom in the rue Laffitte. He is *the* Géricault expert. It's a good deal of *his* knowledge that has, if I dare say so, rubbed off onto me." Alan Dantziger stroked his long mustaches in a characteristic gesture of self-deprecation and authority. "At least, the picture I'm speaking of was still with Devaux a few years ago. A little gem. I know he treasures it. You'll be lucky if he lets you have it."

* * *

Mrs. Ames paid M. Devaux a thousand dollars for it—no small sum in those Depression days, when one could buy in Paris for two or three hundred dollars a fine little Braque still life that today would bring a hundred times that. "Of course you realize that the price is laughable," M. Devaux told her. "I wouldn't dream of letting it go for that if you weren't a friend of a friend. It's worth double or triple, I assure you."

* * *

If that was the case, why was M. Devaux—white-haired, but still spry, and his shop in the rue Laffitte unchanged through war, postwar, and even the swinging sixties—today offering her only the same thousand dollars, after a generation that had been characterized by many things, and not the least striking among them a fantastic boom in the price of pictures, especially French pictures? And—could she be hearing aright?—he was even having the gall to say, "Don't you think it would be nice to give me a friendly 10 percent discount, Madame, since we've known each other so long?" Nine hundred dollars, in 1970, for a picture bought for a thousand before the war!

"I really wonder, though . . . Why do you want to sell it, Madame?"

Always an embarrassing question, since the true answer was usually "Because I don't like it." In this case the truth was similarly untellable: "Because I've never really been able to *see* the picture, and now don't see the point of having it around any longer." In fact, the little picture, which in Paris had been a white horse gleaming out of a dark background, with a bit of stable-and-harness still life painted in flecks of blue and red and straw color down in one corner, when hung in New York light had taken on both a glare and an opaqueness that together turned it into a small framed disturbance, a source of annoyance that one wanted off the wall. The little horse had spent most of its American generation in a closet, occasionally brought out and inspected, its quality acknowledged; but always, after a day or an hour of experimental hanging, put back. Here in Paris it looked better at once. "I need the money," Mrs. Ames answered. "I need as much money as I can get."

As she said that, Mrs. Ames could imagine her husband's smile—it was the same smile he gave her when she proclaimed herself a hard-boiled Daumiériste rather than a Corotienne softy—and that her words were instantly recognized as fiction was apparent from an expression of almost impertinent skepticism on the face of M. Devaux. Mrs. Ames reflected that he probably knew to a franc how much her room at the Ritz was costing her; and besides, his conception of the difference between French and American financial circumstances probably did have something genuinely dated about it. He had just been telling her about his sister, who had recently become so *américanisée* as to spend a "colossal fortune" to install central heating in her country house in Normandy, and as a result of that *folie* now found herself "the slave of her furnace" and realized too late that she had "only herself to blame." The disbelief made Mrs. Ames uncomfortable, and not only because it was deserved: it was accompanied by an air of condescension on M. Devaux's part which reminded her of a letter he had sent her soon after she had bought the picture and had written to say that she had forgotten to ask him its history. By "history" she had meant "provenance," but unfortunately, writing in French, she had used the word *"histoire,"* and M. Devaux had kindly replied, in English, "I am afraid there is no 'story' attached to the picture, dear Madame. We know nothing of the horse's past life or present circumstances: it is just a picture of a white horse, painted by a master."

Today there was no mention of a master. "The picture has great, great quality, of course, but it is very special," M. Devaux said. And quite without seeming to realize that he was saying something surprising he added: "It is not a picture that I would want to offer for sale. I would keep it for my private collection, and I fear that for purposes of self-indulgence I cannot afford to spend money like my sister."

"But on one occasion you did offer it for sale, M. Devaux. To me."

"No, no, Madame. Forgive me for correcting you. I never *offered* it. I *consented* to sell it—and only because you were a friend of my dear late friend Dantziger. I remember his letter of introduction very well, dear Madame, telling me of your interest and asking me to let the picture go to you, as a favor to him."

That, too, recalled something. In New York Mrs. Ames had invited Alan Dantziger to come to tea and

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Mr. Steegmuller is a biographer of artists and writers. His *Flaubert and Madame Bovary* is a classic. His new book, *Cocteau,* has just been published.

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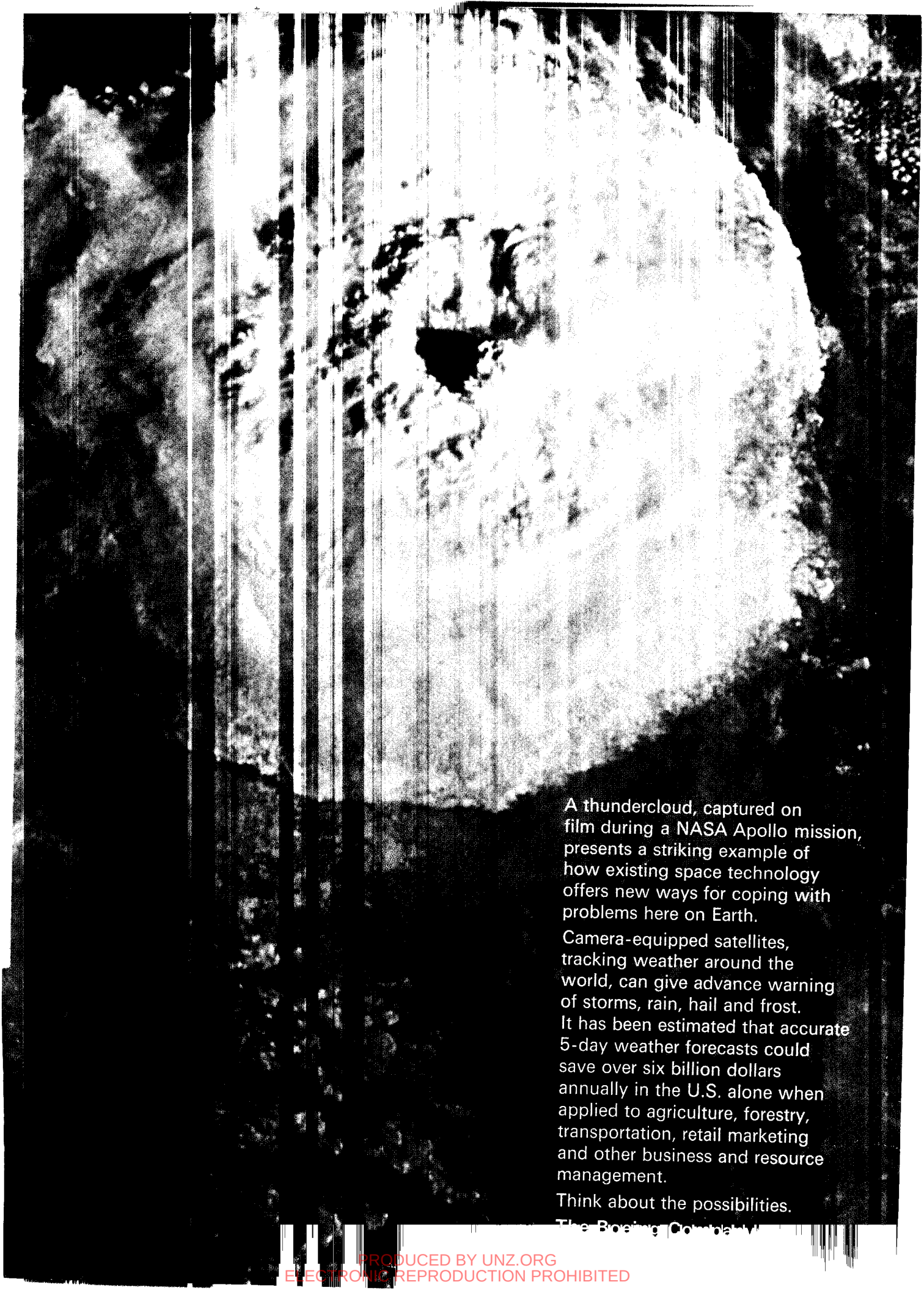

A thundercloud, captured on film during a NASA Apollo mission, presents a striking example of how existing space technology offers new ways for coping with problems here on Earth.

Camera-equipped satellites, tracking weather around the world, can give advance warning of storms, rain, hail and frost. It has been estimated that accurate 5-day weather forecasts could save over six billion dollars annually in the U.S. alone when applied to agriculture, forestry, transportation, retail marketing and other business and resource management.

Think about the possibilities.

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see her new acquisition, and of course she had had to invite Hilde Dantziger as well, Alan's very Teutonic wife, fresh from Germany. Alan often brought Hilde with him when he gave his little talks on "modern art" to the ladies, and her boisterousness kept her from being liked. "Oh, *so hübsch!*" Hilde had cried, at the sight of the white horse. "Ooh! Ooh! *Ganz delikat!* So different from ours! Ours have so much—you know—so much more *oomph!*" And Alan had stroked his mustaches and murmured, "Yes, yes, very lovely. A little—mm—*stranger* than I remembered it, but . . . So you've really bought it, have you? Dear lady, let me raise my teacup to a long and happy association."

At that time Mrs. Ames had barely begun to sense the picture's not too satisfactory self-projection as it hung on her wall, and she realized later that it was the lack of enthusiasm she heard in Alan Dantziger's voice that set off her first twinge of regret about her purchase; for the moment, it was disguised as regret that Alan should be so obviously and easily swayed, in his opinion, by his very assertive wife. Then, later in the conversation, Hilde let fall, in her clumsy way—quite obviously against Alan's intention—the news that Alan had "heard from" M. Devaux just after Mrs. Ames's purchase; and from the pronounced air of awkwardness, even confusion, that engulfed both of them following the disclosure, Mrs. Ames gathered that there had been a commission. That was quite all right, of course, but the secrecy made it less palatable than it might have been.

Today it was M. Devaux whose palatability left something to be desired, and Mrs. Ames rebelled. "Well, you know, M. Devaux, at nine hundred dollars I think I'll just take my picture home again."

"Oh, really, Madame? The poor horse will be bewildered by all these changes of time and atmosphere! He will be quite—do I remember the expression correctly?—off his hay! Come: I'll say twelve hundred dollars, because truly I'll be happy to be reunited with my faithful old Dobbin. That will give you a nice little profit, and . . ."

But Dobbin, withdrawn from a M. Devaux become noticeably cold and formal, accompanied Mrs. Ames back to New York. This was its third Atlantic crossing with her—and in the same cabin trunk; Mrs. Ames still traveled by ship, and this time, on the way, she had plenty of time to wonder what had gone wrong. It was clear that quite apart from his natural stinginess, M. Devaux had been willing only up to a certain amount of money to buy back the horse, but that he had wanted it. His evident coolness on seeing it after an interval had been almost identical with Alan Dantziger's long ago; it gradually dawned on her that neither of them, on re-seeing it, had as much as mentioned the name of Géricault. Alan had not used his beloved phrase "the *griffe* of the master," nor had Devaux uttered any equivalent. For all her own long disappointment in the picture, only now did it occur to her to wonder whether the old Dantziger-Devaux sponsorship of its authorship had crumbled; had they both decided that it was, after all, not "right," and each for his own reason been unwilling to say so? Had they both, so to speak, backed the wrong horse? Then why had M. Devaux been willing to offer her even a little more than she had paid for it?

* * *

Even in the days when "modern" art had included nineteenth-century art, Mrs. Ames had been no "collector"; her purchases had been few, and when picture prices had begun their dizzy rise, and especially when modern art had become . . . what it had become, her gallery-going grew rarer and she gradually lost what little acquaintance she had with dealers. Now, back in New York, she made a few inquiries, and by different people in the know she was urged to telephone a certain Mr. Baxter. "A knowledgeable and aggressive young Englishman," "well trained and well connected," "sells very effectively from his apartment in the East Seventies"—such were some of the recommendations she had gathered. Mr. Baxter, she was given to understand, was a thoroughly "modern," even "mod," dealer. Perhaps he was what she needed, after old M. Devaux.

She telephoned him, and he came—a young man mod-ishly dressed, at once languid and Irish; in a wild way he recalled Alan Dantziger—the glossy mustaches had been replaced by crimped sideburns, the string tie by a large blue velvet bow. He looked at the picture, examining it carefully front and, more particularly, back. He was anything but silent about its "authenticity." That was the question he raised at once. "I see the picture is unsigned. At least, I find no signature. Of course, if it's there under the varnish or overpainting our rays will locate it. I see no studio mark. No sale stamp. No collector's identification. In other words, all I know about the picture is what you tell me—that Devaux sold it to you as a Géricault. Have you kept his bill, by the way?" And when Mrs. Ames shook her head, Mr. Baxter shook his. "A pity. A totally undocumented picture today, you know, is . . . Alas, today's buyers are not always concerned with quality—as you were, Mrs. Ames. They buy signatures. *Signatures.*" He could not deplore that enough, though at the same time making a gesture with descending hands toward the picture that expressed a void, utter nothingness. Mrs. Ames felt a sudden longing, after all, to hear Alan Dantziger pronounce, with his old-fashioned conviction, "The *griffe* of the master"—not necessarily even about her picture, but about some picture, almost any picture, that was "totally undocumented." She knew better than to mention Alan's name—his life's work as spokesman for "mod-

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We want to be useful ...and even interesting

Kodak

Partners?
Salesman and prospect?
Two brothers comparing grandchildren?
And what are they wearing?

A tale of corporate significance . . .

Yes, snapshots and men's suits do have a bearing on the people's welfare. We are in a position to explain, being involved in both subjects.

The snapshot business is not bad. In fact, it's very good. What the people in the photofinishing business complain about is scarcity of help. While snapshots are not going to cure all the chronic or acute unemployment in the land, it won't hurt to drop a hint that here is one geographically widespread industry looking for willing workers, male and female. For the part of the work that requires no technical training, the willingness counts more than experience or education.

We number among our customers and competitors in the industry many who have come a long way since getting into it years ago. Now here they are trying to help some of today's poor become less so. Readers who are involved with the poverty of the day and who wish to try this lead might discuss it with their state employment office or other official employment resources in the community.

So strong and diverse is the demand for photography—both business- and fun-type—that we consider the above suggestion appropriate despite our intent to offer pictures that will come, not out of a finishing plant, but right out of a Kodak camera.

Now as for the suits worn by the two gentlemen above, they are the very essence of established convention, products of a technology that takes off from the limits on the length of the wool on a sheep's back.

Twisting the combed sheep hairs to hang on to each other spins a yarn. Joining dyed yarn in an in-and-out pattern weaves a bolt of cloth. Cut the cloth apart, perforate the pieces and insert thread through the holes to join the pieces —that tailors a man's suit. The labor of many men and women has clothed him in dignity.

Another animal than the sheep—the silkworm—has likewise served man's desire for dignity. The silkworm does it differently. Long ago technologists succeeded in imitating its method. It produces one very long filament.

In Kingsport, Tenn. we use the silkworm's method on a stupendous scale, albeit with a large chemical difference, from which flow many great advantages to the ultimate garment wearer. One of these advantages may soon be affecting more than in the past the human male's means of covering his nakedness and signifying his status. A rising tide of knits is expected. In men's suits, yet!

A knitting lady makes a treasured sweater from a long piece of string. A knitting machine does finer work than a lady, faster than a fast power loom. It doesn't require that extruded filament be chopped up to make yarn. Why go to the trouble of imitating a sheep-type product with a silkworm-type product? Furthermore, knitting machines can be programmed and re-programmed quickly. This gives the manufacturer quick turnaround. Knits now account for over one-third of all apparel fabrics. We expect that percentage to rise fast and soon. We expect a great deal of our new KODEL Polyester Filament to go into knits.

There is a lot of nakedness in the world waiting to be clothed.

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ern art" in New York had long since been washed away by the hordes of newer critics and curators; but when Mr. Baxter went on to declare, "Not that anything Devaux might say would be of particular value," she cried, "But . . . he *is* the Géricault expert, isn't he?"

"*Was,* maybe," Mr. Baxter replied. "Experts don't necessarily keep their reputations forever, you know. New knowledge, new methods, dear Mrs. Ames, can make them old hat. In Devaux's case, he must by now be so incredibly ancient and ga-ga . . ."

Ga-ga! Mrs. Ames couldn't believe her ears. And why was it that that word, so confidently uttered by Mr. Baxter, at once suggested its opposite? It flashed on her how very far from ga-ga the old Frenchman probably was; and, more than that, that Baxter had, quite without knowing it, suggested a solution to the mystery of M. Devaux's behavior. Had the old man, perhaps, after deciding that he had been wrong about the picture, perhaps even being aware of his faded reputation as an expert, offered her just what he cautiously thought he could afford, to take it out of the market, to prevent her offering it elsewhere with his old, now reconsidered, attribution? It was only a hunch, but she wondered whether she wasn't right. She felt oddly stimulated by the speculation and had a novel sensation of authority and alertness as she waited for what Mr. Baxter might say next. Following his words about M. Devaux, he had set the white horse upon a table, against a pile of books from the Society Library, sat himself down in front of it, flicking back the long skirt of his green cord jacket, and assumed an air of deep thought. Even with her new wariness, Mrs. Ames was scarcely prepared for the fruit of his meditations.

"This," said Mr. Baxter, "is what I suggest. Facing the fact that complete lack of documentation is a major obstacle, *if* that obstacle could be overcome, I'd be able to offer you a nice price for the picture—say $20,000 or so. Now: how to overcome the obstacle? With great luck, a signature or other identification could turn up under X ray. But, let's face it again, that's highly unlikely. Therefore, a major, I might say a *massive,* a *crushing,* authentication is needed. It would have to come from an authority whose name carries simply shattering weight. For a picture like this, the person best equipped to have the examining done, and to write a certificate if he thinks it proper, is good old Augustus." Baxter then added—or, rather, dropped—the surname of a long-celebrated international dealer whose New York establishment was one of the city's few still-existing palaces. "Gusty has a fantastic eye. *Fantastic.* As it happens, I'm on very good terms with him. Used to work with him. It's a spot of his knowledge—if I dare say so—that has rubbed off on me. He regards me more as a protégé than a competitor. So, Mrs. Ames, I suggest: let me take the picture to Augustus. If he finds and certifies that it's a Géricault, then $20,000 or so from me to you. Something around that figure—I might even give you a little more."

There was silence for a moment. Then Mrs. Ames thought her voice very tiny as she inquired: "And if he does not find and certify that it's a Géricault?"

Mr. Baxter did not hesitate. A flourish of enameled cuff links. "Oh, there's quite a market for minor pictures of this period. People like old horse pictures. There's at least one millionaire who's crackers about them, the way some nuts collect cat pictures. If things didn't turn out, I'd still buy the picture from you. But naturally the price would have to be very different—a fraction."

Mrs. Ames did not ask what fraction. She just stared at Mr. Baxter until she realized that, caught up in her reflections, she was, without meaning to—although there was no question of his not deserving it—staring him out of countenance. One of her reflections was that the degree of naïveté that M. Devaux had attributed to her some thirty-odd years before, when he had thought her capable of asking to be told the "story" of the white horse, and again just a month or two ago, when he had thought she might sell his dear old Dobbin back to him, after a generation of astronomically rising art prices, for less than she had paid—was as nothing compared with what was being attributed to her now by this young New York dealer. Even with her developing cunning Mrs. Ames could not bring herself to *ask* the question that Mr. Baxter's words had generated, but she stared that question at him: "Under the arrangement you propose, what chance do you suggest there might be of this Gusty of yours saying—or, rather, of my being *told* he said—that my picture is a Géricault?" And she wondered, too, thinking of Mr. Baxter's being, in Gusty's eyes, a kind of "protégé," whether some other word might be more appropriate: "assistant," perhaps, or "scout"? Or even "procurer"?

Mrs. Ames's stare had lasted long enough to make Mr. Baxter fidget. He fidgeted a little with his eyes, and there was some fingering of the blue bow tie, but chiefly he fidgeted orally. "I don't know what price you paid for the picture," he said, "but I don't suppose it was very much, considering when you bought it, even if you paid for a Géricault. What I'm getting at is, under the circumstances the $20,000 or whatever you'd receive would be almost entirely profit, and you know about your Treasury Department's 25 percent capital gains tax that applies to picture sales. But I wouldn't want you to worry about that. We all agree that it's grossly unfair to penalize a collector who's had the foresight to buy such pictures, and there are ways of reducing the penalty that are perfectly aboveboard. You'd give me a receipt for whatever sum you'd like me to give you, and you'd deposit my check in the jolly old bank. Deduct from that whatever you paid Devaux for the picture, and give the

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THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS

If I lived one thousand years
I could not reproduce
The beautiful precise blue
Lettering on the twenty cans
Of beer I have drunk and stumbled
Over and puked on

This one sainted night.
Tonight is St. Night;
I am remembering being happy.

A silver-plated statue of
A bowling ball throwing
A dumb man down a long alley
Littered with elegantly lettered
Beer cans—

That is St. Night's crest.
St. Night's mother, St. Dawn,
Is going to tell me: You have
Made a pigsty of your bathroom
And your living room and your life . . .
Get up and go to work.

St. Work thinks I'm a joke;
He calls me St. Calligraphy.
St. Saint knows my real name.
St. Beer.

by Paul Hannigan

government boys 25 percent of the remainder. Perfectly legal—all you'll have got from me would quite honestly be the check you deposited. And then, next time you go to Europe, there would simply be another check, a banker's draft, or cash if you preferred, waiting for you over there, wherever . . ."

Mrs. Ames scarcely heard the rest. Her ears seemed to close of themselves, and then it seemed easiest to assure Mr. Baxter that she'd think over his proposition, to thank him for his interest, to open the closet door where hung his sealskin coat, and to close the front door behind him as he went out.

She was sure that for the time being, at least, she had no idea what she would do with her white horse—or was it white elephant? But for all that, she couldn't help, especially as she glanced at the picture, still leaning against the books where Mr. Baxter had placed it, having one or two more reflections.

The first was a memory. Wasn't it good old Gusty's famous, immensely respectable firm that had been sued, a few years before, by an almost equally grand rival establishment for having done a bit of wiretapping into its competitor's art transactions?

The second was a vision. Somewhere, perhaps on other paintings and drawings by Géricault, perhaps reproduced in books, she had seen Géricault's rare, much to be desired signature; and now it formed itself quite clearly in her mind—the high and low G, the Romantic flow of the smaller letters, the dashing tall "l" and the looped, slashed "t." On one canvas, with a dark background like hers, hadn't she seen that signature in red? At any rate, that was what she saw now, in her mind's eye—faithful old Dobbin, hanging in a room in Gusty's New York palace, or, more probably, in some similar gallery abroad, perhaps on Bond Street or in Zurich, deposited there after having been acquired from her at the necessarily fractional price, and now bearing, in the lower right-hand corner, just distinguishable amid the harness and the hay, that magic signature, one or two of its red letters half-obliterated by "age." How had the name got there? Oh, it was an outrageous fantasy, of course; unimaginable until that moment. □

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LIFE AND LETTERS

NATHAN WEINSTEIN: THE CHEATED

by Mark Schorer

NATHANAEL WEST:
The Art of His Life
by Jay Martin
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.00

W. H. Auden, who is apparently incapable of even momentary dullness, has written the best comments on Nathanael West. They make up a brief, almost fragmentary piece, eight pages in *The Dyer's Hand*, called "Interlude: West's Disease." Like much of that remarkable book, it is casual, unambitious, yet so illuminating that almost automatically one reaches for some splendid if paradoxical analogy—a few passing glints off the surface of a marvelously large, polished diamond—his mind. Absurd? No. Any reader who wants to get immediately to the center of Nathanael West should go at once to this small essay which bases itself on the difficult distinction between *wishes* and *desires* and, as it ends, glances fleetingly at the even more difficult distinction between *pity* and *compassion*.

West's Disease (called that "in honor of the man who devoted his life to studying it") is, Auden states, "a disease of consciousness which renders it incapable of converting wishes into desires." Wishes are fantasies, a denial of the facts of the world and of the self as it is, the substance of the subconscious life; but the task of consciousness is to convert wishes into desires, the means to the aggrandizement of the self as it is within the manipulative conditions of the world outside it. The one is founded on self-pity, readily converted to self-hatred and hatred in general, hence panic and violence; the other, on self-satisfaction and, one supposes, love, hence peace.

The world of Nathanael West, in his imaginative constructions, comes entirely out of the first set of terms, and what, one is made to wonder, forced that imagination into this constrictive state, fed it, and shaped it? Does the term "West's Disease" have a double application, pointing to subject no less than to object, to the man as well as to his works?

Professor Jay Martin's biography, the first real biography of this extraordinary novelist, because Professor Martin is the first scholar to whom West's private papers have been made available, refers to Auden's essay and frequently employs its title term, but the term is so submerged in the mass of material that makes up this long book (actually, it only *seems* so long; it has 435 pages, not so very many since these include appendix, notes on sources, and index) that one is still forced to infer the answer to the question that Auden's essay impels one to ask. *Nathanael West: The Art of His Life* (and really, isn't the professor being a bit too cute? an earlier book of his was called *Conrad Aiken: A Life of His Art*)—this book is something of a Sargasso Sea of social, cultural, and intellectual history in which the individual life is not defined by, but rather all but lost in, the debris; and one cannot say that the scene is brightened by the gleam of speculation focused sharply on this central question. The history of West's troubled times will not in itself account for his originality, in which lies his contribution to them.

For a long time West's working title for his fourth novel, that story of Hollywood hangers-on, maimed creatures, and grotesques, whose frustrations trap them in the nonlife of wishes alone, was *The Cheated*. Surely he himself was one of life's great losers. The publishing history of his four novels, all of them remarkable, and two of them superb, is only the worst of it. Generally well

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(Advertisement)

October Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books

From the moment in 1913 when Serge Diaghilev challenged Jean Cocteau to astound him, the poet-painter-novelist-designer-cinematographer never stopped astounding *everybody*, finishing his long and mercurial life curiously attired in the sword and epaulettes of the Academie Française. Until now, however, we have not known the half of it.

Francis Steegmuller, in **COCTEAU: A BIOGRAPHY,** has uncovered aspects of Cocteau's often preposterous life and amazingly versatile work that never before came to light. As, for example, his often repeated (but only once successful) attempts to collaborate with Stravinsky, which, by courtesy of Mr. Stravinsky, are here now divulged for the first time. Or the role played in Cocteau's repeated opium addictions by Coco Chanel. Or the true story of Cocteau's love for Raymond Radiguet.

Cocteau was his own most sensational creation (though not perhaps his most enduring), and his own best press agent. No one before, in writing of this gaudy and protean creature, has been able to probe beneath the dazzle and artifice of the man to a full appreciation of the artist. Francis Steegmuller has given us, in this copious, richly illustrated work, what Cocteau himself could never provide. It is the most gorgeous literary biography since Henri Troyat's *Tolstoy*.

COCTEAU

by Francis Steegmuller

$12.50 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

received by the people whose opinions West himself respected, each of these novels nevertheless, and for reasons quite external to its quality, was a public failure. His total remuneration in book royalties for more than a decade of dedicated effort in fiction was $1280; the reward for each book was a punch in the nose, a heavy blow in the gut, a kick in the groin, as if it had been decreed that West play his own mauled and maimed anti-hero, Lemuel Pitkin, of *A Cool Million*, or as if Pitkin were in fact a metaphoric stand-in for West.

There were, to be sure, a few winning moments in his early years. A poor student and a dropout from DeWitt Clinton High School, he still wanted to attend a college, and managing somehow to obtain his high school transcript, he added a list of impressive courses, gave himself good grades, and was admitted to Tufts College in 1921. He neglected to attend classes, and was advised to withdraw after two months. Then, confused with another Nathan Weinstein who had been enrolled at Tufts before him, he was assigned fifty-seven unearned college credits and, in the spring of 1922, was admitted to Brown University as a second-term sophomore.

These improbabilities almost suggest the cheerful notion that wishes can readily enough be converted into facts, but they have their ominous side, too: forged credentials, mistaken identity. On a Brown registration form, West gave the year of his birth as 1902 (he was born in 1903) and announced to his fellows, who apparently took him at his word, that he was a veteran of the United States Navy. When, in his final term at Brown, his failure to pass a course in which he had done no work threatened his graduation, he enacted a scene of such persuasive remorse and self-reproach in the professor's office that the grade was changed. Having written Quentin Reynolds' Class Day address for him, West's own graduation in 1924 was the climax to a history of what appears to have been endless lighthearted chicanery.

Lighthearted chicanery, in turn, appears to have been the surface manifestation of a considerable psychic unease which no doubt begins in his beginnings. Quite simply, he did not want to be Nathan Weinstein. His immigrant parents' dedication to the notion of making it in the American bourgeois world of commerce left him cold; he wanted elegance and style. As a college boy, he called himself Nathaniel von Wallenstein Weinstein; in 1926 he legally became Nathanael West, a writer who first admired the French decadents, then the *surréalistes*. His parents, in effect, relinquished the Yiddish tradition in which they had been raised; West was totally indifferent to it and studied the Catholic mystics, as earlier he had studied necromancy and the occult. Religion, in fact, as a condition of faith, meant nothing to him; it was the fuel of fantasy, and as such would work itself into his fiction—the legend of St. Puce in *Balso Snell*, for example, and the scapegoat Christ figure of *Miss Lonelyhearts*. Nathanael, Mr. Martin reminds us, was one of the Apostles, "an Israelite in whom is no guile." There was profound guile, of course, in the very choice of that name, especially since West told friends that Nathanael was a wicked biblical character and therefore more interesting than a nonexistent biblical Nathaniel, who was good.

Most of his *jeux* were as harmless as that, but they must have been of genuine use to him or he would not have been so persistent. It is harmless certainly, and even to be expected, that an imaginative city boy should invent stories about his prowess as a hunter and explorer of the wilderness; only surprising that, the child-father lingering in the man, he would years later spin out tales, made persuasive by circumstantial evidence derived almost entirely from early reading, of his boyhood adventures in wild Western country where he had never been.

The examples are innumerable: how he had played on the baseball team both in high school and at Brown (he played on neither; his nickname "Pep" resulted from his notable deficiency in that quality); how he took part in the bloody Pennsylvania coal-mine strikes in 1923; how for six years he had lived a life of high and precarious adventure (detailed) in Paris (he spent three apparently rather lonely months there); how he had lived among hillbillies and moonshiners in Kentucky to get material for his writing; how, in sympathy with the anti-Franco forces in Spain, he had

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gone there during the Civil War on the profits (unmentionable) of *Miss Lonelyhearts;* and so on and on.

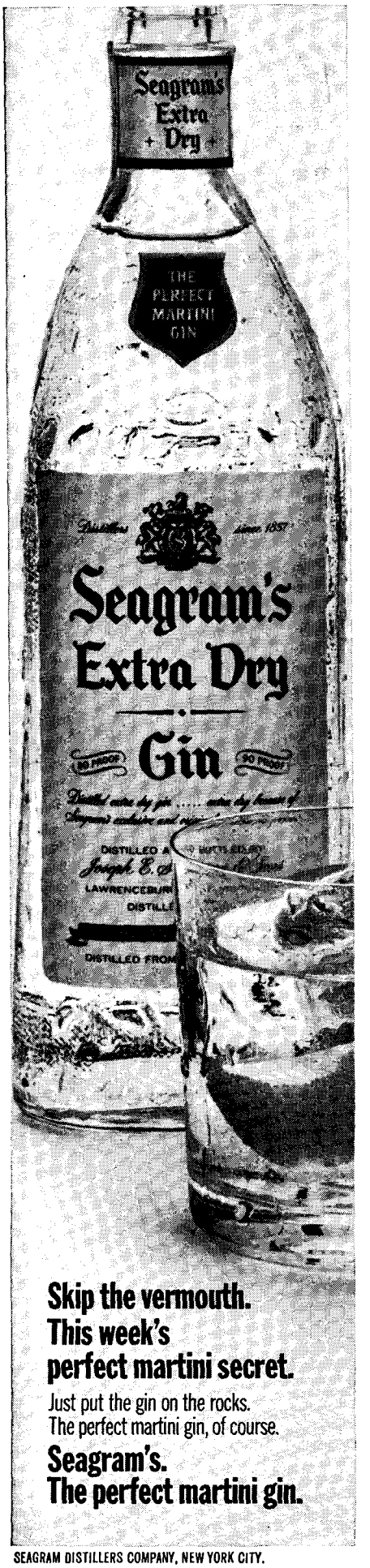
One thinks of Faye Greener in *The Day of the Locust:* "She told him that she often spent the whole day making up stories. . . . She would get some music on the radio, then lie down on her bed and shut her eyes. She had a large assortment of stories to choose from. After getting herself in the right mood, she would go over them in her mind, as though they were a pack of cards, discarding one after another until she found the one that suited. . . . While she admitted that her method was too mechanical for the best results and that it was better to slip into a dream naturally, she said that any dream was better than no dream and beggars couldn't be choosers."

The difference is that West's improvisations came to him quite naturally and out of lifelong habit. During his several stints of writing for the studios in Hollywood, the "dream-dump," he could, in a series of flimsy scripts, quite literally put his habit to professional use, and he very nearly became a success. But one must wonder whether, in his personal life, the habit of wishing was not an enervating affair, a kind of moral leakage, as it was for so many of his characters. How else are we to account for his unwillingness to commit himself in the world of fact? While he was generally in sympathy with the radical political views of most of his friends, he did not choose to become actively involved, and while much of his fiction has political, usually frightening political, implications, the imaginative view transcends any ideological bias. This proves to have been an aesthetic blessing, and his work survives his treacherous times, as the work of most of his friends does not. Thus it is not his political apathy (if that is not too strong a word) that is disturbing, although it may be symptomatic, but an apathy of a more personal kind.

Twice he was on the verge of marrying extremely attractive women, but he allowed both relationships to come to nothing, the first through a sluggish paralysis of his will, the second through active manipulation. It is as if he were unwilling to commit himself to the demands of close relationships, these being facts which would interfere with "wishes," and then, retreating, would fantasize his own reluctance. To one of these women he wrote, "I feel like, I guess I am, a phoney." In projecting an autobiographical work in a Guggenheim application, he sketched in one chapter about "an attempt to love, and the difficulties encountered. The impossibility of experiencing genuine emotion." In his sexual life he preferred casual affairs with women who meant nothing to him at all (and paid in painful, if predictable, venereal problems). Then at last, in his happy marriage to Eileen McKenney, he broke free of his own reticences, but for only eight months, when the loser came up again. Always a bad driver, he drifted through a stop sign, and both of them were killed. What was he wishing then? And is "doom" as "accidental" as he thought?

In an essay of 1933, S. J. Perelman, West's brother-in-law, wrote whimsically of the two Wests, and one of these, six feet tall in Brooks Brothers tweeds, can be seen as the romantic dreamer in pursuit of illusions; the other, sensitive, savage, and only eighteen inches tall, as the hard-eyed observer of illusions: the social being, the writer. The "disease" of one became the subject of the other, and while the disease no doubt enriched the subject, the act of transference cured the disease in the immutabilities of art, forced wishes and passivity into desires and acts. And to this transference we owe the remarkable achievement, those books that so ruthlessly give back to us the best picture we have of our rotting urban culture, our piles of tawdry technological junk in which human lives are first mired and then mangled. Mr. Martin's taut definition of this process is: "Life was West's fiction, an illusion—his tough reality was in his books."

Auden wrote, "I suspect that, consciously, he thought pity and compassion were the same thing, but what the behavior of his 'tender' characters shows is that all pity is self-pity and that he who pities others is incapable of compassion." Fortunately, the operations of the literary imagination are not "conscious," and West's greatest triumph lies in the transformation of his soft and considerable self-pity into his sinewy compassion for the whole spectacle of ennui and suffering, panic and emptiness that he laid before us.



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Finally, then, he is not one of "the cheated"—but who, except his surviving friends, can take comfort in that knowledge?

One can only be grateful to Jay Martin for putting together all this and so much more information that makes us try to understand Nathanael West; perhaps it is churlish to wish that he could have transformed his facts, in his way, brought forth a man, and saved us that effort.

FROST REVISED

by William H. Pritchard

THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST
edited by Edward Connery Lathem
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $10.95

If you've dropped in at the local bookstore lately you may have noticed that the familiar green *Complete Poems of Robert Frost, 1949* has been replaced by a new collected edition called *The Poetry of Robert Frost,* followed by, in smaller letters, "Edited by Edward Connery Lathem." Running through the titles of other collections of famous modern poets—*The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats,* or *T. S. Eliot: Collected Poems,* or *The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens*—you may recall that none of those collections (one of them made posthumously) was edited by anyone, and you may wonder, therefore, why it is that Frost's poetry was judged to stand in need of editing. A publisher's note at the beginning of this volume tells us that, although the time has not yet come for a variorum or a definitive edition, "the current need is for a convenient volume both for general readers and scholars, scrupulously edited for textual accuracy"; and that because of Holt's long association with Frost, the book is thus published with special pride.

How convenient is the volume, and should Holt, Rinehart and Winston be proud of it? Its major addition to the 1949 *Complete Poems* is Frost's last book of poems, *In the Clearing* (1962), hitherto available only separately. The new volume has 607 pages, where its predecessor had 666; it is priced at $10.95, a few dollars more than the collections of the poets mentioned above. It is sturdily double-bound, as was the 1949 edition, and the poems are line-numbered as they were not previously—an advantage to critics and teachers, especially when dealing with longer poems. But since almost 100 pages of the volume are taken up by an editor's statement and the textual apparatus which follows it, let us scan those pages for what they tell us about the spirit and principles brought to the presentation of Frost's poems.

As one would expect, the bibliographical and textual notes are occupied mainly with documenting divergent readings, citing variants from the different editions, providing place and date of first publication. The typographical character and organization of the individual volumes—some of which were retained at least in part in *Complete Poems, 1949*—are now relegated to, and described in, the notes. In some cases this means that material absent from *Complete Poems, 1949,* but present in the individual volumes as they appeared, has now reappeared in the textual notes; in this connection it is particularly pleasant to have handy once more the original glosses to the poems from *A Boy's Will*—"The youth is persuaded that he will be rather more than less himself for having forsworn the world" etc. But a good deal is lost too: no longer are we permitted the luxury of no more than one poem to a page (as in the *Complete Poems* edition), so that if we open to pages 12–13 we come upon the last two lines of "To the Thawing Wind," immediately followed on the page by "A Prayer in Spring," which in turn is followed by the first five lines of the first stanza of "Flower-Gathering"; then on to page 13 and the remaining three lines and second stanza of that poem, which is then followed by "Rose Pogonias." In other words, the pages are crowded, the poems often broken up unattractively. And much of the pleasure of those very short poems (originally introduced as *Quantula* in *A Witness Tree,* and preserved within the text of *Complete Poems, 1949*) is now lost. Most of the fun of "The Secret Sits"—"We dance round in a ring and suppose,/ But the Secret sits in the middle and knows"—was to come upon the poem sitting there on a big white page in gnomic isolation; the same goes for "An Answer"—"But Islands of the Blessed, bless you, son,/I never came upon a blessèd one." In the new edition these poems share two pages along with seven other poems, and quarters are cramped.

These inconveniences, losses of fine old ways of presenting Frost's poems, would probably be forgivable: one could sigh about publishing costs, though that sigh might be tempered by the guess that Holt, Rinehart and Winston has made a fair amount of money from their Frost sales. But the editing of the poems goes beyond a listing of variants or dates of publication: Mr. Lathem is also responsible for "changes introduced by the present editor that constitute departures from copy-texts." The main copy-text is *Complete Poems, 1949,* but departures from it have been made "both for the correction of errors and for achieving greater textual clarity." I'm not quite sure what "greater textual clarity" means in principle; but in fact it seems to mean that the editor has seen fit to correct or improve Frost's punctuation of his own poems when that punctuation for one reason or another is deemed inadequate or misleading or awkward or whatever.

Though he does not elucidate specifically, it is clear that the editor thinks one of the best ways to correct error or achieve textual clarity is to declare war on the hyphen; so "witch-hazel" or "sleigh-bells" or "window-pane" or "star-like" now become "witch hazel," "sleigh bells," "window pane" and "starlike." Aside from what seems to me the needless and presumptuous fiddling involved in such emendations, what happens when the amusing line from "Fireflies in the Garden" about how though the fireflies aren't stars they "Achieve at times a very star-like start" now becomes "starlike"? Or when the humorous command in "Clear and Colder"—"Then take some left-over winter" becomes "leftover"? Or even more annoying in "Birches" where "As ice-storms do" now becomes "As ice storms do," a somewhat duller deed; or "snow-

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crust" becomes "snow crust" or where Truth used to break in "With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm" she now breaks in without the fine emphasis those hyphens provide? What has happened to all the hyphens? A friend of mine suggested that perhaps the editor was bequeathed some large basket in which to store hyphens, and that after picking them out of the poems, he has so stored them.

But he must own an equally large basket of commas—seasoned with more emphatic dashes—eager to find their way into some poem or other, because Mr. Lathem has been as lavish in his providing of them as he has been saving of hyphens. Here are three instances of small changes made in some of Frost's best and most familiar poems; the reader may judge how small the changes are. In "An Old Man's Winter Night" the lines describing the old man's preparation for sleep used to read this way:

> He consigned to the moon, such as she was,
> So late-arising, to the broken moon
> As better than the sun in any case
> For such a charge, his snow upon the roof,
> His icicles along the wall to keep;
> And slept. . . .

The editor emends the first two lines to read:

> He consigned to the moon—such as she was,
> So late-arising—to the broken moon

Evidently Frost's steady unbroken trail of commas was not emphatic enough for Mr. Lathem's taste which judged that "such as she was,/So late-arising" needed the more special treatment provided by surrounding dashes. A second example: the Oven Bird's message used to be delivered this way:

> He says the early petal-fall is past
> When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers
> On sunny days a moment overcast;

Now a comma has been placed after "past," supposedly to warn us against the strong enjambment that sustains our voice from one line to the next. Did Frost not know what he was doing when he "omitted" the comma? Finally the famous lines from "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"

> Whose woods these are I think I know.
> His house is in the village though;

now read

> Whose woods these are I think I know.
> His house is in the village, though;

while "The woods are lovely, dark and deep," now has an added comma after "dark." It is as if a prim schoolmaster were at work, showing his concern for Robert's getting the correct punctuation into the business or friendly letter so that his English will be Good and Understood By All, rather than "Under a spell so the wrong ones can't find it,/So can't get saved." Perhaps the absence of a

The Writers

Mark Schorer is a well-known American novelist, critic, and teacher.

William H. Pritchard is a professor of English at Amherst College.

Louis Kronenberger's newest book is a collection of bons mots called *The Cutting Edge.* His autobiography, *No Whippings, No Gold Watches,* came out recently.

Maurice Sagoff's book of *Shrinklits* will be published by Doubleday next month.

David Denby, who writes movie criticism frequently for the *Atlantic,* is now based in New York.

Ralph Maloney is a professional storyteller who seldom indulges in amateur devices—unless the god intrudes himself upon the author's machinery.

Edward Weeks, the former editor of the *Atlantic,* has been doing his monthly reviews for more than twenty-five years.

Phoebe Adams is on the magazine staff and writes a regular column of short reviews.

Jarold Ramsey (page 58) is a member of the English department at the University of Rochester.

Paul Hannigan's (page 125) first collection of poems, *Laughing,* was published in May.

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comma can be a very positive presence in the spell cast by a poem. In the case of "Stopping by Woods" the substantive change in tone introduced by the editor's emendation of a comma before "though"—"His house is in the village, though"—turns the speaker into a coyly twinkling fellow with all too much of a clever tongue lodged in his cheek. Robert Frost was more impersonal than that, and his jokes were harder to catch.

One of his poems ended (and still ends) with the following lines: "For I am There,/And what I would not part with I have kept." On the evidence of this edition I'd have to say, alas not all kept, but regrettably parted with and not, so far as I can see from the evidence, by the poet's own wish. I think some sort of explanation is due from Holt and the editor: until one is convincingly forthcoming I would advise you to save, as I have, the $10.95. If you don't already own a *Complete Poems, 1949* look up, by dint of hard labor, a secondhand bookstore where they will very likely have a copy someone recently and mistakenly has replaced by the new edition.

FROM BOOLA BOOLA TO BOMBS

by Louis Kronenberger

THE CAMPUS SCENE
by Calvin B. T. Lee
David McKay, $6.95

The word *campus* today often rivals, in significance and news value, so vital a word as *Congress,* and is bracketed with all the clamoring key words of our time: Vietnam, violence, relevance, sex, blacks, drugs, power. Long identified with such real names as Albie Booth and Hobie Baker, with such fictional ones as Dink Stover and Amory Blaine, with "Far above Cayuga's waters" and "We don't give a damn for the whole state of Michigan," *campus* today evokes not dance cards but draft cards, not cherished traditions but charred ones. What once suggested a playground now rather resembles a battlefield. Not that what *campus* evokes is what it actually embraces: it still has goofy pleasures, it still has growing pains, it still seizes the day much oftener than the administration building. Yet the sixties have so graphically changed college life as to metamorphose the old image of it: and just so, we can turn to a very timely book, *The Campus Scene: 1900–1970,* by Calvin B. T. Lee, which, beyond frequently offering a picturesque or nostalgic look backwards, helps restore perspective as well. Today's anarchic campus world blots out yesterday's ancestral one, when a substantial segment of college life stood for upper-class life, and football and foolishness were what college meant to right-thinking alumni. But there were some precedents of today in the Good Old Days, and some analogies as well; and during all seven decades, the period played a strongly characterizing role—enough to make chronology, more than anything else, our soundest means of procedure.

The Good Old Days, which Mr. Lee, acting president at Boston University, dates from 1900 to the end of World War I, abound in such vignettes as sentimental students playing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" on their mandolins. But if such things have a certain period charm, they are often more comic than romantic; for example, the two-foot rule, that 1900s-generation gap between partners in dancing, with some girls actually carrying a ruler. This, and a decree at the University of Michigan that in yearbook photographs "the figure must not be shown," will suggest the obstacle race that sex must have been engaged in. It was also a period when arriving freshmen were bearded at the railway station by fraternity rushers, and when liquor was abolished at Stanford after a pie-eyed student went into the wrong fraternity house and was shot as a burglar. It was an era of drinking—a 1903 study at "an eastern university center" revealed that 90 percent of the freshmen drank and 95 percent of the seniors, with 15 percent of the student body drunkards. Ten years later the cops, after a University of Virginia-Georgetown football game,

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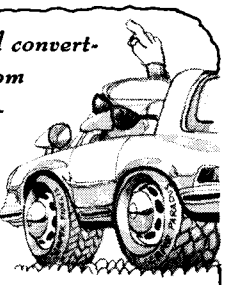

She wears a pigskin coat. She manufactures bowling balls. She plays THINKING MAN'S GOLF* *What are her odds for landing a pro quarterback?*

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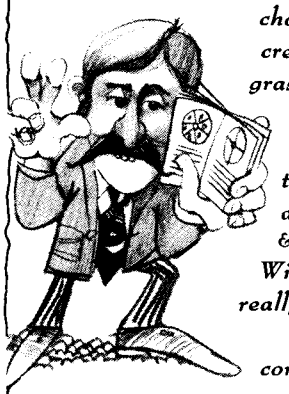

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SHRINKLITS

Jane Eyre

My Love behaved
  A bit erratic;
Our nuptial day
  Brought truth dramatic:
He *had* a wife,
  Mad, in an attic.

I fled! I roamed
  O'er moor and ditch.
When life had struck
  Its lowest pitch
An uncle died
  And left me rich.

I sought my Love
  Again, to find
An awful fire
  His home had mined,
Kippered his wife
  And left him blind.

Reader, guess what?
  I married him.
My cup is filled
  Up to the brim;
Now we are one,
  We play, we swim,

The power we share
  Defies all pain;
We soar above
  Life's tangled plain
He Mr. Rochester,
  Me Jane!

The Catcher in the Rye

School was crumby,
  Classmates mean,
Holden Caulfield
  Aged sixteen
Copped out to the
  New York scene.

There he wandered,
  Sorrow's son,
Overgrown
  But underdone,
Seared by girls . . .
  It wasn't fun.

Broke, disheartened,
  Home he slid,
Sister Phoebe,
  (Perky kid),
Buoyed him up,
  She really did.

Only for the
  Moment, though;
Down the skids
  Alas, he'll go,
Landing in a
  Shrink-chateau.

Ah, what torment
  Must be his
Who Goddams
  But feels Gee Whiz!
Youth is rough,
  It really is.

by Maurice Sagoff

nabbed a hundred drunks, the penalty being ten bucks or sleep in a cell. Football in the early 1900s was played without substitutions, except where a player was too groggy to stand up. Already under attack, the game was abolished at Columbia in 1905 and at Stanford a year later. But even earlier, wealthy alumni were financing stadiums and football coaches. For the silver-spoon student, fraternities and clubs, fun and games were what college meant, and no doubt C was already the recognized "gentleman's grade."

Opposed to all this, at places like Nazarene University in the West, tuition was $20 a semester and room and board $4.25 a week, with a corner room 25 cents extra. Opposed also was such campus "radicalism" as strike sympathizers and protests at Wellesley against accepting Standard Oil money. Student voices were raised against Victorianism, and modern viewpoints appeared in print (the *Seven Arts,* the *New Republic*) and in person (William James, John Dewey, Sigmund Freud). Mencken said of "the Flapper" in 1915: "She knows exactly what the Wassermann reaction is . . . she is opposed to the double standard . . . she read [the banned *Mrs. Warren's Profession*] one rainy Sunday afternoon and found it a mass of platitudes."

World War I disrupted campus life, calling forth so great a response in student and faculty enlistments as to rouse fears of depopulation. War studies created a revised curriculum—a science course in War Chemicals, an art course in Principles of Camouflage. By 1918 the S.A.T.C. (Student Army Training Corps) was readying, on campus, induction for 200,000 men, and possessed so much authority that professors worried over being court-martialed.

Having disrupted the campus, the war in its aftereffects helped liberate it. The carnival atmosphere of the twenties infected and infiltrated the colleges, but though campus life tried to look sinful, there were probably more shenanigans than carnality, and nothing habit-forming from bathtub gin, only vile hangovers. The East, which produced a raft of college novels—Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise,* Stephen Vincent Benét's *The Beginning of Wisdom,* Percy Marks's *The Plastic Age*—was the

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headquarters for college revels and raccoon-coated monkeyshines. Prohibition was locked out of big-game weekends and proms; at girls' colleges smoking was rife and chaperones much rarer. But the flasks and flippancies in the East much less set the national pace than violated its norm. The Middle West, as the Mother of Prohibition, saw her college-age children obeying it; "law observance" stood high in a Far West college survey; and, despite tradition, Southern campuses were reported by the *Literary Digest* to have "given up Bourbon." As for sin, in a University of Texas student poll of sixteen varieties of it, "sex irregularity" stood first—ahead of stealing and cheating; and the same test, given on five large Northern campuses, produced the same results, except that "sabbath-breaking" was deemed much more sinful in the South.

Almost certainly, in the twenties, a great mass of corn-fed, God-fearing, shakily financed students equated college with education, and education with earnestness. But the spotlight caught the clever, jazz-age minority who had traded education for sophistication, and earnestness for irreverence. About education, they were sometimes right: thus, in literature, while professors clung to Galsworthy & Co., the bright students were deep in Lawrence, Joyce, and Proust. Campus irreverence was a tracing-paper version of such credos as the non-gospel according to Mencken (a key twenties word was *debunking*) and the new gospel according to Freud. James Wechsler has said that the college generation of the twenties felt that "a man might be of some use to the country until he was 30 years old," but thereafter joined the oldsters responsible for the period's evils. This account of the generation gap would seem relevant to today's; but, as I recall, the students of the twenties flouted rather than protested, saw their fathers as Babbitts and stick-in-the-muds, not as capitalists and rat-racers, and shook their heads over the situation, not their fists. They were a generation that longed to be disillusioned and, just so, were to the same extent illuded. But, as Mr. Lee concludes, the twenties—and not least with the blasé students—were an era of optimism. It was a period, says Mr. Lee, when people "lost

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their fear of Hell and their interest in Heaven"; and, with Wall Street paved with goldbricks, perhaps came to think they could own the earth.

The true shattering of illusions came in 1929 with the Crash, though it took two or three years to do its worst. By 1932 there were 13 million unemployed in the United States, wages were 60 percent lower than in 1929, and up to 85 percent of male graduates were without jobs. Many college students became part-time janitors and the like; one student became a gigolo, another worked his way through college as a professional welterweight. Vast numbers of students had to live at home, and dormitories went begging; student diversions sank from movies to hikes, from trips into town to trips to the library. Yet the Depression contrived less drastic diversions—card-playing, roller-skating, "radio" dances at 25 cents a couple, and "big" dances in gyms rather than fashionable hotels. Movie money went for Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper, and for Clark Gable, who, by not wearing an underwear top in *It Happened One Night,* wrecked the underwear-top market. Reading, if purposeful with social-minded students, was elsewhere haphazard. Princeton's 1935 senior class overwhelmingly voted Kipling's *If* its favorite poem, had Noel Coward oust Shakespeare in drama, and magazine artist McClelland Barclay nose out Rembrandt in art. Sex saw parietal rules loosened, not least in Ivy League dorms; at Harvard, however, a student was permitted to entertain two women in his room, but not one.

All told, the dour economics of the thirties affected student life much more than the clamorous politics, though there was much visible, and even vocal, sympathizing with social and radical causes. Late in the thirties pro-Marxist and anti-Fascist sentiment increased and often interfused. Cornell was labeled a Communist center, and Red-baiting, with Hearst in particular diligently harrying professors, became a campus pursuit. Yet Murray Kempton estimates that in the thirties there were at most 15,000 student members of left-wing organizations. But the era and the young were politically optimistic: a dark, evil totalitarian world had to be crushed, yet from this, a newborn world would emerge. If the twenties were giddy, from a sort of faith in miracles, the thirties weren't glum, from a sort of ultimate faith in mankind.

As the Crash set the mood of the thirties, the forties were shaped by Pearl Harbor. FDR told students "to stay at their studies until drafted," but college life immediately changed. House parties and dance bands were canceled; sex leapt overnight into matrimony; curricula offered an exotic bill of fare: Japanese, Hindustani, Swahili, map-reading, ballistics. Though campuses became training camps for almost 300,000 students, girls greatly outnumbered men—among University of Wisconsin freshmen, nine to one. If all this reshaped the plot of campus life, the epilogue crowned the play. The postwar G.I. Bill of Rights gave hundreds of thousands of veterans what they otherwise could never have had, a college education; and veterans in 1946 provided 78 percent of the male students at large universities. The catch was a shortage of classroom space and a vicious shortage of dormitory space. Many married GI's were told to leave wives and children at home; others crowded into Quonset huts, trailers, pre-fab houses, or lived thirty-five miles off campus in powder plants. Still others made do in things like converted poultry houses, and two students "lived in an automobile for seven months and studied at night under street lamps." There were also great shortages of money, with married veterans, to make ends meet, literally giving their blood, at $10 a pint.

Yet couples helped one another, sat for one another, shared with one another, to create a social atmosphere of their own. Most significant, the GI's were mature and serious-minded, and married GI's copped the highest grades. *Fortune* called the Class of 1949 (70 percent veterans) "the soberest, most trained graduating class in U.S. history." The forties lagged in pranks and jollifications, with combos, folk singers, blue jeans the badges of their socializing. Very anxious to settle down, strongly aiming at well-knit family life and solid community status, the Forty-Niners, Mr. Lee reminds us, begot the undergraduates of today.

In the fifties, too, the curtain went up on war—this time in Korea, which

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bred neither campus fervor nor campus protest. Nationally, Korea would give way to McCarthyism, and on campuses, as in suburbs and cities, there ensued an intimidated withdrawal and noninvolvement. The key slogan, Mr. Lee reports, was "Don't say, don't write, don't join"; and there could be a bit of a yellow streak on campuses that were bearing down on Reds. Students were even said to spy on politically dubious professors for the FBI, and certainly professors who pleaded the Fifth were fired. What made history, and perhaps helped unmake McCarthyism, was Harvard's eventual stand: though it deplored invoking the Fifth Amendment, said President Pusey, that was no "automatic reason for dismissal."

With campuses exposed to raids on privacy and professors, it was doubtless fitting that, according to Mr. Lee, panty raids should have been the great student fad. Co-ed dorms were invaded for co-ed undies; obliging girls often tossed panties and bras out of the window, and unamused ones tossed buckets of water. Soon co-ed bras gave way to co-ed birthday suits, and pranksters gave way to the police. Other fashionable inspirations of the fifties were wrecking pianos and crowding into phone booths (one college claimed thirty-five occupants). Student *haute couture* featured pink button-down shirts and dirty white buckskin shoes; Camus was much read, with existentialism one of the few isms not under a cloud, while at the Princeton Coop "The Liturgy in English, According to the Uses of the Episcopal Church" became a long-time leading item. Campus-wide, as country-wide, the fifties might be thought a decade of close-mouthed, weak-kneed, slightly shameful respectability.

The sixties, a kind of Waters of Lethe, all but obliterated the sixty years of campus life preceding them. Yet the decade arrived peacefully enough: about the students of the sixties Clark Kerr, as president at Berkeley, said in 1959: "They are going to do their jobs, they are going to be easy to handle. There aren't going to be riots. There aren't going to be revolutions." In 1960 John F. Kennedy was elected President, and he seemed to speak for youth in speaking against injustice and discrimination, and to set youth a challenge in introducing the Peace Corps. Student movements were helping the Negroes, the poor, the handicapped, the aged, the imprisoned, but with Kennedy's death an era of faith turned into an era of confrontation. Injustices bred consequences: when four black freshmen could not sit at a Greensboro, North Carolina, lunch counter, the sit-in movement began, caught on, caught fire. Within a year, over 50,000 students participated in some sort of civil-rights protest, and over 3600 demonstrators went to jail. Civil rights invoked civil disobedience, and in Mississippi brought about the murder of three civil-rights workers, two of them Northern college boys. This, coming less than a year after the assassination of the President, set going a far more militant student movement, indeed a sometimes violent one. To chronicle events it is scarcely necessary to do more than mention names: Berkeley, Vietnam over and over, the police again and again, draft cards, Dow Chemical, Dr. Spock, ROTC, SDS, LSD, the National Guard, Canada, Columbia University, Harvard, San Francisco State, Cornell, Eugene McCarthy, the Chicago Democratic Convention, Afro-American Studies, Non-negotiable Demands. Student pronouncements, student disruptions, student uprisings were interfused with acute problems of war, blacks, drugs, but also with problems of the campus, the college, the role of education, the student right to determine it. There were, of course, conservative student organizations, and strong opposition to deliberately mischievous radicals. But one thing student activities certainly were: front-page news; and one thing they almost certainly would be: front-page news again.

We know so much about recent student unrest that a glance at student unwinding may be of some interest. Professor Robert Gorham Davis saw campus culture as "aural, visual, tactile," with theater, particularly the theater of cruelty, preferred to fiction. But clearly film outranked theater, whether with *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Graduate*, or *The Yellow Submarine*. In music, rock, hi-fi, tape recorders, discotheque, Bob Dylan stood out; in reading matter there was, along with a mushrooming black literature, science fiction, astrology, the

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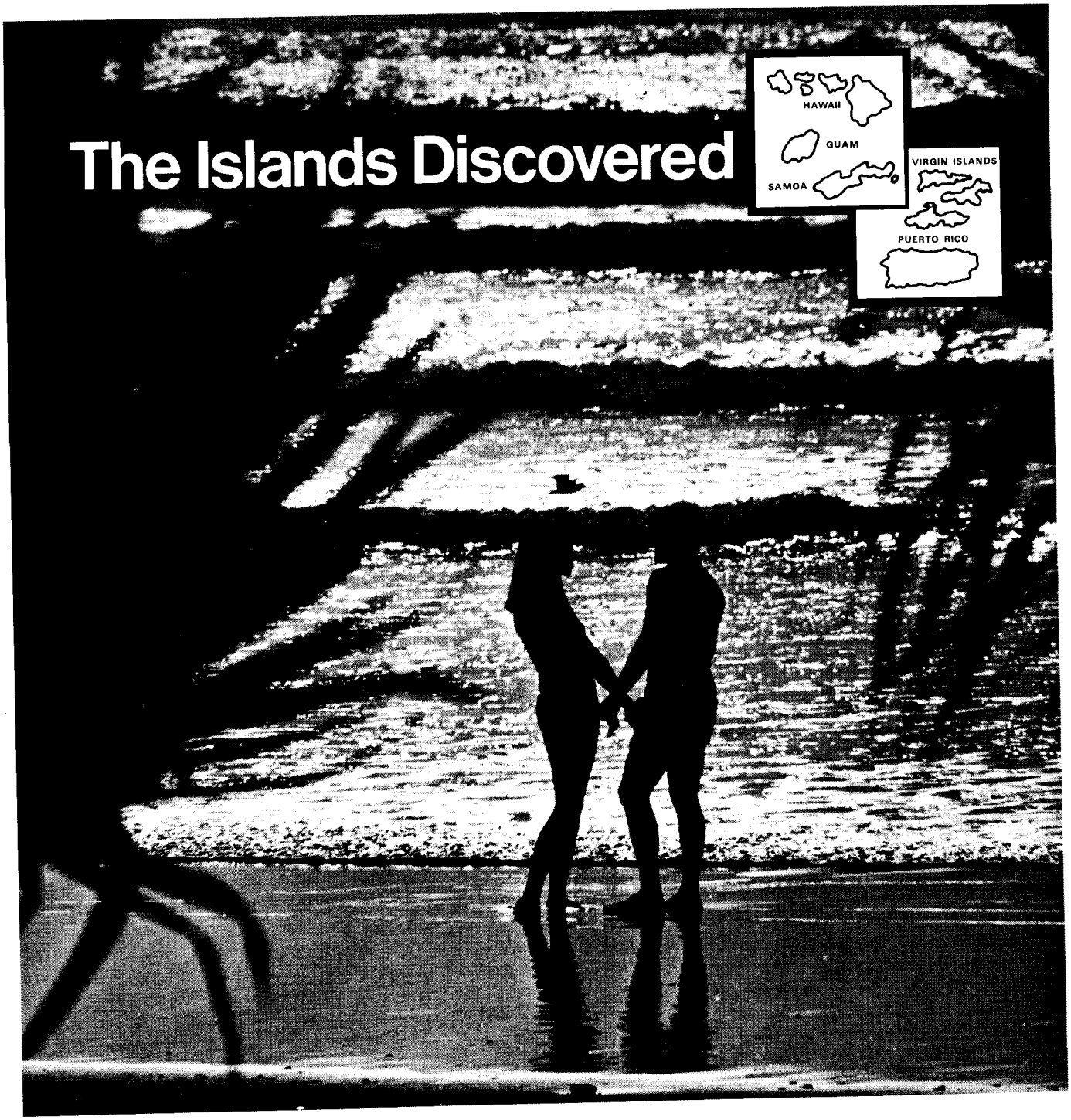

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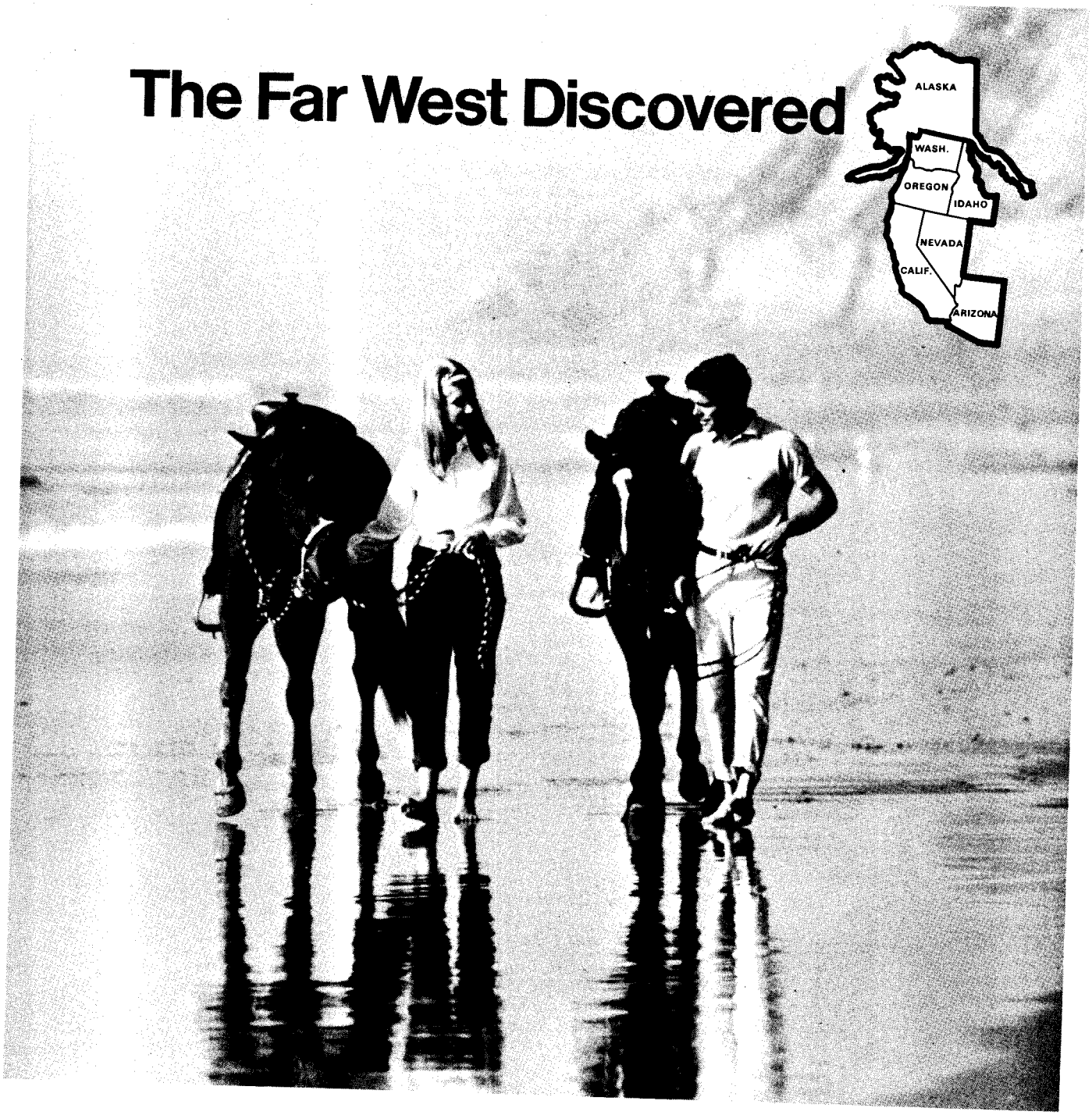

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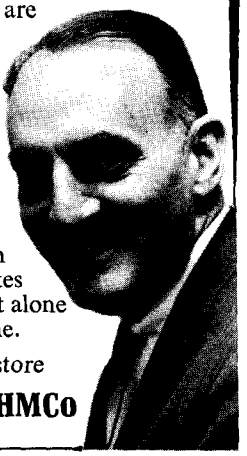

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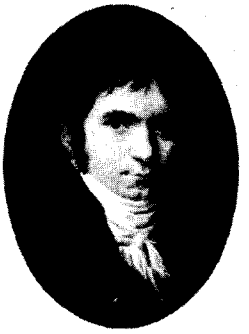

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occult, and the works of J. R. R. Tolkien and Hermann Hesse. *Hair*, a key musical, was also a key item in men's fashions, which ran to bygone garments, bisexual garments, high boots, bare feet, and love beads. Yale became first choice for many girl students, Vassar for a good many men; Jim Crow was all but dead and Joe College dying. Students were concerned with serious and important issues, though often following hopelessly blurred blueprints and befogged ideals.

The product of considerable research, *The Campus Scene* mixes the essential in themes and movements with the anecdotal and Memory Lane. Mr. Lee has been right, I think, in not insisting on fixed campus patterns or set student traits; campuses could vary as much as eras, and certainly the sixties have knocked out that always convenient, all too glib refrain of *Plus ça change*. Mr. Lee seems to me sound also in choosing subject matter for color as well as weight–the Academy, after all, is one thing, the campus another. Even though the campus is only the professors' office whereas it is the students' home, Mr. Lee has rather slighted the often changing relations of professors with students, or the disclaimer of any, starting with Harvard's turned-up nose, turn-of-the-century Barrett Wendell, who told his classes that because he lectured to them was no reason whatever for him to recognize them outside the classroom. Mr. Lee might also have gone into the unhistorical-mindedness of today's students, who lack not only knowledge of the past but any interest in it, and who regard what others deem analogies with today as mere anachronisms. But *The Campus Scene* offers a good deal of entertaining and useful information. Confronted with the seventies, Mr. Lee feels that the chief student issues will be war on injustice, on America's depersonalized living, and on its ever narrowing vocational specializations (54 scientific and technical ones twenty years ago, 900 today). But, whatever the issues, students will almost certainly be on the march, and very likely on the firing line. What today would seem to make *campus* as vital a word as *Congress*, and even bring the two face to face, is what may result if the student voice very soon becomes a student vote, many, many millions strong.

MOVIES

COMMERCIALS FOR REVOLUTION

by David Denby

THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT
directed by Stuart Hagmann
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

GETTING STRAIGHT
directed by Richard Rush
Columbia

When people of my generation–the under 30's–look at the socially conscious movies of the thirties and forties, we can usually sense the evasions and distortions, even if we are too young to know what those periods were actually like. Anyway, we may enjoy the "phony" things in an old movie the most; the attitudes that are revealed toward what was then the present are as interesting as a historically "straight" version might be, and perhaps as important. Movies that are made now about the past also tend to go in for a lot of heavy attitudinizing. Since the natural inclination of the mass media is to sell the current moment as the most important and interesting in history, the past is often shown as quaint or slightly contemptible, or as a curiously underdeveloped but definitely recognizable version of the present. We may not be aware of this stylization when we see it; and if we are, we may not care–at the moment contempt for the past is also very strong among young people. But we do get angry about lying movies set in the present, particularly if we have lived through an experience someone is trying to put on the screen.

Matching movies against "the truth" may be a limited and rather philistine approach to criticism, but I don't see how it can be avoided now that the studios think they can

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make money by releasing movies on public issues that heavily involve us in our lives outside the theaters. The audience has powerful, unresolved feelings about a subject like student protest, and as a result, *The Strawberry Statement* and *Getting Straight* were awaited with grander and more naïve expectations than usual. Older members of the audience may have been seeking explanations for things they didn't understand; perhaps the younger ones wanted justification, or at least an image of their experience that they could share. When the movies turned out to be rotten, the reviews and personal comments were filled with charges of betrayal.

The men who made these movies didn't take the trouble to get inside the material; instead, they relied on slogans and symbols that have always been the clichés of mass-media coverage of the student movement. Did they think the movie audience would be offended by seeing or hearing something that wasn't familiar from television news? They also fell back on the conventions of youth movies, a period style as deadly as any in movie history. Visually, the principal elements of this style are an indiscriminate and empty lyricism, relying heavily on zoom lenses and change-focus shots, and rapid "shock" cutting from extreme close-up to extreme close-up. It doesn't seem to have occurred to the movie-makers that these used-up visual mannerisms would be inappropriate for a "serious" movie. I'm sorry to say that the young audience doesn't throw anything at the screen during these sequences. College students going to film revivals often ridicule such conventions of the forties as elaborate flashbacks, throbbing violin passages, and sentimentality about family and courtship, but give them the tenth current example of young "spontaneous" people running through Central Park with a red balloon while Simon and Garfunkel sing of peace and love, and they will sit as quietly as lambs. They don't jeer at the celebrations of freedom that look like extended toilet paper commercials, and they aren't restive during the scenes of violence or rapid movement that are so brutally cut that it's impossible to see what is supposed to be happening or even where the participants are in relation to one another.

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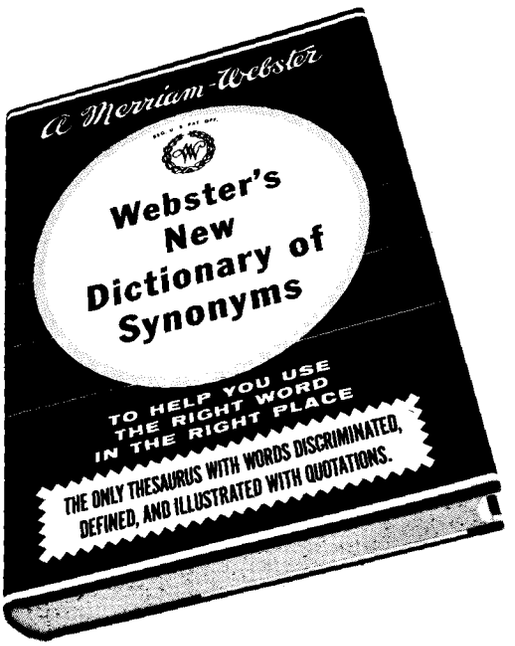

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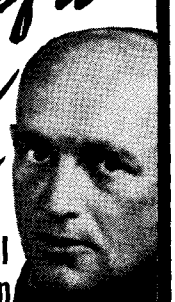

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Fully a third of *The Strawberry Statement* has been given over to that awful romping and larking about, and the locale has been shifted from the grimy Columbia of the book to San Francisco, where the sun shining through the unpolluted air can flash in the lens as the cameraman staggers, circles, and finally tilts to the sky to get that unfettered, full-of-joy look. After a few minutes of the movie, it becomes clear that the hero (Bruce Davison), an undergraduate at a fictional university, is a nice kid with many good, clean impulses. But as he gets seriously involved in a campus sit-in, we're eager to know *more* about him: if he wasn't interesting to begin with, then maybe the experience is doing something to him. Instead, when Davison is away from the strike, director Stuart Hagmann wastes valuable minutes chasing him over every hill and up every tower in town, until finally the movie ends with his darling head being busted by the police. Is it necessary to assert at this date that although the radical students may be many admirable things—tough, courageous, morally earnest—they aren't totally innocent? It's as if Hagmann and screenwriter Israel Horovitz were afraid that we'd lose sympathy if the hero were shown to have any ideas or aggressiveness, guile or significant confusions. The most insufferable part of youth movies is the conception of young people as a morally and existentially distinct species of humanity—noble, loving, bountifully but innocently sexual, and most of all, free.

Putting a cipher, however free-spirited, at the center of the movie was bad enough, but Horovitz compounds the error by having Davison fall in love with another cipher (Kim Darby) in the middle of the strike. It's an example of real condescension to the audience: why should we have to watch these astonishingly conventional boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-gets-girl routines? The teen romance seems like a hangover from a surfing-party movie, and adults who might be turned off by the politics can say, "See, they're just ordinary good kids who got mixed up in protest by mistake." Surely a couple so awkwardly and beautifully in love couldn't be serious about all those unpleasant criticisms of the university.

The Strawberry Statement isn't distorted from the left or right; it's simply empty. Occasionally some of the student idiom comes through, and Hagmann has staged a witty sequence in a police wagon in which a strike leader does an easy soft-shoe on the way to jail while the others sing "God Bless America," but these bits are all too short, and the important scenes in the president's occupied office are wisps and fragments of good lines that don't build to anything.

To gain an idea of one kind of complexity that's been left out, consider James Simon Kunen, whose diaries of the Columbia strike in 1968 provide the title, the hero, and some of the situations and dialogue. Kunen strikes one as a pleasant, bright kid with a wry sense of humor, but his literary style, so carefully modest and winning, is probably the result of shrewd calculation. Kunen began publishing his diaries in mid-strike in *New York* magazine; subsequently he became a minor celebrity and youth "spokesman," was attacked by the left for making money off the strike, donated some of his earnings to the Black Panthers, and so forth. He appears briefly in the movie as a strike leader, and is overheard explaining to someone that the media are biased against the strike because the same people profiting from the war and serving as trustees of the university are also running the press, television, and *the movies*. This last reference, coming as it does in a movie from which Kunen is making a small fortune, reveals confusions of cynicism and honesty that take the breath away; yet with such a walking bag of contradictions—an Abbie Hoffman in the making—standing right in front of them, the film-makers didn't learn very much about their subject.

Since the strike begins in time before the movie opens, and the hero joins it in full swing, there's no sense of how a movement grows—how, for instance, an originally small group raises the level of provocation and induces the administration to reveal its contemptuous attitudes toward students, thereby creating a mass movement, and how the recklessness of that group is at the same time a form of responsibility to the movement; nor is there any feeling for the volatile and intimate relationship, alternating between trust

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and angry suspiciousness, that exists between the leaders and the rest; nor any indication of the way students hitherto lost in the university find an identity for themselves and an idea of what a university could be in the example of the strike community itself; nor a hint of the extraordinary amount of intellectual activity that goes on in that community, the wicked excitement of turning the moral passions learned in the classroom against the teachers and the university; and so on.

The issues that inspired the strike are spelled out clearly enough—far too clearly, in fact. The university is going to put up an ROTC building on some of its land being used by neighborhood black children as a playground; later the students find out that the land is being held tax-free in a tricky deal with a water and power company whose president is also a trustee. By first simplifying and then combining elements from the Columbia strike and the People's Park furor at Berkeley, Horovitz has concocted an outrage so blatant, morally so open-and-shut, that even Governor Reagan might support a strike against this university. Why didn't he accuse them of polluting the river with used IBM cards or doubling the library fines for black students while he was at it? It's a classic case. Here is Hollywood making accusations against the universities that would make a Weatherman blush, and it's all being done to make the audience sympathize and identify with two kids who don't look or sound like radicals for a minute.

The bust at the end of the movie, with police gassing, kicking, and clubbing students until we can't stand it anymore, is finally an effective piece of film-making. But what could be more pathetic than Hagmann & Co. getting the violence right after fudging everything else in the movie? Conceptually, violence presents no problem for them, and we in the audience can sit there with scalding tears and voluptuous feelings of indignation. As a solution to the incompetence of the movie, it's as hopeless as university administrators calling in the cops when *they* can't figure out what to do.

Some of the male students in *The Strawberry Statement* join the strike to meet girls; the men who made *Getting Straight* would have us believe that sex is what the whole movement is about. When graduate students Candice Bergen and Elliott Gould make love after a heavy police bust and Gould says that riots are good because they make everyone feel sexy, we think he's teasing her radical "commitment"; but there they are at the end of the movie, tearing off their clothes while heads are being cracked all around them in another riot. As a freak-out ending it beats the current competition, but what could it mean—that making love is a revolutionary act? When the Living Theater troupe took off their clothes in Berkeley last year and proclaimed "Revolution," the student audience jeered, but this "radical" nonsense may be a plausible money-making idea for film-makers (Antonioni tried it in *Zabriskie Point*), even if the radicals themselves will have none of it. In a scene of paralyzing stupidity (written by Robert Kaufman) Gould confronts the president of the university and demands liberation: "Haven't you heard? Repression breeds revolution. See that kid? A week ago all he wanted to do was get laid, and now he's ready to tear the place apart. You should have let him get laid!" As political analysis it's fairly insulting (they'll be lucky if the students don't tear the theaters apart), and of course the student could have done what Gould suggests without help from the administration. What makes these film-makers think that college kids in California are having trouble getting into bed with one another?

Gould plays a volatile intellectual in his late twenties who has been around and done everything and now wants to settle down and get a teaching credential—only he can't do it, he's too active mentally to accept anything. He might not be a bad character, but Kaufman has used him to deliver all those fine bold speeches we all rehearse in our heads about Vietnam, education, suburbia, etc., and we're supposed to think that Gould is saved because he can't resist telling people off. We're also supposed to see that his vivid temperament exposes the inhumanity of official pedagogical theory at the School of Education, but from the beginning all we can think is that a man this mercurial and unstable isn't going to be happy teaching in *any*

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kind of high school; it's sentimental to assume that the system is a failure because it can't accommodate him. But this is what the movie insists we do: after Gould purposely fails an oral examination conducted by corrupt and physically loathsome academics, he joins the students rioting outside and throws a brick through the window—a sign that he has achieved sanity at last and really gotten "straight."

Since the adult authorities are all either stupid, power-mad, or ineffectual, the system isn't exactly presented at its best or its typically suave, appearances-minded worst. Shifting the disgust this way to adults who are sexually out of it or morally grotesque is a displacement in meaning typical of youth movies, which make their appeal directly to the narcissism and sexual snobbery of the young. These feelings may be severe to begin with, and in the advanced industrial countries they are savagely enlarged and exploited by the ubiquitous advertising culture. Neither of these movies transcends that culture for a second.

Isn't there an American Godard lurking somewhere among those thousands of film students who could make a movie equal to the passion of the radical young and show the Establishment that it won't always be making money from the rebellion against it?

THE GOD OUT OF THE MACHINERY

by Ralph Maloney

A man who has no more to do with the craft of fiction than make up an occasional bedtime story knows what a *deus ex machina* is. It is the random device he hurls in when his story is on the ropes and the kids sense it—an earthquake, an Indian attack, or a death ray. It is what John Lardner once translated as "a god out of the machinery."

The same amateur storyteller hoots at the television set when a warehouse or a helicopter shows up on the screen. He knows the writers were hung up plotwise, or needed to stretch a thin story line to fifty-two minutes. For low-budget visuals, the god out of the machinery is always a helicopter or a warehouse chase or a gun forgotten in a drawer.

Not that any great stigma attaches to summoning the god. The best of writers called on him all the time. Shakespeare regularly fell in love with his second leads and gave them all the best lines. When he saw that Mercutio, for example, was running off with a routine soap called *Romeo and Juliet,* he manufactured a hokey duel to kill him off. When Hotspur was clearly taking all the marbles in *Henry IV,* Shakespeare had that turncoat lush Hal slay him. Both characters died of an overdose of dramatic necessity. In his guilt because of killing off people he liked, Shakespeare gave them smashing farewell speeches. Mercutio: " 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door. . . ." Hotspur: "I better brook the loss of brittle life. . . ."

Shakespeare had trouble with paragons as well as second leads, but of the opposite kind. Paragons are murder to write for. How many just and fitting utterances can one conjure up, sitting around in stained shorts, hiding from the landlord? Few. Hamlet's father—brave man, benign monarch, fine husband and father—appears only as a ghost, because ghosts write themselves. Shakespeare killed him off (probably around the third draft) before the curtain went up, and to compensate for using his god out of the machinery on so fine a man, gave him the best line in the show, "Leave her to heaven." He did not invoke his god to kill off another paragon, Lear, which is why the play is a bore. The writer could think of only one appropriate line for Lear, "Here's gold, fool," and wearied by such an unwritable paragon, gave him the shabbiest death line in the folios: "Pray you undo this button."

While I hold Shakespeare in total reverence, I must say that killing off bothersome characters is a crude invocation of the god. My wholehearted admiration goes to the Gothic writers for their inventiveness. They realized that killing people off wouldn't do, so they invented potions, spells, trances, drugs, hypnotism, suspended animation, catalepsy, tongue swallowing, off to the convent and prayer, the Continent and the Tour, Tibet and meditation, Paris and the dregs. In each device the writer didn't kill the character off when he got in the way; he simply parked him somewhere until the story needed him again.

Unfortunately, pornographers stole all these cunning Gothic devices (except tongue swallowing, which would have rendered half of the action impossible), and the devices lost caste. Once stolen, moreover, they were grossly misused. In pornography, when laudanum has been put in the virgin's claret, far from being parked somewhere until the story needs her, she is stage center for the chapter. Deprived by pornography of the Gothic tricks, weary of murder, dramatists turned briefly to the twin gods of drink and tuberculosis. These, however, were too close to home, too immediately autobiographical, and were abandoned.

Then writers, an inventive lot and amusing if you don't lend them money, came up with the answer. The new god out of the machinery.

Knock the guy out.

Hit him on the head.

Brain him.

Get on with the story.

The phenomenon of prolonged unconsciousness due to a blow on the head is entirely a literary device. It is used to make somebody go away while you talk about him or while you get things done that he would interfere with. That we all accept this entirely modern god out of the machinery as a valid literary device is largely due to ignorance. Few of us have ever been knocked out and—let's face it—nobody we know has ever knocked anybody out. Our acceptance of the new god is doubly remarkable in that the weapon is often a fist, and just everybody knows the frailest ingenue's skull is infinitely more sturdy than the bones of the heaviest hand. Even Bully Bill Sykes used a club on Nancy. Yet five times a night or more we can witness on television an actor being rendered unconscious by a blow on the head, often a fist-blow, and none of us cries Fraud! Is it because the machine cannot hear us? No. It is because, out of our ignorance, we have come to accept this absurd dramatic device.

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Or when the television set breaks down and we turn again to books, and we encounter any of the aged literary gambits—the runaway horse, the boss's daughter, the heroine impregnated or the boy diseased on the first timid excursion into sex—we drop the book and try sleep. But when Detective-Inspector Griggs is felled by a poker in his Bartlesby digs and goes into a state about which few of us know anything—unconsciousness—we read on, eager to see what everybody will do while Griggs is sandbagged. If Griggs is sapped on television, what we do next is go get a beer (on TV a braining is followed by a commercial), then hurry back to the set to see what goes on while Griggs is out of it.

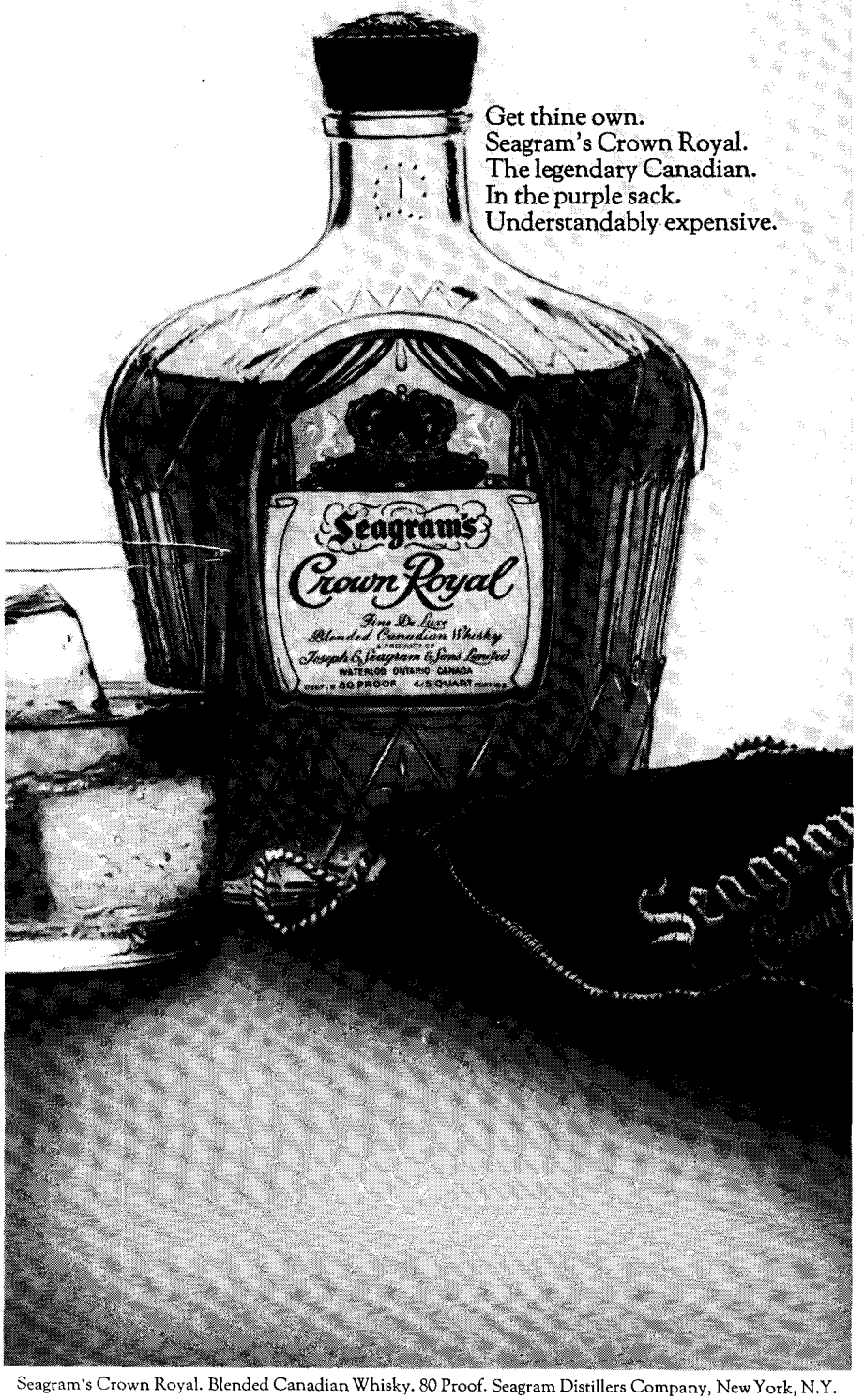
Why is it we bring so much skepticism to other routine gods out of the machinery, yet accept without question this alien and most hostile god? The veil, as usual, is ignorance; the remedy, as always, is education.

We must learn all we can about prolonged unconsciousness due to a hit on the head. Bring it into our homes. Incorporate it into our everyday lives. For example, the next time your wife is intolerably noisy, pick up a spanner and sap her. She will not say "Ungh" and fall down, as fiction dictates. She will scream and bleed and call the neighbors, and there will be police and jail and tremendous publicity. Or you there, Mrs. America. Put a billiard ball in a sock and hit your husband behind the ear while he's eating. He will not slump face forward into the fried chicken. He will get up, say, "What you do that for?" and use his boots on you for the first time.

While this may not shake older readers' and viewers' faith in the blow on the head as a god out of the machinery—accustomed as we are to its usage—we must think of generations to come. Witnesses always to sordid marital bouts, the children will grow up to scoff at the blow on the head, and it will lose its validity as a writer's crutch. All fiction must then of necessity move on to new gods or backward to laudanum in the virgin's claret. Either way is progress, and one day children who read will thank us.

As of this writing, I have a good supply of laudanum and claret at hand, but am wholly at a loss otherwise.

Stop loving thy neighbor's.



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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

PAPILLON
by Henri Charrière
Morrow, $8.95

Captivity has a most powerful effect upon the memory. Prisoners who have been sentenced to solitary confinement depend on their memory to keep them sane, and memory often rewards them by storing away every last detail of what they have endured. In 1931 Henri Charrière, a safecracker, was condemned to life imprisonment in the penal colony of French Guiana; he could probably have been had up on a number of charges, but the Paris police framed him for the murder of a pimp. He was so outraged at the verdict that he lived with one thought, escape, and before he was deported, he had already secured a secret weapon, a *plan,* a thin tube of metal, inserted in his anus, containing the thousand-franc notes which would help to spring him.

He was twenty-five, and the reputation he had acquired in the underworld had preceded him in the prisons he was to inhabit; so too his nickname, *"Papillon,"* from the butterfly broadly tattooed on his breast. From 1931 to 1945, when at last he found sanctuary in Venezuela, he made ingenious and repeated attempts to break out, and according to his publishers he is the only man to have escaped from Devil's Island. After his year of probation in Venezuela, it occurred to him to write the story of his incarceration; his memory was ready and waiting, he finished the book longhand in three months, and what came out was the hot lava of hellish experience.

Papillon himself is good-looking, a strong man with prodigious endurance, a born leader who respected the code of honor in the various "hotels" he visited and was never in danger of assassination, though he was known to have money. His capacity for invention seems inexhaustible, and among his assets were the tattoos which decorated not only his chest but other parts of his anatomy and which he could copy for others if it was to his advantage to do so.

Papillon the book moves with the breathless speed with which it was written; it has time for only the barest of characterizations of those who aided or tormented him; of his youth it tells us only that he had acquired a competence with boats and a knowledge of the sea. The entire focus is on the narrator's imperative to be free, and the rare physical pleasures he enjoyed in his battle against the brutal, implacable penal system. The French love the Grand Guignol and practice it on each other; and there is enough sadism here, pressed down and running over, to explain why a million copies of this book have been sold on the Continent. It amuses me that shortly after publication, Papillon himself, now a citizen of Venezuela, was in Paris being interviewed about the veracity of what he had written.

One cannot help being fascinated by the honor among thieves and the audacity with which plans, weapons, cigarettes, and cash are transmitted from the outside to those who are planning a *cavale.* Papillon broke out again and again, braving the sea, the sharks, the quicksand, which he traversed led by a pig, and the ferocity of the native Indians. For a few months, but long enough to impregnate two comely sisters, he lived as the adopted son of the Guajira, a tribe renowned for its fierceness, and he could have basked forever in that idyll were it not for his urge to prove himself again in civilization. When he is betrayed to the Colombian police by the Mother Superior of a convent, back he goes again for two years in solitary confinement, pacing his cell as he estimates that he has 17,520 hours to kill. No doubt he embellishes, but the wonder is that having been buried alive for so long, he could write with such juice and excitement at sixty. The translation is just as colloquial as it ought to be.

WHITEWATER
by Paul Horgan
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95

Whitewater by Paul Horgan is the idyllic story of a small Texas town with the flossy name of Belvedere, the ends of whose streets wander off into the prairie. It is a novel which deals compassionately with the older generation and not quite convincingly with the younger; and although there is the intimation that the story takes place in the late 1940s, it could as easily have occurred in 1910, for none of the characters seem to have been touched by war.

The youth in the foreground are a trio: Phillipson Durham, the only son of impecunious and ailing parents, a thoughtful, book-hungry boy who was saved from strangulation in Belvedere by the gift of a timely admirer; Marilee Underwood, the pretty ingenue, who was destined for the Church until diverted; and Billy Breedlove, an all-American boy whose brimming confidence charms everyone, including Marilee. The novel catches these three at a time of innocence before their graduation, and each reader must decide for himself whether the tragedy in which they are involved is plausible or contrived. For myself I cannot believe that the inspired captain of a track team, who is entered in four events, would spend the night before the big meet painting a water tower.

Mr. Horgan's prose often has the thrust of poetic imagery, and there is a pathos in some of the elders in Belvedere who in the past were residents of Whitewater, a village which was submerged by an artificial lake. They have lost their gumption in being transplanted, and their remembrance of the drowned town haunts the imagination of Phil and Billy. Mr. Horgan is skillful in his description of the lake by night, of the plains in spring when the lilacs are in bloom, and of the climb up the face of the ninety-foot water tower. More vital than the kids is the love affair involving the bourbon-drinking banker, Tom Bob Gately, his carping wife, Leora, and his perfumed mistress, Thyra Doolittle.

In its curiously detached way this story will bring relief to those who regard with dismay or disgust the troubled youngsters in our midst.

BALL FOUR
by Jim Bouton
World, $6.95

Ball Four by Jim Bouton is a timely book and, to anyone interested in professional baseball, an

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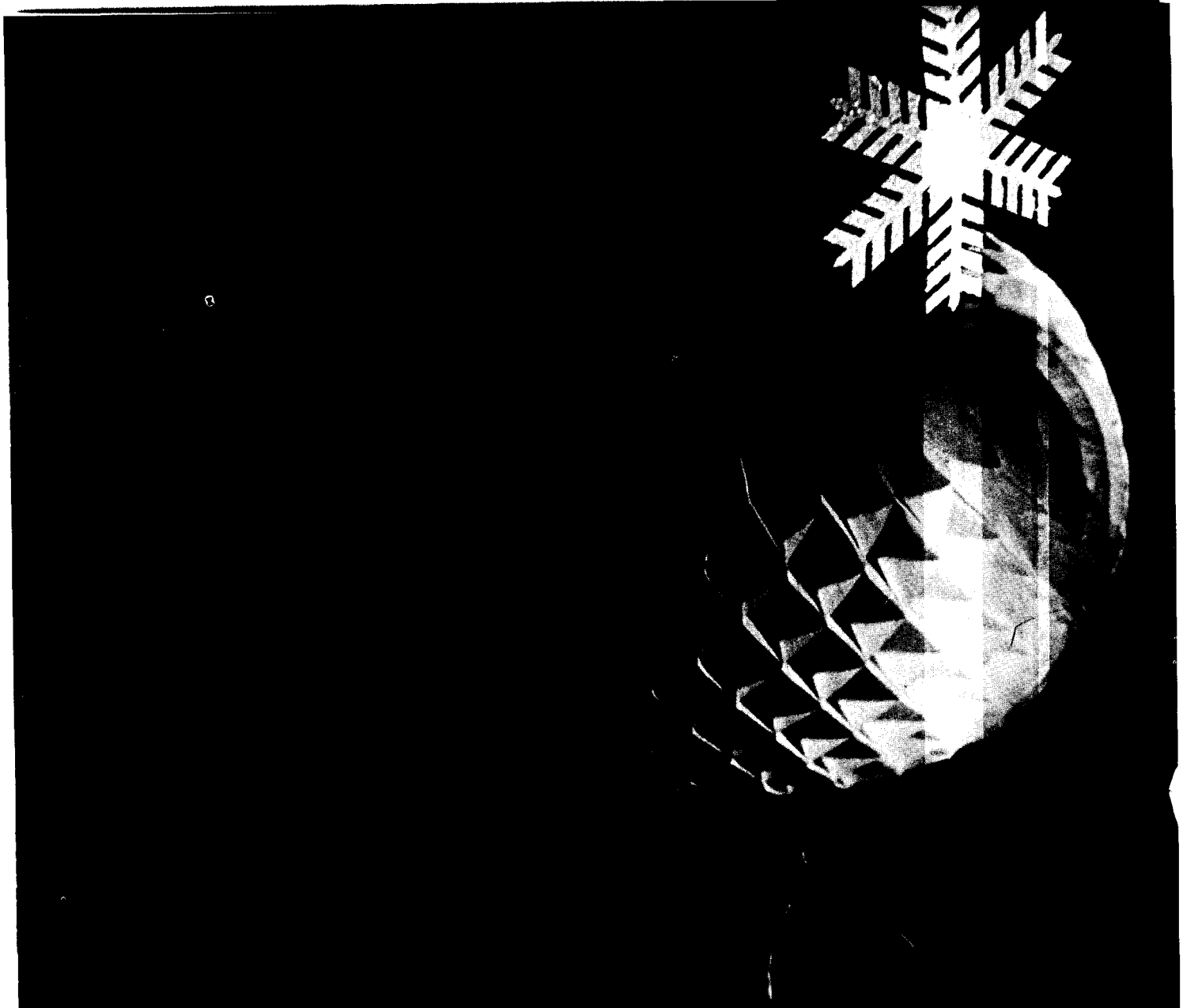

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amusing one. Jim Bouton is a right-handed pitcher whose overhand delivery constantly knocked his hat off—thirty-seven times in one nine-inning game. He was signed on by the Yankees for a small bonus, rose rapidly in the organization, was a twenty-game winner for two years, pitched in two World Series, and then, as he lost his speed, he went to soft stuff and the knuckleball, dropping back into the minors and eventually retiring in August of this year. His book was written in the fall of 1968 when he was thirty and hanging on precariously as a relief pitcher for the Seattle Pilots. He knew that his time was about up and felt free to speak his mind openly about both the player's relations with management, a subject which management does not like to see in print, and the player's relations with his own team, a subject which most major leaguers find touchy. Though certain managers, notably Ralph Houk of the Yankees, have rubbed him the wrong way, Jim Bouton is not vindictive, and it is his love for the game, his uninhibited candor, and his irrepressible sense of humor that make *Ball Four* the entertaining book that it is.

He has a flair for the terse, lively phrase: "You're much better off in athletics if you do things instinctively. . . . Baseball isn't a thinking man's game. . . . Ballplayers often say, 'Quit thinking, you're hurting the club.'" He remembers Doubleday's First Law: if you throw a fast ball with insufficient speed, someone will smack it out of the park with a stick. He speaks of the beanball, which players call "chin music"; he writes on March 21 that "Death came calling today," meaning that friends of his had been cut and were being sent down to the minors; he quotes the scornful exchanges between batter and pitcher which those in the ball park never hear; and his account of what a ball club does after the game when they are on the road is juvenile absurdity. "Beaver shooting," especially in Washington, D.C., is one of their pastimes—but I must let him tell it.

Under the dateline of June 30 he gives us a sidelight on his method: "I usually keep my notepaper in the back pocket of my uniform trousers and my pen in my jacket pocket. The reason is that I don't want to be separated from my notes and the jacket is often left on the bench. On the other hand, I don't want my pen with me when I'm pitching because I wouldn't want to fall on it. So today when I went out to the mound I discovered I had my pen in my pocket. I took it out and tossed it behind me on the mound. When the inning was over I went to sit on the bench and Ron Plaza, who coaches at third, handed me the pen. Without comment."

During his days in the bullpen he began to reminisce about the Yankees, about his friendship with his roommates, Phil Linz and Fritz Peterson, and his somewhat skeptical esteem for Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford. His thumbnail sketches of Johnny Sain, "the greatest pitching coach that ever lived," and of Crosetti, who does not come in for superlatives, are memorable, and through it all runs the inference that the pressure of ownership, which management has enforced for decades on the field and particularly when new contracts are to be signed, will have to be moderated now that the talent is spread so thin and the players have found their voice.

SPRINGTIME IN BRITAIN
by Edwin Way Teale
Dodd, Mead, $7.50

Edwin Way Teale and his wife, Nellie, are the most knowledgeable, far-traveled team of American naturalists now in their prime. The four books, beginning with *North With the Spring*, in which they followed the four seasons up and across our country, form a magnificent quartet, and it was a good stroke of literary diplomacy which sent them to England to record their impressions of that ancient and diverse island. They are the first Americans to chart the English countryside since John Burroughs did it eighty-five years ago, and their travels took them 11,000 miles through rural England, "through a world of country lanes and gentle streams and small villages, through what—for the naturalist at least—must always be the best of Britain."

In *Springtime in Britain* they begin at Land's End, and their excursions were planned to bring them to those very spots which novelists like Thomas Hardy had immortalized in Dorset, or which W. H. Hudson had written about in *The Land's*

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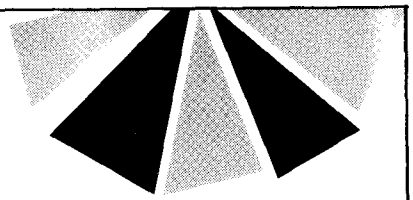

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End. Near the little village of Zennor they found Maurice Griggs, a farmer who as a boy of nine had guided Hudson, and Griggs led them to the summit of a rocky tor where Hudson loved to sit as the sun set over the water. They sought out the Vale of Berkeley and the stone cottage in which Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, had arranged the specimens brought back from Captain Cook's first voyage; they saw Dartmoor and the New Forest through a veil of rain, and on the road from Bristol to Bath, though it was mid-April, they drove through a blizzard to reach the historic Grosvenor Inn in Shaftesbury.

Their links with Gilbert White of Selborne, John Evelyn, and Charles Darwin add a historical flavor to the text, but I must say one misses the revealing give-and-take of the encounters with their American contemporaries.

Birds are in and out of the Teales' thoughts, and their insight about them, the result of years of reading and observation, is delightful: the skylarks singing and hovering above the White Cliffs or Stonehenge; the jackdaws lining their nests with loose hair from the backs of shedding sheep; the wrens, American immigrants, which reached Britain by way of Siberia; the cuckoos which were calling as they footed through the Hardy country; the nightingales which they caught up with in the woods north of Elveden.

Of all of England's beauty my heart goes first to the trees, and as I hear the Teales marvel at the great beech trees in the New Forest or tell of their visit to the Major Oak in Sherwood Forest of Robin Hood, a tree with a circumference of more than thirty feet, and an age of more than a thousand years, I long to go. And when they get to the Lake Country and come to Derwentwater, from which Samuel Taylor Coleridge derived the name Derwent for one of his children, and then to the village of Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth spent his later years, I am back there, a graduate student on a "push bike," as the English call it, living above a bakery on 5 shillings a day, and climbing every one of the great heights with a bar of chocolate for my lunch for the glory of seeing the mountain tarns and the valleys spread out below.

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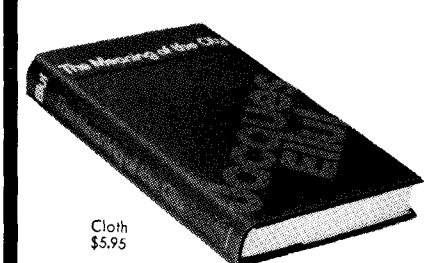

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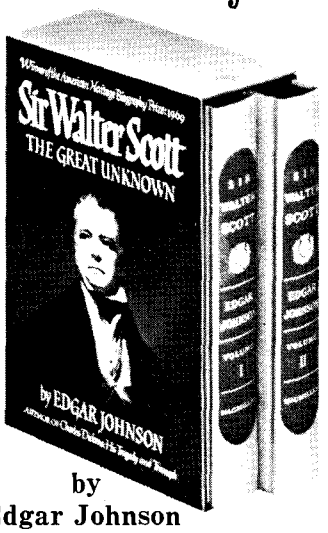

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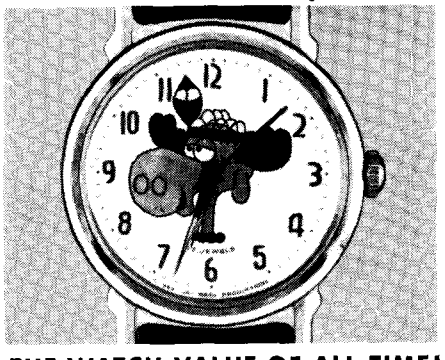

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE DRIVER'S SEAT by Muriel Spark. Knopf, $4.95. The destructive impulse has been incarnated by Miss Spark in the person of a nondescript British spinster, named Lise and of no particular age. Outrageously dressed, childishly rude, Lise takes a trip to Italy, spreading disaster and dismay wherever she appears. It is her hobby and her pleasure to create misery—or so one infers, for although the reader is informed in detail of what Lise does, what she thinks is never revealed. She is Iago with all the soliloquies cut, which makes for constantly surprising and intriguing action, but leaves each reader free to invent motives for that action. Since the novel is not intended as realism, Lise can be viewed grandly as Satan at large in unlikely disguise, or more prosaically as the acting out of female paranoid daydreams, with several teasing possibilities between these two points. However Lise is explained, her adventures form a brilliant backhanded cliff-hanger.

DAVID REES, AMONG OTHERS by Anthony West. Random House, $5.95. Mr. West has written a new novel about the difficulties of a boy growing up as the only, and illegitimate, child of an independent professional woman. No doubt that position is difficult, but with Mr. West, the subject is beginning to look like King Charles's head.

UP AGAINST THE BRASS by Andy Stapp. Simon and Schuster, $4.95. Since Mr. Stapp joined the U.S. Army with the intention of unionizing it, he became exceptionally familiar with courts-martial and other devices for administering military injustice. His account of these flamboyantly improper proceedings is the best part of his book and the justification for his union. One really cannot share Mr. Stapp's injured surprise at his lack of welcome from the military establishment.

FAREWELL TO THE KING by Pierre Schoendoerffer. Translated from the French by Xan Fielding. Stein & Day, $6.95. The tale is set in the highlands of Borneo during the Second World War, and concerns the collision between a makeshift barbarian kingdom run by a British deserter, the official Allied war machine, and the retreating Japanese. There is a great deal of action, excitement, and bloodshed, through which everyone concerned comes to an undesirable end, but the book is not exactly an antiwar novel. Mr. Schoendoerffer's target is less war than the rigid, impersonal mechanized society of which war is merely the worst of many dehumanizing products. The locale, the insoluble ethical questions raised, and even, sporadically, the style, recall Conrad —not altogether a bad thing.

THE EDWARDIANS by J. B. Priestley. Harper & Row, $15.00. Forty-eight pages of color pictures and innumerable halftones, 1890–1914. Mr. Priestley's text is knowledgeable, acute, effortlessly urbane.

OF MEN AND CRABS by Josué de Castro. Translated from the Portuguese by Susan Hertelendy. Vanguard, $5.95. A series of linked sketches rather than a novel, in a straightforward, emotional style which seems positively antique; nevertheless, the book is moving and impressive in its description of poverty in a Brazilian shantytown, where everyone is always hungry.

INTER ICE AGE 4 by Kobo Abé. Knopf, $5.95. The future arises from the destruction of the present; the future is therefore essentially cruel. Out of this assumption, Mr. Abé has constructed an odd, nerve-racking technological melodrama. One need not agree with him to enjoy it.

THE MINER'S PALE CHILDREN by W. S. Merwin. Atheneum, $5.95. Metaphors, puns, surrealist visions, converted into sharp, disturbing little narratives. Not at all what is unflatteringly meant by the phrase, *poetic prose*—but only a poet, and a good one, could have written it.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ART edited by Harold Osborne. Oxford, $25.00. From Aalto (Finnish architect) to Zurbarán (Spanish painter), and invaluable all the way.

THE SADDEST STORY by Arthur Mizener. World, $12.95. Years of

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hard, conscientious work have gone into the writing of this life of Ford Madox Ford, but little selectivity. A biographer should not become a pack rat.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN by Irwin Shaw. Delacorte, $7.95. Twenty-odd years of the doings of the Jordache clan—Gretchen the beauty, Thomas the brawler, Rudolph the calculator—provide uproar in every second paragraph. Mr. Shaw proves that the old three-decker is still afloat, but he works her toward Hollywood rather than the Islands of the Blest.

BELLOC: A BIOGRAPHICAL ANTHOLOGY edited by Herbert van Thal. Knopf, $8.95. The biographical notes are on the discreet side, but the selections from Belloc are impassioned and interesting even when they deal with half-forgotten or totally British questions. There is not enough of the mischievous verse, but how could there be?

HEAR THAT TRAIN BLOW! by Kelly Covin. Delacorte, $6.95. With the world, or most of it, preoccupied by racial conflict, a novel about the Scottsboro boys seems like a good idea. Trouble is, aside from the authentically jarring trial scenes, it is not much of a novel.

THE SUPERMARKET TRAP by Jennifer Cross. Indiana, $5.95. Miss Cross demonstrates, with documentation, that out of every $1000 spent in your friendly neighborhood market, $233 buys packaging (and cleaning up the resulting debris), advertising, manufacturers' mistakes, and theft. What the customer retrieves in edibles is not much good, either. Read it and rage.

PLAY IT AS IT LAYS by Joan Didion. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95. The form of Miss Didion's novel is admirably lucid, vivid, and fast-paced. The content is the decline of a self-centered pseudo-actress with a crack in her head. This woman, endowed by the author with the spunk of a jellyfish and the brain of a flea, snivels her way into a mental hospital via a string of disasters that outsuds any soap opera.

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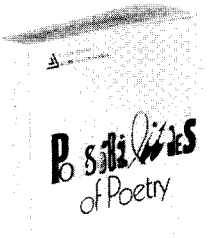

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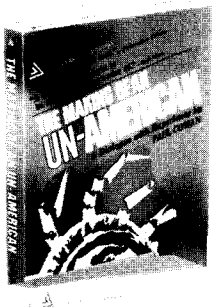

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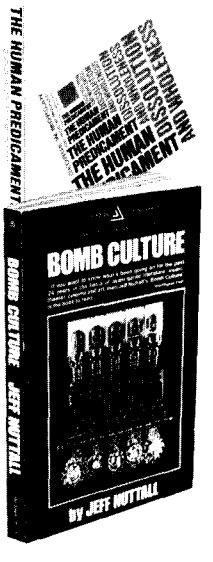

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tentiously intellectual books about films that have lately become the vogue, has compiled a resolutely unpretentious, nonintellectual, nostalgic survey of "vintage films from Hollywood's Golden Age," meaning the 1930s and 40s. One may quarrel with some of his choices (why the dull and miscast remake of *Beau Geste* rather than *Gunga Din* or *Captain Blood?*) and marvel at some of his omissions (Shirley Temple is not even listed in the index) and deplore his quotation of dialogue (the leg exchange in *San Francisco* has lost the line that made it funny), but there is no questioning his enthusiasm or his infallible eye for the best grade of tinsel. There are a great many pictures, and the book as a whole is undemanding fun.

THE ART OF THE JAPANESE SCREEN by Elise Grilli. Walker, $35.00. From a beautifully illustrated study of six masterpieces of screen painting, ranging in date from the late sixteenth century to the early eighteenth, the text by the late Elise Grilli proceeds to a survey of screen painting in general, with references to other Japanese arts by the way. This is essentially a scholarly work, but the writing is pleasantly unacademic and the pictures are a joy.

THE WINGED CAVALIER was canceled too late to drop the review from the June issue. I apologize for shooting a dead duck. —P. Adams

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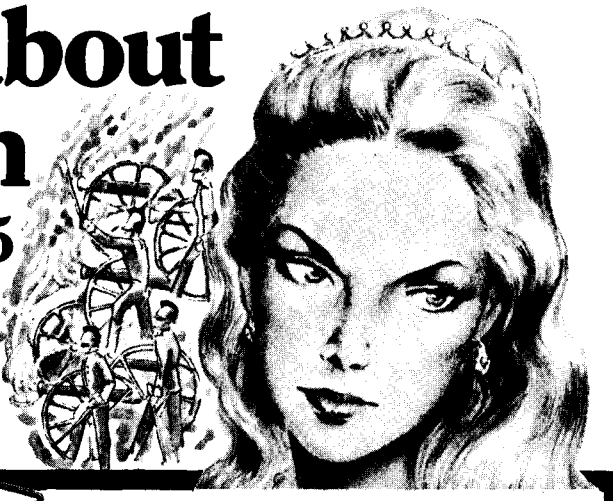

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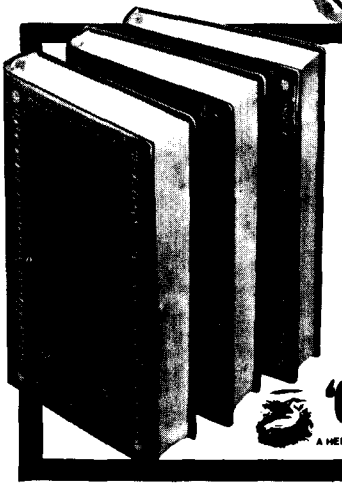

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No matter how you interpret Martell, it never loses its meaning. The taste is exquisite. The aroma, superb. And these beautiful qualities come through any way you serve it. The original is for purists in the snifter. But see for yourself how Martell translates your favorite drink into something sensational.

MARTELL...THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD

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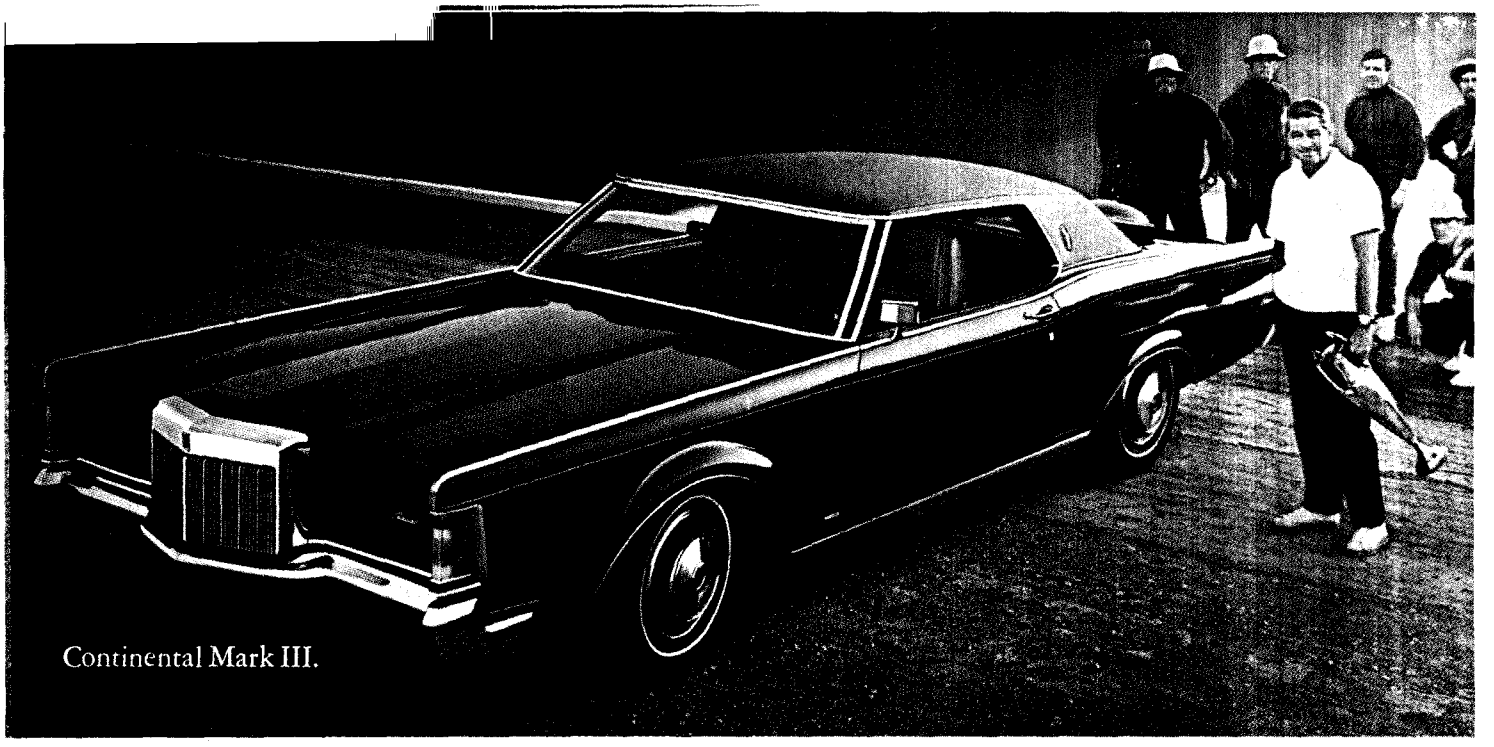

For the something in you that's never satisfied.

If there is one thing above all else that characterizes the Continentals and those who own them, it is a determination to remain always individual.

Perhaps it is the Continental look that commends these cars to discerning people. Or innovations such as Sure-Track, the computerized anti-skid braking system. Or standard features such as automatic temperature control and Michelin steel-belted radial-ply tires.

But one thing is certain. At trade-in, a Continental can prove to be a clever investment. In fact, based on recent NADA average wholesale prices, Continental Mark III returns more of its original manufacturer's suggested price resulting in the highest resale value of any luxury car built in America.

If you are one who is ready to look beyond conventional standards of luxury, look to the Continentals.

The Continentals: the final step up.

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